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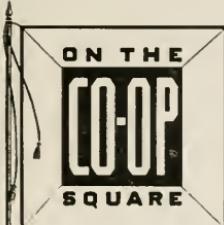


OCTOBER 1916.

VOLUME 8

O. A. KEATING.

NUMBER 1.



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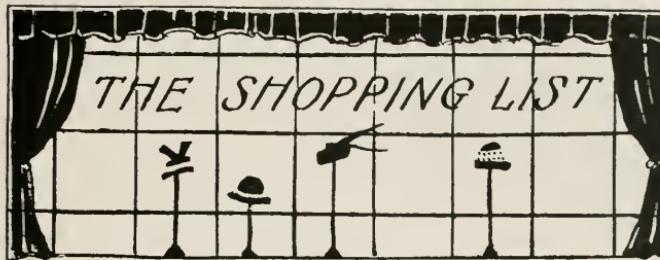
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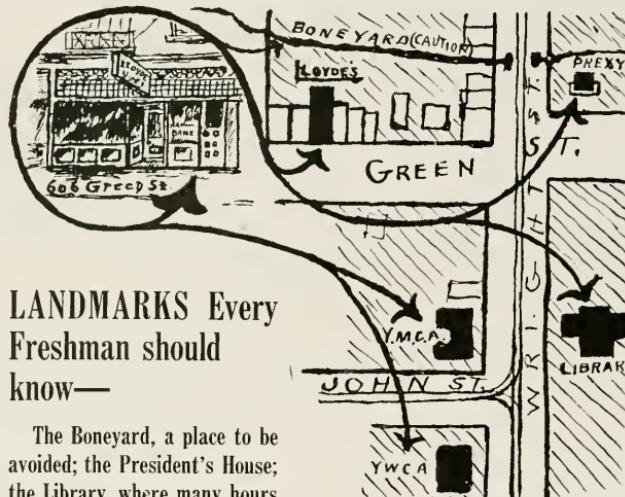
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For the old boys, the name "Rocksie" is nuff sed. You new fellers drop around and get acquainted. Just follow the crowd, you will feel right at home.

Oh, yes! I almost forgot — you ought to see the way those shelves are loaded with all shapes and assortments of smokes.

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HE HAS DEALT WATERLOOS TO MANY
FOOTBALL NAPOLEONS



Coach Robert Zuppke

The Illinois Magazine

Volume 8

OCTOBER, 1916

Number 1

WITH THE FIELD MARSHALS

CARLETON HEALY



Macomb

WITHIN THE WEEK the fall campaign on the western front will be on in earnest. Illinois Field, Northrup Field, Camp Randall, and other battle grounds which have been lying in idleness during the summer cessation of strife will soon be perforated again with the cleats of Conference warriors, drilling into shape for the mighty conflicts of the struggle.

And it won't be long until the ears of the side-liner are re-accustomed to the vol-

leys from the dynamic Zuppke, and the freshman proteges of Ralph Jones have had their first bitter taste of college football, and the searchlights have been rigged up for the evening sessions. Those searchlights are emblematic of the efforts which a football team spend.

Illinois athletic prowess is one of the best advertisements the University has. Everyone wants to climb on the band wagon when there's a winning team



Alonzo Stagg of Chicago

aboard, and therein lies one of the big attractions that Illinois holds.

In the mind of the athletically-inclined freshman there is probably some question as to whether the achievement of "G" Huff are not more illustrious than those of the president, and long before he knows the dean of his college the freshman is able to point out Bob Zuppke and Bart Macomber. After a few hours spent around the gymnasium he will agree with some green-capped compatriot that Rube Markwardt is built like a Greek god and that Mr. Huff looks like a broker. Some one may even confide the information that Mr. Zuppke does oil paintings in his leisure.

So the athletic enlightenment of the freshman proceeds without any assistance from the faculty, as far as Illinois is involved, but of the coaches and captains of

other Conference teams his knowledge is meagre.

Scarcely a year passes without some change in the personnel of the Conference coaching corps, but this year will see more new figures on Conference football fields than is usual. Wisconsin, Iowa, Indiana, Purdue will play under the generalship of new field marshals, so there may be some surprises in store for followers of Conference football.

It is scarcely possible that any of the new coaches can turn out a dangerous team this year. One season is not enough for a man to impart his football tactics to a squad of strangers, but next year there may be a revision in the order of Conference supremacy.

One of the big noises during the winter came from the direction of Madison, where there was a movement to secure a successor to Mr. Juneau, who had played in hard luck for two seasons. Andy Smith, Purdue coach, went out to Berkeley to take over the California team. Childs failed to satisfy the Indiana supporters, and Iowa needed a new man.

Two Conference coaches have been rivals almost ever since their football careers started. Stagg and Williams played against each other during their school days and after they had graduated from Yale they got two teams together for an exhibition game in one of the big eastern cities.

Dr. Williams was considered as a possibility for the head coach position at Yale, but he remained at Minnesota. He said that he'd have to take his entire team with him, because he knew that he couldn't give his course in one season to a group of strangers. Men who have played under many coaches say that "Doc" has the most stuff of any of them.

In addition to his duties as football coach he lectures in the school of medicine

of the University of Minnesota and practices downtown. He is said to receive a salary of \$6,000.

Stagg is the old timer in the football business. For years his proteges have been among the favorites for championship honors, and the day of "The Old Man" is not yet over. Since his health has failed Stagg has been unable to get out on the field as he formerly did, and the work of coaching is carried on through his first lieutenant, Pat Page. Stagg graduated from Yale in 1888 and spent the succeeding four years in the Y. M. C. A. school for physical directors. Ever since Chicago university was organized in 1892 he has been director of athletics.

Wisconsin football teams failed signalily to satisfy the Badger supporters during the past two seasons. Coach Juneau's efforts weren't well received. There was a lack of harmony all around, and most of the blame for the discord was piled upon Juneau's head. Last season Wisconsin had a team of heavyweights, but they were helpless. In the Wisconsin-Minnesota game the Badgers were clumsy and their repertoire of plays comprised less than half a dozen formations. In response to the demands of the students and alumni, Camp Randall has a new boss this year. He is Dr. Paul Withington.

Dr. Withington is a Harvard man. He played on the Harvard football team for three years and was also a member of the Harvard crew, the swimming team and the wrestling team. He graduated from Letters and Sciences in 1910 and then took a five year course in medicine. During these five years he was assistant football coach at Harvard.

Coaches from all sections of the country were considered in choosing a successor to Juneau. Eddie Mahan, captain of the 1915 Harvard team, Gil Dobie, whose



Dr. Williams of Minnesota

teams haven't lost a game in ten years, and several others were talked of. Dobie returned to the University of Washington and Mahan went to California as assistant to Andy Smith, formerly coach at Purdue.

Dr. Withington is bringing with him to Madison, Soucy and Doherty of the 1915 Harvard team, and with this trio the Badger supporters hope to land the flag. It is doubtful, however, if Withington can give his stuff in one season, even with the assistance of two of his former proteges.

Ewald O. Stiehm, the new director of athletics at the University of Indiana, has held a similar position at the University of Nebraska for several years. The official statement concerning Mr. Stiehm's election states:

"The move does not mean that there



will be a sweeping change in the different branches of sports. Indiana's policy will be that which Mr. Stiehm elects. He will have charge of all the coaches, all the administrative direction of affairs in his line. Since the days of Jimmie Sheldon the athletic committee and the President have considered the possibility of obtaining some man who would take over the control of inter-collegiate athletics, but not till recently has the plan been taken up actively. When bigger things were started by the assurance of a new gym, the committee recommended the policy of obtaining a man of recognized ability, no matter what it might cost. After considering a number of men who might be big enough to hold the job, Mr. Stiehm was elected for the purpose."

"Jumbo" Stiehm, as he was familiarly known at Nebraska, won his letter in football, basketball, and track at the University of Wisconsin. He was also on the tennis and baseball teams. Five years ago Stiehm went to Nebraska, and since then his Nebraska football teams lost only two games. Minnesota beat them twice, early in Stiehm's regime. Stiehm is a giant personality. He is six and half feet tall, and he is sinewy. He knows how to deal with men, and his teaching methods have been successful.

The November (1915) number of *Outing* says of Mr. Stiehm:

"Mr. Stiehm is a great believer in the generalship side of modern football as against the old pounding game. Under this head he includes quick-shift plays, series plays, leading plays, and psychological forward passes. The real test of generalship in his opinion is ability to carry the play within your opponent's thirty yard line. It is better to be on the defensive there than on the offensive in your own territory. Mr. Stiehm does not regard football as mere fun, nor should it be conducted merely for physical betterment nor to maintain winning teams. Its prime

value is as a test of character and as a generator of college sentiment and loyalty. Football should be a school of manly skill, courage, honesty, self-control, clean habits, and even of courtesy."

Indiana alumni, and even certain undergraduate elements, have been dissatisfied with the work of Coach Childs, and Mr. Stiehm will probably take over the entire responsibility of coaching the football team. According to the Indianapolis Star, Mr. Stiehm's salary will be \$4,250.

When Yale was looking for a new coach the Eli institution gazed long and hard on the Jones brothers, Howard and "Tad". "Tad" landed the job and Howard took a position as head coach at Iowa. He hasn't promised to deliver a championship team, but he hopes to weave from the loose threads of the Hawkeye aggregation a fabric that will have it over Chicago like a tent.

Jones is a Yale man. He played half-back three years at Exeter and three years end at Yale. He was head coach at Syracuse one year, two years head coach at Ohio State, two years at Yale. Jones is said to be one of Yale's best football men, and he was in demand by several of the western schools.

Fred J. Murphy, otherwise "Denny", is the coach at Northwestern. Murph is also a Yale man. He played halfback one year at Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts, halfback on the Yale freshman team, and three years varsity halfback, in the seasons of 1907-8-9. He also played baseball at Andover and Yale, and was captain of the 1909 championship baseball team.

Northwestern University gave Murphy his first position as head coach. He has charge of football, basketball and baseball.

Driscoll, the 1916 Northwestern captain, is a junior. He weighs 145 pounds and was picked as All-Conference halfback

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GETTING OFF ON THE RIGHT FOOT

THOMAS ARKLE CLARK



WE had all expected Boyd to win the Conference half mile. He was in good condition, he was admittedly the superior of any other of the contestants in the race, and in practice he had beaten his old record by two seconds. It was a great disappointment to all of his friends when we read the account of the race in the Sunday paper to find that he had come in a rather bad second.

"What was the matter, Ned?" I asked the next time I met him. "How did you happen to lose Saturday?"

"I got a bad start," was the reply. "You never can do much in a race unless you get off on the right foot."

Every year I am written or interviewed by disappointed parents of students who have seemed at home to give every indication of success, but who in college have proved themselves commonplace or complete failures.

"What is the matter with the boy?" they ask. "At home he was regular and did well and liked his work."

They can not understand it, and usually end up by sympathizing with the boy and blaming the college. The real explanation usually is that these fellows got a poor start; they were in a hard race, but they did not get off on the right foot.

This little sermon is written for those of you who are entering college. Most of you are having your first real experience away from home. You will like it, I have no doubt, after the first hot wave of homesickness has passed, but you will find the life different from what you have known in high school or preparatory school; it is more varied, more strenuous, more exact-

ing; it is a man's life and not a boy's. It holds out to you wonderful opportunities for enjoyment, for development, for self-control. It is most desirable, however, that you get a good start.

First of all you are making friends some of whom are to be your companions throughout the four years of your undergraduate life. Almost before you reach the campus the lines have been thrown out which are to bind you to one or more fellows with whom you are to be most closely associated during the four of the most important years of your life. It seems only a few months ago since I was myself coming in on the Illinois Central to begin my college work. I made my first friend at registration. It was Bert Clark puzzling over the study schedule and looking as confused and homesick as I felt. It was not many days until I had met the others who were to form the coterie of friends which I gathered around me—Davis, and McKee, and Bennett, and Manny, and a score of others with whom I was to work and study. Davis, poor boy, gave up his life all too soon, and the others are scattered to the remotest parts of the working world, but each one in his own way helped to mold me for good or bad, and to make me what I am. It is important that you get the right start in choosing your friends. It is well to take a little time, to study the characters of the men with whom you are to associate as well as their appearance, for the appearance will change very much more quickly than their characters. Sometimes the roughest looking diamond takes the highest polish after it has been properly cut, and sometimes the most unfavor-

able looking boy crude through inexperience and lack of opportunity develops into the most satisfactory friend. Congeniality and community of interest are to be taken into account first. It is not necessary that the fellows whom you choose as your friends should be studying the same things that you are studying; in fact I have felt many times that it is on the whole better and more broadening if they are not in the same course; but they should have much the same tastes, should like the same pleasures and enjoy the same sort of people that you enjoy.

You will be happier, too, and more successful if the group of fellows whom you choose as your intimate friends are not in a financial condition materially different from your own. If the home folks are in moderate circumstances only, if your coming to college is for them and for yourself a matter of sacrifice, you will be wise at the outset not to connect yourself with a group of fellows who are extravagant and who will either lead you into the expenditure of more money than you can afford, or who will often leave you feeling out in the cold because you can not always join them in their expensive pleasures.

Many a boy has early ended his college career because he got a poor start in this direction.

If before you came to college you were interested in religion and religious things, you will want to continue the same sort of life here. This will be very difficult, indeed, if in the choice of your friends at the outset you do not include those who have this same interest. If on Sunday morning in the house in which you live you call out, "Any one going to church today?" and find that most of the fellows are either still in bed or reading the newspaper, and you get the laugh or arouse very little interest, you will feel at once that you have made a mistake, and that going to church is "stone age stuff," not to be thought of by a wide awake young fellow in a college community, and you will, like Boyd, be getting off on the wrong foot.

Your contentment and happiness in the new life upon which you are starting will be to a large degree dependent upon the choice which you make of friends, especially upon those friends who are nearest to you and with whom you share your immediate surroundings. I knew an un-

(Continued on page 40)



Where He Wrote It



THE ILLINI ON THE BORDER

WALTER B. REMLEY

“Tramp, Tramp, Tramp,
The boys went marching,
Bravely where the bullets flew;
But now they'll tramp back home again
And pass a little course or two.”

SO said the Campus Scout of July 27, and you may be sure that most of the Battery F boys are eager to get back and “pass a little course or two,” now that the impending crisis with Mexico seems to be again temporarily relieved.

We came down here prepared to go as far as the government asked us to, but now when there seems to be no apparent need for us, we want to go home. Notwithstanding that fact, however, we are having a very enjoyable summer.

We were having the annual practice march and camp at Homer Park when the call came on June 20. Returning to Champaign, we loaded our equipment and departed for Springfield on the night of June 22. The first thing to greet our eyes in Springfield was a newspaper with the headlines: “FORTY AMERICAN TROOPERS SLAIN IN FIRST BATTLE OF SECOND MEXICAN WAR.” That certainly encouraged us considerably.

We spent almost two weeks at Camp Lincoln in comparative inactivity. We did not have enough horses or enough room to do any active drilling; in fact, we didn't

have enough to do to keep the fellows from getting homesick and more or less discontented. According to the newspapers, war was inevitable, so the most of our folks came to Springfield to bid us farewell as though we were going to march straight into the “jaws of death,” as the newspapers persisted in putting it.

Things dragged along until June 28 when we were mustered into the service of the United States, thereby losing nine of our men who refused to take the oath for perfectly honorable reasons. On the following day we were given the physical examination by the army surgeons and they mowed our ranks down worse than a bunch of “greasers” could ever hope to do, for we lost three lieutenants and fourteen privates. Next came the vaccination for small-pox and the first inoculation for typhoid and on the memorable afternoon of July 4, General Funston telegraphed that he was ready for the Illinois artillery. We left Springfield the same night, knowing nothing of where we were going.

Arriving in San Antonio on July 7, we were informed that it was our destina-

tion. Stepping off the train, who should greet us but a host of San Antonio's prettiest girls with ripe figs, ice water, and big Texas watermelons. Then the instant they found that we were all college students they completely surrounded us. Such is Southern hospitality.

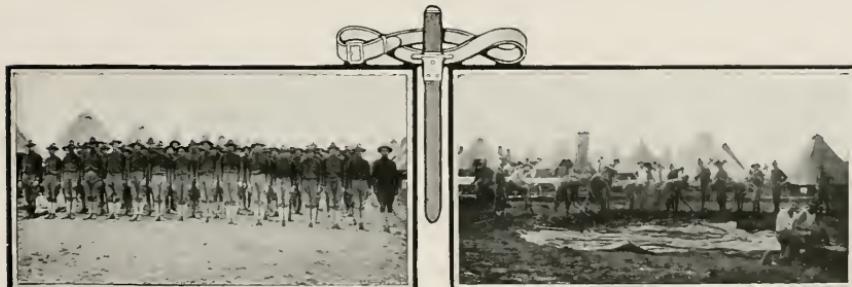
A bunch of the big army trucks was placed at our disposal, and we soon had our equipment transported to Camp Wilson. I might say here that Camp Wilson is a high plateau which has the reputation of being the only place in Texas where the breeze always blows and it certainly has lived up to its reputation during the past three weeks. The heat has not been at all oppressive. There are no trees in camp; just mesquite, sage brush, cactus, and a little grass. The country is so clear that you can see from ten to twenty miles in most any direction from camp, and Texas landscape has a charm all its own.

We have had an exceptional amount of rain which has necessitated the construction of a number of drainage ditches. When it rains, this Texas gumbo is certainly fierce—about like crude rubber, but much more sticky. They are building permanent kitchens and dining rooms now and constructing permanent roads around the camp. We are uncertain whether this means that we are to remain here for several months, or whether the government intends to make this a permanent camp and is merely letting the militia get it in shape.

There have been some unfortunate stories in northern papers concerning the camp life here. Camp sanitation is excellent, in view of the difficulties encountered, and shower baths are provided for everybody. Each regiment has its own field hospital and all sick men may report there twice daily. In case of severe illness or an accident, an ambulance is provided to transport the patient to the army hospital, a very efficient institution, at Fort Sam Houston. Medical officers inspect the camp kitchens and supply tents daily to see that they are kept absolutely clean. When it comes to the food, we have no objections to make. We have three good cooks and a good mess sergeant, who certainly know how to set good dishes before us. We've been having oatmeal or cream of wheat with bacon, and usually oranges, grape fruit, or cantaloupe for breakfast and all the other meals are equally as good.

The government has supplied us with service uniforms and practically all the other clothing we need, as well as other auxiliary equipment. We have eighty-two horses at present and are now getting mounted drill in earnest. We are leaving on a thirty mile hike the latter part of this week and we will go to Leon Springs next week to spend about ten days at target practice on the government artillery range. This will give our thirty-eight gunners an opportunity to demonstrate their ability.

Perhaps I should mention the gun-



ners examination which was given a short time ago. Out of forty-two F men that took it, thirty-eight succeeded in passing it—four as experts and all the rest first class, but three or four. Pretty good, we think, when you consider that only twenty gunners are required, and that none of the other batteries in the regiment succeeded in getting nearly that many men through.

Nearly everybody goes out for a ride on Sunday mornings, riding in the formation of a cavalry troop. Most of the boys are getting pretty well toughened up and are thus able to take long rides. The country through which we pass on these rides is very beautiful at the present time. All the corn is cut and in the shock, which reminds one of Riley's "When the frost is on the punkin' and the fodder's in the shock" and most of the cotton balls are breaking.

The Y. M. C. A. has about four buildings in the camp and is doing a great work. Writing paper, ink, checker boards, magazines and newspapers, are provided for the boys. Church services are held on Sundays and throughout the week contests, movies, and band concerts by the different regimental bands are given. The Battery F imperial quartette, consisting of Paddy Pierce, Phil Oberg, Jay Allan Smith, and Nelse Utley walked away with the prize at the first contest and Charlie Bernstein and Aaron Rosenbleet, both of Battery F, were given the decision as displaying the best exhibition of boxing. The Third Wisconsin Infantry is full of Wisconsin students and every night they meet at the "Y" and vie with us in singing their songs and giving their yells. It certainly is great to hear "Illinois Loyalty" and a husky "Oskee Wow-Wow" ring out across the camp. Sometimes one may almost imagine himself at a Badger-Illini fotball game by the volume of the yelling and singing.

The Battery proposes to have a big banquet at the St. Anthony or Manhattan when we return from Leon Springs at

which time the old Illini spirit will certainly overflow. Several of the boys have been stepping out into society quite freely and one or two of them may return north without their fraternity pins.

Of course, this would be a funny camp without its humorous incidents. I guess that some of you have heard of "Shorty" Ruppell's involuntary bath, and how one of the horses kissed Alvin Gries, but it won't hurt to repeat the stories:

"Shorty" was out riding and while fording the San Antonio river, his mount decided to lay down and roll over, so there was nothing for "Shorty" to do but take a good ducking. A few nights later Alvin Gries was on regimental guard duty and while walkin his post along a picket line, one of the horses reached out and grabbed him by the nose. Perhaps you are aware of the fact that we are considerably troubled with ants. Some of the fellows have been driven from their tents at night by the little pests, but to cap the climax two or three corps of them recently crawled into John Beekley's hat, and established their habitation. Of course, unsuspecting John arose the following morning, donned his hat as usual and started about his work, but he certainly removed it as soon as they got well established in his hair. And John was obliged to stick his head under a stream of water and work until almost noon in extricating all the ants from his tousled hair.

It is thought now that we will be mustered out of the service soon after returning from Leon Springs. The fact that all of the recruiting officers in Illinois have been recalled appears to be the beginning of the end. Whether we are or not, students at the University may rest assured that we are getting well drilled and ready to help defend our country's rights at any time, and at any place where we might be sent. On the other hand we will all be glad to get back "And pass a little course or two".



FORGETTING ELEANOR

S. MILES RAPHAELSON



"If you are going to be self-conscious, Al," said Eleanor as she greeted me in the massive gloom of the hallway, "I won't go—and we may as well call it off now!" It was characteristic of Eleanor that I knew nothing whereof she spoke.

"I won't be self-conscious," I politely promised. "Where won't you go?" Eleanor fussed deliciously about me as she superintended the taking off of my overcoat.

"Now—take your muffler off and sit here, so. Now, we can have a nice friendly talk. Do you know, Al, I like the way you wear your hair now—it has a real Joseph Santley wave." Eleanor giggled. "You used to plaster it down last year, didn't you?"

I had compromised. I sat on the davenport just near enough to Eleanor, but desperately retained my silk muffler. I looked directly in front of me, and, after a pause, remarked casually:

"It is a year since we have seen one another, isn't it?"

"Doesn't it seem *longer* to you, Al?"

Eleanor's eyes are brown, and there was a big amber lamp on the library table which softly shaded everything in the room, but my gaze did not waver. It is dangerous to look at Eleanor.

"Doesn't it, Al?"

"No, it doesn't," I calculated coolly. "It seems just a year to me." I still looked ahead, but I knew that Eleanor's eyes were laughing...

"Oh—you villain! You *know* you've missed me. Now, haven't you?" She pronounced it "Haven'dge?" with the kind of a sweet drawl they say Southern ladies have.

I was adamant, and only said: "I suppose so."

Eleanor did not reply, and I looked at her. She wore a dainty gown, her lustrous hair was immaculately arranged, and—she *was* laughing.

"Aren't you *sure*?" Then, without giving me another opportunity to prove my self-possession, she continued: "Now listen, Al, the Beta Pi Omegas are giving a big dance next Friday evening, and I'm going to ask you to take me. I know you'd like to—and I'm going to pay my own subscription. Of course I realize we haven't spoken to one another for a year—what of it? I feel so much more at home with you, 'cause I know you have a more sincere regard for me. I know you understand me better than anyone else could. Can you go?"

Eleanor's mind is vivacious, and her words trip over one another as she says them, but her voice is mellow and poised.

"I suppose I can," I hesitated. "But why this mysterious and generous offer to pay your own subscription?"

"That is just why I asked *you*, Al—'cause I mayn't tell anything about it. You'll have to take my word for everything. Oh, Al, haven't you any romance in you?"

I am not romantic, but Eleanor's eyes are brown—deep, laughing—serious brown. I consented. We talked of other things for a while, and as I left it seemed as if I had asked Eleanor to that dance. Were it anyone else, it would have been irritating—but it was Eleanor. I began to realize how empty the past year had been.

I was to call Eleanor on the 'phone Wednesday evening, and then we could

have a long talk about lots of things.

The calendar said it was two days but I was sure it was two years before Wednesday came. I picked a speck off my coat sleeve and carefully adjusted my tie. Then I lifted the receiver from the telephone.

"Oakwood 444," I called.

Eleanor's voice at the other end of the line said: "Hello?"

"May I speak to Eleanor," I requested.

"This is Eleanor, Al?—Well *listen*, Al—call me up some other time. I found mother ill when I got in today and baby has been sick all week. So I have all the dishes and pap's supper and every thing else to do and make. Call me up before the dance... Good bye."

Two minutes later the operator asked, "Did you get your number?" I hung up the receiver.

My temperature was at least 105 and my pulse was surely more. My vanity was so badly lacerated that the pain almost penetrated to my heart. I felt the need for action. So I went to Jerry who is square jawed and conservative and a correspondent to a mail order house and hence knows heaps about femininity and its ways.

"She was two oblivious sweet to be sincere," I told him. And I told him many other things, exaggerating some, misrepresenting others, but keeping a working average of facts.

"You never c'n tell, kid," said Jerry. "Maybe her old lady and the kid *is* sick." Jerry had once been educated but now nothing but the letters which he dictated in the mail order house was refined or grammatic.

"That dance is puzzling me," I confessed. "I just know that I will begin to take her out again after this affair." Jerry snorted.

"Listen to the guy, will ya? Watcha givin' me, any way? I suppose you don't care about the lady? I suppose you never

wanta have her false calico flutterin' by your side again, huh?"

"Lord knows I like her," I said sadly. "But I wouldn't like her, nor want to—if I thought—" Jerry grinned—a rational premeditated grin.

"The word like covers a multitude of emotions with you, don't it? Take her to the dance. Don't hang around too much, but keep your glimmers glimmerin'. Maybe you'll catch on. Maybe she'll forget rule number 5 of Lora Jean Libbey's book on Battle and Captivity and tell you. If you find that there is a deadly plot on foot, and the chiffon has been trifflin' on your manly dignity, why—sneak home kid—sneak home kid, and keep away forever after."

"Believe me!" I said fervently.

"You plastered your hair down again, didn't you?" said Eleanor that Saturday evening, and she ruffled it. I used to think it silly for a girl to do that.

"I want you to be very attentive to me all through the evening, Al," she continued. I should have been debonair, and said something graceful and complimentary and witty, but I was afraid of Eleanor's niceness so I stupidly asked: "Why?"

Eleanor, standing in the doorway drawing on her gloves with that crinkled, earnest look she always had before she smiles, was an evident and sufficient reason—but she was unconscious and modest—

"That's part of the secret," she explained, leaving me more mystified than ever.

The Beta Pi Omega dance was one of those glittering, richly subdued affairs, with awning-canopy and a mellow string of automobiles in front, a ten-piece orchestra, genuine leather dance programs, and scintillating ices.

As we stepped into the deep-carpeted, perfumed gaiety, I looked at Eleanor. Her eyes were shining, her lips were curved; she was primed for enjoyment of as fast and furious a variety as the evening would

bring. As for me, I was out of gear. I was irritated, and grew unaccountably angry, first with the insolence of the laughter and silken rustling of my surroundings, then with Eleanor, then with myself. Whereupon my mind became clear, and I regained my poise.

When Eleanor, as we danced the conventional first dance together, told me of an informal pretty affair to which she expected an invitation, and to which I could escort her, my circulation remained normal. I had left my engagement note-book I diplomatically explained, but I would be glad to let her know by telephone some evening.

"You might call me up tomorrow evening at eight," suggested Eleanor. "But if anything makes it impossible for you to take me, don't call me up, then I'll know you cannot come."

The music struck up a lilting, strainy tune, and Eleanor, smiling an apology to me, turned to her partner for the next dance. He was a chesty, dark fellow, and he smiled too much, and I did not like the way he held Eleanor as they danced.

"Tomorrow evening at eight!" The phrase stayed in my mind all evening. It blurred my thoughts, and destroyed my self-possession. I could not analyze it. I was weighted with the yoke of a responsibility as tantalizing as it was nameless, merely because Eleanor had accepted my attitude and directed it into practical channels by the tender of a concrete ultimatum.

"Tomorrow evening at eight!" As I danced the inevitable and successive tango and hesitation waltz with the inevitable and successive simpering partner, the phrase, constantly recurrent, with a clock-like monotony, kept perfect pace with the time of the music and the tempo of the conversation. I scowled quite unreasonably at times, and laughed foolishly at others. The last dance was with Eleanor, and "Tomorrow evening at eight" began to run in my head in circles. WHAT WOULD I

DO TOMORROW EVENING AT EIGHT?

After you leave the "L" station, there are four blocks to Eleanor's home. When we had reached the second block, Eleanor asked very sweetly:

"Would you like to know the why and wherefore of tonight's affair?"

I presumed that I would. Eleanor lives on the outskirts of the city, and looking west, there are very few houses to break the skyline. The night was faintly foggy.

"Did you notice the dark-haired gentleman who had the second dance with me? Well, he and I have been to quite a few affairs together during the past three months, and what do you think? Someone told me he has a jealous disposition! Now, I've been reading upon psychology, and he doesn't *look* as mean as that to me. So I thought and *thought*, and at last I thought of a scheme to prove it. I called you up--"

The moon flickered wanly through the thin, high fog.

"Don't forget to call me up tomorrow evening at eight. I'm sure nothing could interfere with your going," said Eleanor with dripping sweetness as we reached her door.

"I won't forget!" I laughed. "Good night."

The heavy front door snapped automatically behind Eleanor, and with it, something snapped in me.....Call her up! I wondered that I had not seen through her complicated, insincere personality, with her lame, unsophisticated attempts at intrigue before! Dripping sweetness! Dripping, tiresome, sickening sweetness it seemed now. How inadequate she seemed. I saw things clearly now, unhampered by memories of brown eyes. I felt decisive and unfettered. I knew that I could see her times innumerable now, and cease our acquaintance when I was so inclined,

"Eight o'clock!" Many eight o'clocks would come and go before I would call

(Continued on page 27)

OMAR KHAYYAM, COLLEGIAN

He Survives Registration;—

YESTERDAY This Day's Madness did prepare;
TO-MORROW'S Silence, Triumph, or Despair.

Registers in Philosophy I;—

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint and heard great argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went.

Works for a while;—

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with mine own hand wrought to make it grow.

Lets Things Slide for Football;—

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But here and there as strikes the Player goes;
And He that toss'd you down into the Field,
He knows about it all—HE knows HE knows!

And Finds an Alibi;—

Some for the Glories of this World; and some
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;
Oh, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distinct Drum.

He Succumbs to the Movies;—

For in and out, above, about, below,
'Tis nothing but a Magic Shadow-show,
Play'd in a Box whose Candle is the Sun,
Round which we Phantom Figures come and go.

And Fusses a Bit;—

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his Vintage rolling Time has prest.

Meanwhile—

Perplexed no more with Human or Divine,
To-morrow's tangle to the winds resign.

And He Consoles Himself—

Oh threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise;
One thing is certain—*This Life flies.*

Exams loom up—

Now the New Year reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires.

Aw! Why Fret?

Said one—"Folks of a surly Tapster tell,
And daub his Visage with the Smoke of Hell;
They talk of some strict Testing of us—Pish!
He's a Good Fellow, and 'twill all be well."

But Alas!

The Moving Finger writes, and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

Sh!

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came shining through the Dusk an Angel Shape
Bearing a vessel on his Shoulder; and
He bid me taste of it; and 't was—the grape.

Discovered!

And peradventure by THE MASTER too;
Whose secret Presence, through creation veins
Running Quicksilver—like eludes your pains.

Exit.

And, without asking, *Whither* hurried hence!
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,
Lighting a little hour or two—was gone.

CONFessions of a CUB REPORTER

S. D. HARWOOD

JUNE 30: As I begin this "over-his-keys - the - musing - organist" stuff, my feelings are just about like those of which Mr. Lowell spoke; I'm beginning "doubtfully and far away." We shall call the paper on which I am slaving the *Globe*, because that isn't its name, and we shall call the town *Coventry*, because that's where I have been sent. The reason for the *Confessions* is so that once more I can see my brain children put into print without the amputations of a city editor's ruthless blue pencil.

After a night of it in Chicago I arrived in Coventry today. Friday! Ominous? Read on. *So Long Letty* with a windup at College Inn, and then I met the man who is to be my boss. He is experimenting by employing a dozen fellows just out of college. We'll call the boss Tremens.

In the tower which soars high above the editorial room, he has his lair. One goes up a crazy little iron ladder to reach the den of Mr. Tremens. My roommate, also a budding journalist, says they keep the editor up there so that the cubs will get dizzy before they get to the top.

It was in the little room where I first met Tremens. He glared at me with his blue and fishy eye as I came up the stair, and I had to explain very fully who I was before he even remembered that I was going to work for him. And then the Inquisition began. What should I do if I were dead broke, a big railroad wreck were on at Grand Falls, twenty miles away, and I were ordered to catch a train in ten minutes? What should I do if a beautiful girl had left her picture where I could reach it, though she absolutely refused to let it go in the paper? Did I believe in municipal ownership? What

would I do if I were ordered to interview Billie Burke?

The answers I gave proved mostly wrong, so Mr. Tremens informed me, but he didn't can me on the spot. He said to report next morning at seven o'clock.

July 1: The first day is over. My first story was to get a feature with pictures of the daredevil and deathdefying Joslyn, aviator, motorcyclist, and parachute dropper, or so he modestly termed himself. Mr. Joslyn proved very ready to tell of himself and his doings; also he proudly showed his new Bleriot monoplane. The only embarrassing thing was that the story of his greatness was somewhat discounted, so far as I was concerned when his wife told me in all confidence that "Stan was always up to some damn foolishness."

It was six o'clock when I got through tonight. Then we went to a picnic of the Coventry Illini club. There were two dozen Illini there, and *Illinois Loyalty*, though it was sung rather feebly, never sounded better to me than tonight. I might add incidentally that from seven o'clock in the morning until eight tonight I had had no food. Certainly it is a strenuous business—writing news.

July 2: The only event of interest is that my roommate has to visit a few Coventry cemeteries to hunt up Revolutionary war heroes for a Fourth of July feature. After twelve hours heartbreaking search he unearthed a whole crop of them and has been writing of battles ever since.

July 3. An eighteen-year-old private died yesterday at the state mobilization camp. Our hated rival, the *Gazette*, ran a big story about him this afternoon with a local angle. He had just written to his sweetheart in Coventry telling her not to

order his coffin yet. The city editor called me to his desk.

"They didn't run a picture in the Gazette," he said. "Go interview the girl and be sure to get her picture."

It was a real chance to put one over on the rival sheet by landing the photograph; so out I went to see Miss Steele. She was not at home. Her aunt said, furthermore, that she would not give me the picture. She said only vulgar people like their pictures in the paper. I sat on the front porch to wait for Dorothy Steele. When she came breezing into the yard in a white and green sport coat and with a bunch of golf clubs under one arm, she didn't impress me as being particularly bowed down by grief. And she wouldn't give me her picture either.

"Sure, I'm sorry he's dead," she replied to a question. "Sure I didn't want to see him go away. No, we were only friends."

So I called up the city editor and assured him there was nothing doing on the picture. "Go back and try again," was his reply. "Tell her the benefits she'll get from newspaper fame."

When I returned to call on Miss Steele and knocked on the door, a huge voice came bellowing down the speaking tube, "What do you want?"

With quavering voice I told him. "Wait a minute," he said.

I waited. Instead of Miss Steele, the figure of a man towered above me. It was her father.

"If you're a reporter, you just clear out. You've been hanging around here about long enough. And if you don't get out, I'll help you out."

He began advancing toward me with the utmost sincerity. I left.

July 4: No paper today. I expect to be canned tomorrow for not getting the picture. My roommate and I spent the afternoon carousing at Carnival Park with ten other wops.

July 5: Well, they didn't can me. Instead they sent me out with the photographer to get a picture of a deserted baby and a sob story. Now, my love for babies who are still under six months of age is not great, but my story fairly exuded adjectives.

July 6: They sent me on the old courthouse today, where the criminal court of common pleas, municipal, insolvency, and juvenile courts hang out. Incidentally they presented for good measure the jail and the postoffice for my beat. I'm to be a substitute. When they want to send the regular reporter on an assignment, they put me over there.

But it isn't at all the important beat that it appears to be. Most of the courts are not in session.

July 7: The human interest of the day is that an elderly spinster of uncertain but numerous years got playful and turned the hose on friend roommate. The other news is that the managing editor has developed an amazingly bad temper.

July 8: Two more cubs arrived today. The total number now reaches twelve. Just what the editor wants with twelve new men is more than I can say.

July 9: Sunday has begun to mean more than it ever did before. It is a little oasis in a desert of abuse from friend editor.

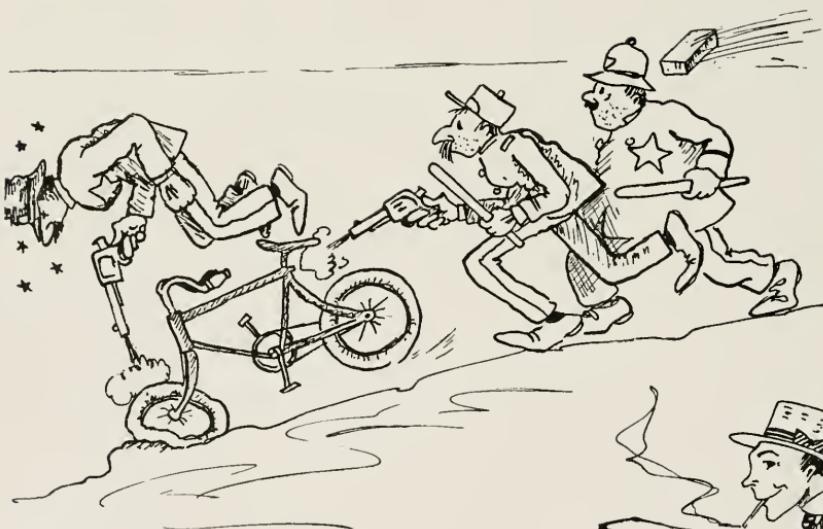
July 10: The gentle occupation of today was covering my beat. The city editor now refers to that territory as "your old courthouse." And I wouldn't have the place as a gift.

Jails are new to me, but I am rapidly getting acquainted with jailbirds galore. One of the deputies squandered all my leisure time yesterday in explaining how Dago Pietro hanged himself underneath a bed that looks like the upper berth of a tourist sleeper. It happened two weeks before I came to Coventry; so it really wasn't very much news for me. During the times

(Continued on page 27)



"Pop" and His Valiant Squad are Back On the Job



Our Own Keystone Staff



WORKING THE PROFS

By S. R.

HOW can we, the students, work the faculty of this university for all they are worth?

By that is not meant how can we lay around during the four years of a college course and then emerge with a sheepskin and a brilliant record—there may be formulas for that kind of thing, but I haven't found a good all-around one yet. Nor will this paper show how an enterprising house-to-house canvasser in the faculty residence district can reap harvests of gold through the medium of a good line reinforced by a good "line".

Rather, it is intended to point out how to work the faculty for better things than the above, and through the expenditure of much less time and next to no sacrifice.

The faculty of this university contains the men who know things. A man cannot teach unless he fairly well knows. In addition to that, it contains the men who, having lived (in most cases) longer than the students, have seen things—and likewise a thing or two.

A student comes to college, and, if he is like the average undergraduate, he will take courses, do fairly well in them, and think that he is getting a liberal education. He fails to realize that the professor in American history has only a certain limited amount of time in which to cover a tremendous expanse of ground and that it is therefore necessary for him to touch only the high lights. If this student came to the professor in his home or his office some afternoon for a friendly little chat, he might conceive an interest in the history of this country which would come almost like an inspiration. That profes-

sor could tell him some things, explain some movements to him in detail, so that the history, until now a dry narrative recital, becomes imbued with atmosphere—so that the people who lived before become living people now, and very interesting people, too.

Another instance would be the professor of botany. The course is a fundamental one, and only to the student with natural gifts for that study or to one with an unusually active imagination would it contain any fascination. To the average student it is a dragging, complicated, laborious mess. But if that average student dropped in on the botany expert some day when that man (or woman—lots of women botanists in this world) was at leisure, he would hear a few stories—stories of human interest—of little adventures had on botany trips. Many botanists have traveled in the strangest and most fascinating places, and, being scientists, they have usually observed more than the fauna. They can tell you things which will make botany a living thing and an interesting one to you—they can give the subject atmosphere. And, also, you will find out the real significance of the work you are doing, how fundamental it is, and how fascinating it can become when handled more intensively in the advanced courses. You find out this fact—that the advanced courses are always the easiest and by far the most interesting.

Few students can get real values out of their work unless they get this personal contact with the men who are giving the work. Such contact will make the course at least doubly valuable. It makes you

realize the relation of the work to other work and to everything in the world—and a college career followed through in this way will make you realize your relation to the world better than you possibly otherwise could.

Of course, botany and history are not the only things in which one should get atmosphere and comprehensive appreciation. They have been used merely as examples. You will discover that rhetoric profs, for instance, know more than why a period should be here and a semi-colon there and that that paragraph never should have been at all. You will find that they can explain to you—and thereby gain your instant understanding and sympathy—that they realize as well as any one that it doesn't make such an awful lot of difference whether your letter or article is perfectly grammatical and in correct form or not. They know—as well as you do and as well as every person who has ever talked on the subject on the platform or written about it for the dinkiest paper in the middle west—that it is the ideas that really count, and nothing else really means anything at all. As soon as you know that they agree with you on this point, you are brethren. Then they may be able to tell you why they make such an awful fuss about the hyphens and dashes. And then, to your delectation and surprise, they will talk about hyphenated Americans and the hundred and two-twenty dashes—and they will talk intelligently, too. Many a rhetoric prof here knows more than you will know in years about track history and track men, and many of them can make you, Alexander Student, here in the t-a-own of Champaign-Urbana, *feel* an interest in the subject of hyphenism, and understand why you are feeling it and how you feel it.

One more instance, and then I shall depart for another phase of my subject. The average freshman looks upon philosophy as a sort of involved, abstract, much-

ado - about - very - little proposition. He doesn't care about it, doesn't know about it, and doesn't ever care to care or know. The requirements make conditions so that many students take philosophy 1 and 2. It is very much possible to take these courses and to pass them without having received a vital, lasting comprehension of the real values and significance of the subject. This is not the fault of the subject or its teachers—for it is one of the most interesting subjects offered in our curriculum and its teachers are among the best at the university. It is the fault of the student, and as a result he is suffering a loss—he doesn't feel the loss, because what you don't know doesn't hurt you. Still, if he dropped in for a talk-fest with some of the expounders of the elements of the subject, and if he has any of the grey stuff under his hat, what new and delightful and necessary paths of thought would come upon him. He would find interests which, if followed, would surely make a better man, a more capable thinker, a more practical manager out of him.

There is another side of our faculty which we have failed to utilize. I have heard many seniors express as their regret the fact that they wasted so much time in the dull and unprofitable company of undergraduates and did not mingle more socially with the faculty men. It has taken many students four years to find out that faculty men, as a rule, are blamed good fellows, with lots of youth and pep and with enough personal charm to make the students want to apologize for their own dulness. They will be in the company of those who will be giving most of the time. It will be pretty hard on the faculty, for to give continually without receiving in return is a drain. But what do we care about them, so long as we are gaining and growing?

Before it is too late, butt in, boys. Try to forget the fact that the man's pants are somewhat baggy in the knees or that

his coat is a little loose in the back, and find out what kind of a smile he has and how well he can do the standing broad jump and by what a margin he can beat you at horse-shoes. Invite them to your houses, and when you get them there, don't talk about the weather, but get right down to rock bottom and find out what kind of

guys they are. Fish around for invitations from them. Stick to them after your course is over. Try to meet them through other media than the class room. It isn't a hard game. It is always worth while when it is a winning game; and in this particular instance, you can't lose.

CONFESSEONS of a CUB REPORTER

(Continued from page 23)

when I was spared the dying convulsions of Dago Pete, he regaled me with tales of Jennie, the jail cat, a sore-eyed yellow feline of uncertain forbears.

In company with the *Gazette* reporter I called on the matron in the women's quarters. An old woman seventy years old had just come in from a hilarious week of it, so drunk that she could scarcely stand up. She seized her food as if she had always been hungry. The *Gazette* reporter pushed his hat on the back of his head and took a pull at his cigar. He was laughing at the look of concern on my face.

"You'll get used to all this in a little while," he said. "Come on, and we'll look at the nuts."

July 11: I'm becoming an authority

on domestic relations. If Ibsen had been a reporter in the Coventry court of insolvency, he could have written a genuinely racy problem play.

July 12: Two of the cubs were canned today, and the rest of us are wondering what in the world is going to happen to us. It reminds one of that little song we used to sing in kindergarten days: "Ten little nigger boys standing in a line; One fell down, and then there were nine." This canning business has rather alarmed the young army of cubs; it looks as if there are altogether too many of us. One of the Wisconsin men told me that two more men from his school were coming in another month.

FORGETTING ELEANOR

(Continued from page 19)

Eleanor up again. I was getting a taste of what it meant to be a man of the world!

The next evening, some time after half past seven, I happened to be in the library. I noticed that the telephone had not been dusted. Annoyed by this neglect, I lifted the receiver, the better to get at the undusted part. From force of habit I put the receiver to my ear. Before I could set it down, the operator asked:

"Number, please?"

In the dull nickel of the telephone, in

the green of the leather of the table covering, I saw a dainty head and brown eyes. Interwoven with the buzzing of the impatient wire, I heard dainty, vivacious words, tripping over one another—but the voice that uttered them was mellow and poised....

"Number, please?" mechanically reminded the operator. The clock in the hallway stridently coughed the hour of eight.

"Oakwood 444," said I.

WHAT RED DOESN'T KNOW

R. S.

WELL, Reddy can't say anything more about his knowing Mr. Ruggles and my not knowing him. You bet if he ever begins talking again about what Mr. Ruggles said to him when he saw him downtown, I'll just tell him some more about what Mr. Ruggles said to me last night, and then you'll see if he doesn't have to shut up. I guess I always did know more about him than Red did anyway.

Mother never told Red about how Mr. Ruggles used to be married to Mrs. Ruggles, and about how he doesn't live with Mrs. Ruggles any more because he doesn't have to now that his little girl Jane, who is just my age, is dead, and anyway he never wanted to at all for ever so long. But mother told *me* about it and I've known it for ages and ages. I've always wanted to tell Red when he started talking but I never could, because mother made me promise not to. But now, I know lots of other things that I haven't promised not to tell, and I can tell him that I know something that he doesn't know and I won't tell. And it's true, too. I do, because Mr. Ruggles never talked to him the way he talked to me last night.

Just makes me tired anyway the way Red's always talked about Mr. Ruggles, just because he met him downtown. Gee! he's always bragged and bragged because he'd seen him and I hadn't. But I guess he can't talk any more. Huh!

But you bet I was pretty scared when Mr. Ruggles walked into father's office yesterday and I found out who he was. Well, I know Red would have been scared too, even if he does say that he wouldn't.

Mother'd left me downtown at the office and father was to bring me home. After mother went away, father told me to go and sit in a chair and be quiet and

not make a nuisance of myself. And I went. Pretty soon, father told Jimmy that he guessed he'd better be going down on 'change because wheat was rising. So he got up and went down to see what was the matter with it. Then a man came in, and all the men in the office stopped talking all of a sudden. I didn't know who he was 'till Jimmie called him Mr. Ruggles. They told him about how father'd gone down to see about the wheat, but he'd be in in just a minute, and would Mr. Ruggles please be seated?

Everybody was so quiet, and I remembered all the stories that Reddy had told me about how rich Mr. Ruggles is, and how he won't ever come to our house with father when he was in town because he said he hated children and houses with children in them. Red says that he heard father say that to mother. So I was sure he'd hate me if he saw me, and I slunk in back of my chair.

When father came in, he was awfully glad to see Mr. Ruggles, and I guess maybe Mr. Ruggles was glad to see him, too, except he looked cross all the time. He's got awfully black eyes, and gee, his hands are so long and bony. But he can talk fast enough all right. They talked and talked and talked and father laughed a lot. Once Mr. Ruggles laughed too. I guess father'd forgotten all about me, for he didn't look around to see where I was and if I was being a nuisance.

After a while, all the men put on their hats and left. Father kept on talking to Mr. Ruggles until it got all dark out. Then they got up and began wondering where they should go for dinner. I knew that they were going to leave me behind, but I was sort of afraid to come out from in back of my chair. I just knew that

father'd be mighty mad when he remembered that I was there—and Mr. Ruggles would be still more mad. I waited while father closed his desk and locked it, but when he put out the lights, it was all as black as pitch and they were going away, so I said, "Father, I'm here," and he said, "Oh hell!" and turned the lights on again. And Mr. Ruggles asked what had we here, and father told him that I belonged to him, but that he had clean forgotten about me, and now, what in the Lord's name was he to do with me. And Mr. Ruggles said he'd be damned if he knew. Then he looked at me and said, "Why, Joe, the kid's crying!" And father told me to stop that sniffling, but Mr. Ruggles said that it didn't matter, and that it was all right father would take me home, of course. But father looked pretty sore and said that I'd been always causing trouble ever since I was born. Then what do you think—*Mr. Ruggles said that he guessed he'd come too!*

And he did. And they let me stay up till 'way after nine o'clock. And I sat in the living room, too. But Reddy couldn't come in where we were, because as soon as he came into the room and sat down, father told him that he should stop fidgeting and staring so, and he didn't stop, so father sent him out. He had to sit in the hall and just peek in. He says that he didn't peek, that he doesn't care, because Mr. Ruggles isn't so much anyway. But I just know he was mad, and he did too peek, because I saw him. And I guess he got pretty scared when Mr. Ruggles asked him at dinner how old he was. He

got all mixed up, and red, and he said, "Ten." And he's not ten at all, only going on ten; he won't be ten till next Tuesday. But you bet, I didn't get scared when Mr. Ruggles talked to me. I just talked at the table as if I wasn't afraid a bit, and I wasn't either—very—because Mr. Ruggles talked to me all the time, and his voice was nice and kind. Red heard all we talked about at dinner, but afterward, when we went into the living room, and Red got kicked out, he couldn't hear a thing. You bet, I knew he was trying to listen, and so I told Mr. Ruggles that I didn't want Red to hear, so would he talk in whispers. He said sure he would, and he did.

At last, father said that they'd just have to send me to bed, because if they didn't, I'd have the tantrums all the next day. He told Mr. Ruggles that I was always having the tantrums, but Mr. Ruggles said that he didn't believe it at all, at all, and kissed me good night when mother brought me in all ready for bed, and he asked me if I wasn't about six years old, and could he call me Jane? And I told him no, that I guessed I must look pretty young for my age, because I was nearly eight, and that I didn't care, he could if he wanted to. I don't care so much about my name anyway. Golly, I hope that Red doesn't find out that he thought that I was only six.

But you bet that Red can't tell me anything more about what Mr. Ruggles said to him when he was downtown, because he never talked to Red the way he talked to me last night.



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HERE is more to be considered at this university than courses, more
than athletics, girls, and what kind of a tie a fellow is to get for the fall.
A university represents the vitality of the nation. It has the young blood,
the active blood, the first stirrings of thought.

The first stirrings of thought—what a world of significance there is in
those words! And it is on this significance that the Illinois Magazine in-
tends to operate.

When a fellow begins to think seriously of himself, of his function in
the world,—in other words, of his future,—then he becomes a real factor
in college existence. It is when students as a body emanate this spirit that
the university becomes a serious factor in the nation's existence.

Articles stimulating thought will be found here consistently through
the year, we hope. These articles may not be pleasant little things de-
signed to fill space. They may not be hackneyed applause of hackneyed
activities. They may not be what one might expect in a publication of this
sort. But they *will* be vital.

And the stimulation will not stop there. Thorough-going attempts to
stimulate *action* along the lines advocated will be made.

SORORITY PLEDGE DAY

THE sororities of this university, at a certain hour of a certain day each
year, go through a certain formal sending of bids to girls whom they
wish as sisters. A definite method of accepting or rejecting the bids is
carried out by the parties of the second part, and by one o'clock in the
afternoon every sorority knows exactly whom it is going to pledge.

And by one o'clock, John Street, known as "Sorority Row", is crowded

with curious MEN who are awaiting to see the pledges rushed to the house, tagged with the proper ribboned insignia, kissed and taken in.

There are at least five hundred non-sorority girls at this university. Do you think any one of them, whether necessity demanded it or whether it was a whim, would dare to walk along John Street at one o'clock on that afternoon? Do you think that any one out of seventy-five per cent of them would dare to walk anywhere in the student district at that time?

The reason is obvious.

Let us analyze Pledge Day. It is a public affair, sanctioned and participated in to some degree by the university authorities. The university authorities would insist, if asked about the matter, that their policy is one which would preserve the spirit of democracy with the greatest efficiency in the student community. They would state that a certain day for sorority pledging and a certain form for the sending of bids is necessary in order to prevent undignified and headlong rushing tactics which, while tolerable—is present—in the case of fraternity rushing, would be unseemly in the case of ladies.

This is Pledge Day' only excuse, and it is no excuse at all for the publicity. What is really needed is that the bids be delivered and responded to one the same day. The pledging could be done privately and in accordance with the different sororities' particular desires in regard to time and manner.

From the viewpoint of good taste, Pledge Day is highly undesirable. It is a sort of shouting from the house tops. The pledge, open to the gaze of hundreds of men on-lookers, trying to appear unconscious of anything in general except the fact that she happens to be driving up John Street, is shouting. "Now—do you realize who I am? I'm a Psi Hoop Delta!" And the sorority sisters, frankly jubilant, are shouting, "Another victory for us. See whom we landed this year? Mrs. Potter Palmer's nephew's half-sister's second cousin!"

From the point of view of kindness and consideration, it is more cruel to the non-sorority girls than the sack-rush to its participants. Not that their being non-sorority girls detracts one whit from any angle of their value, but that on Pledge Day if they are seen anywhere they are instantly branded as NON-sorority.

And any public classification of that nature must be offensive to a girl with even the most ordinary sensibilities.

We believe that the *sororities* and the *pledges* are as much displeased with Pledge Day as *anyone*. We believe that the pledges would feel much more at ease if things were done privately; and we should hate to think that the vulgarity of the thing is pleasing to girls of refined inclinations who belong to sororities.

We suggest to the sororities and to the university authorities that beginning with this year there be no such thing as Pledge Day. Let October 2, 1916, inaugurate the first *Bid Day* at the University of Illinois.

A REAL INTERVIEW WITH TEDDY

"HOW do you do?" said Mr. Roosevelt to me, cordially and mildly, "Won't you sit down? Have a cigar."

"Thank you," I said without moving. "What do you think of the tariff situation?" Mr. Roosevelt has gray eyes and wears wrinkly clothes.

"The tariff situation?" he repeated in an ordinary human voice, "Well, young man, the present tariff situation reminds me of an occurrence in Augusta, Ga.,—or was it Oskaloosa, Ia.? Just a moment, young man, while I look the matter up." The great man walked slowly, something after the fashion of a high school principal or a South American importer of clothing, to a cabinet at the top of which was a polished brass plate beautifully imprinted with the words—JOKES—Towns Under 500,000—and referred to a card index. "Ah—here we have it. Hm'm.... Both cities are wrong. It happened in Bangor, Me." The eminent Progressive leader carefully replaced the index. He then thoughtfully returned to his African bamboo arm chair.

"Yes, indeed, young man, I was wrong!" he said with playful impressiveness. "Now..." he settled himself ponderously, "a theatre owner in the town of Bangor, Me.,—I remember the occasion very well—put a sign up in front of his building reading—" the Colonel heaved with reminiscent laughter. I smiled prematurely and as much as was allowable under the existing administration. There was a pause.

"Yes, but your highness- er, excellency- I mean s-sir- " I said with the balance of my voice, "Would you mind- that is, do you care-er- well, now about that tariff matter: you see- "

"Oh, yes," said the famous statesman politely, "The tariff situation— of course

you mean the existing situation the tariff as it is to-day,— *as it were?*" I nodded boldly, recklessly. "Well-er, why don't you sit down, and have a cigar? These cigars, young man, are specially manufactured for me by a personal friend of Mr. Beveridge's down in—in—" I sat down on the edge of a chair, and carefully took a cigar from Mr. Roosevelt between my thumb and forefinger. The cigar dropped, and I picked it up with my whole hand. When my hand was half way to my pocket I discovered that the edge of the rug was also in it. I dropped the rug hastily, and forced the cigar into unexpected and crushing contact with a ring of keys, some collar buttons, and 18c in change.

"You have a beautiful city here," said the Eastern lion hunter blandly.

"Yes, your honor," said I. "What do you think of the tar..."

"And," the ex-Rough Rider continued, "as I was saying to one of your prominent editors the other day, all you need is a subway, an economical garbage dump, an electrified railroad terminal, a Progressive administration, a boulevard system, and George M. Cohan to make you the equal of New Yawk. I wish you would tell your father and mother that I think you are a very fine specimen of Chicago manhood, and, if you would like my autograph—What! A newspaper man? Why didn't you say so? Sir, the present tariff situation should advance with the government in accordance with unmitigated circumstances, discontinued provocations, ultimate tendencies, and impeccable distinction. My view on this burning question of tariffic economics is this: The statute reformation, the inclusive industrial industries, the urgent railroad monopolistic tactics, and the universal approbation of liquor, should all be restricted, adjusted.

and unqualifiedly relinquished to that particular degree where the stars and stripes, where the glorious patriotism of the noble citizens—er, read me what you've written so far"; I did so, to the best of my ability.

"Tear it up," the renowned campaigner requested. I did. He gave me another cigar, which I safely relegated to my vest pocket. The Colonel then took a news-

paper clipping out of a desk drawer.

"Here is my St. Paul speech on the tariff," said he. "Do not use the space enclosed by the blue pencil marks, and substitute your own language for the rest, being careful not to omit or change a word of the original."

I acquiesced; ex-President Roosevelt gave me another cigar. Then I left.

WITH THE FIELD MARSHALS

(Continued from page 11)

by many writers. His basketball performance has won him as much fame as his football. He held Woods to one basket in a memorable game at Illinois last winter.

Cleo A. O'Donnell is the new coach at Purdue this year. For the past seven years he has been coaching football and baseball in Everett High, one of the best known schools in Massachusetts. He graduated from Holy Cross in 1908 and started coaching at Everett in 1909. His first team, captained by Brickley, won the state championship. In 1912 his team again won the state championship, and was defeated by Zuppke's Oak Park team for the national championship. In 1914 the Everett team defeated Oak Park 80 to 0. Since 1912 not a game has been lost, and only one touchdown and one field goal has been scored against Everett.

O'Donnell's record would indicate that he is one of the best coaches in the East, and he is expected to deliver at Purdue. The *Purdue Exponent* speaks of him as follows:

"He comes to Purdue as head football coach and assistant in other sports and will devote all his time throughout the year to Purdue Intercollegiate and Intermural athletics. Mr. O'Donnell has been a most successful high school coach and perhaps no other man in the country has made so great a reputation, with the exception of Zuppke, now at Illinois."

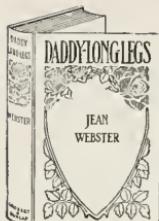
With such an array of new coaches the football season is a puzzle. Iowa hopes to turn out a wonderful team in the first year of Jones' regime, and Wisconsin supporters believe that two years will be required for Withington to teach the Badgers his stuff.

Macomber is back on the All-American football team, or to be more accurate, he is half-back. Anyone who questions Bart's claim to the position must now dispute the 1916 Football Guide, which has him listed as one of the All-American eleven.

There was a great deal of disappointment among Macomber's friends when Walter Camp, the eastern sage, plucked the Illinois captain from the prize line-up. O'Phant, who was substituted, is unquestionably a remarkable football man, but he was considered ineligible by many writers because he had played three years under the Purdue minions before entering West Point.

As in previous years Mr. Lindgren will assist Zuppke in the capacity of line coach and Ralph Jones will coach the freshman varsity. Jones will also represent Illinois at other schools, watching the style of play used in their game.

Cap Squier has been added to the coaching corps as end coach. Cap is a senior this year but he is ineligible because he played on the Hillsdale eleven in his freshman year at that institution.



What to Read

Only by the author of the *Melting Pot*, and at a time when all the elements of life seem inextricably mingled in the great melting-pot of war, could there have been incorporated under one title such a miscellany as appears in Israel Zangwill's *The War for the World*. Topics so foreign to each other as The Drama, Russia and the Jews, The Absurd Side of Alliance, and The Militant Suffragists the author has transformed into at least hyphenated compatriots by prefixing to them the magic phrase, "The-War-and-". Indeed, with such thoroughness did the author set about the task of getting off his chest and into press *all* his burning ideas, that the title of one chapter, "*The Story of the Steam-Roller*", is followed by the grim legend, "Not to be published."—Press Bureau.

No party and no policy—be it German Prussianism or English Prussianism, pacifists, militarists, or military pacifists—has escaped arraignment in this new book of his, which comes to us drenched with irony, brightened by the rarest of humor, and—"for a king-delight"—decked out in clever verse.

Macmillan, \$1.50.

May we assume, dear General Public, that you received your art education from Perry Picture catalogs? What,—you have had a course in Art and Design 1, and you have seen Lorado Taft? Then by all means invest in a copy of Harold North Fowler's *A History of Sculpture*, and learn the story of that art "from the beginnings

of civilization in Egypt and Babylonia to the present day". The book is rather a heavy one: not, of course, in the treatment of the subject which, while serious, lends itself well to casual reading), but quite literally, because of the quality of paper required for some two hundred excellent illustrations.

Macmillan, \$2.00.

"Biographical and Literary Studies", by the late Charles Joseph Little, makes a wide appeal both to college people—for whom the essays were originally prepared in the form of lectures—and to the general public. Luther, Galileo, Hildebrand, and The Apostle Paul are colorful pictures for word-artists, brush-artists, and browsers in gray history alike. Students of the drama and of literary criticism will rejoice in his essays upon Ibsen's work: while not a startlingly new contribution to the subject, they are highly suggestive.

The Abingdon Press, \$1.25.



*Announcing a
Series of Photographs
of Faculty Homes*



"Why aren't there more really beautiful faculty homes, well designed architecturally and expressive of the culture and taste which exists in a University community such as this?" This question, asked by a recent visitor, was answered by a faculty man thusly: "For the same reason that we don't buy twin-sixes and invest in stocks and first mortgages."

But there are some beautiful faculty homes in the Twin Cities—more than enough for the series of nine which will be run throughout the year in *The Illinois Magazine*.



The home of Dean Thomas Arkle Clark, 928 West Illinois street, Urbana, with its heavy beams and dull brown shingles, is splendidly designed. It is set far back from the street and framed by a great maple tree and well placed shrubbery.



The Dean's living room is a charming place, long and low, with easement windows, and furnished in splendid old mahogany. A great red brick fireplace contrasts with the quiet tan walls.

A real old-fashioned garden to the rear of the house often supplies the touch of color on the Dean's desk.



DOPE

Two features are prominent in this year's football schedules. One is the length of time which the season occupies and the other is the large number of intersectional contests.

California opened the season Saturday at Berkeley, when Andy Smith's gang clashed with the Olympic club team. Dartmouth, Georgetown and Harvard will pick on some smaller colleges on September 23, and then the season will be started. The last official games of the year will be staged on December 9, when Georgetown will play Tulane at New Orleans, and Arizona will meet Southern California at Tucson.

More intersectional battles are scheduled than ever before. Efforts are still being made to stage a game between some Pacific coast team and one of the big eastern elevens. Some of the important intersectional contests will be between Ohio and Syracuse, Harvard and North Carolina, Yale and Virginia, Illinois and Colgate, Virginia Poly and Yale, Michigan and Syracuse, Notre Dame and Army, Harvard and Virginia, Missouri and Texas.

The absence of Carlisle from the schedules of the big universities and the re-appearance of Columbia are noticeable. According to the new list the team representing the leading colleges and universities will play over thirteen hundred games, and with the prep schools and high schools also playing there will be about five thousand football contests this fall.

College football is in jeopardy at

many institutions because of the Mexican difficulty. Student military companies and the national guard have taken many prominent athletes to the border, and some of them were not on hand when the uniforms were dealt out for the football season.

Gil Dobie reports the loss of six good men from his Washington squad, and he says that he can't replace them easily. The presidents of several western universities requested that their students be returned from the border in time for registration. Montana is the only school in the Far West which has not donated a single football player to the border service.

This year's changes in the rule book will have but little effect on the style of play. The purpose of them is to establish definite procedure on certain doubtful practices.

The most important change is in the safety. Under the old rules if the man carrying the ball fell back of his own goal line he made a safety. The amendment provides, however, that the referee must blow the whistle at the moment the ball has stopped advancing, at the most forward position reached by the runner. No longer can the man carrying the ball be nailed and forced back of his line for a safety.

In case a foul prevents a runner from scoring a touchdown, the touchdown shall be awarded. The catcher of a punt-out cannot be nailed by another player except in his attempt to block the ball.

We Hand It To —



JUDGE O. A. HARKER

Because of the high admiration the students of his college have for him, and because, after his resignation as Dean of the College of Law, he is still to remain as professor.



VIVIAN WOODCOCK KAY

Not because of her unlimited enthusiasm for things dramatic, nor because she is just about the youngest faculty wife, but because she was the prime mover in Illinois' first "shiftie."



E. GLEN HERSMAN

because, though leaving Illinois after successful service as Y. Secretary, he has raised \$40,000 to make the Y. M. C. A. a more efficient servant of the student body.



CURTISS LA Q. DAY

not because his nickname is "Satan", nor because he took a tumble from his aeroplane which almost put him out of commission, but because he's back in the game, flying higher than ever.

THE PRECIPITOUS BROW

The over-educated man
 Remarked in lofty tone,
 "The acrobats of Vaudeville
 Should be confined in cells of steel,
 Or possibly of stone."

"And I regard," he sternly said,
 (He has but little tact),
 "As a most pitiable joke
 The man or girl afflicting folk
 With any Cycle Act."

"To Vaudeville I dare not go,"
 He said, with optics damp.
 "Lest I should be obliged to see
 That heap of impudicity
 You call a Comic Tramp."

"I like a story smartly told,
 I like a cheery song,
 But how I hate a dancing lout,
 A juggler throwing lamps about,
 And chaps who are too strong!"

The over-educated man
 Smoothed back his raven hair
 And took him to the Dante Club
 To hear some Literary Dub
 His hectic thoughts declare.

It is rumored that Chink Weems and Dorothy spent a very pleasant and profitable vacation.

DOYLE THE HARDWARE MAN

He has a corner on
 the student trade
 because he well
 deserves it

GETTING OFF ON THE RIGHT FOOT

(Continued from page 13)

dergraduate once who had lived with his roommate for a month without evincing curiosity or interest enough to inquire his name, but these cases are rare. Your roommate is going to settle for you a good many things at the outset, and it is fundamental that you start right in choosing him.

I remember years ago of reading the story of a little Georgia "cracker" fifteen years old who was trying to learn to read. "I suppose things are always easy at first," he said, "and as you go on they get harder." That is the way, too often, the freshmen feels about his college work. But unfortunately things are not easy at the start; they are on the contrary more difficult and confusing at the start than ever after, or at least than they will be ever after if one sees to it that he gets a right start. He has studied little in high school but he must begin now, and he must begin at once. No matter how much he should like to see the town or meet the fellows, if he wants to get off on the right foot, so far as his studies are concerned, he should buckle down to work as soon as the first assignments are made and master them. If he can at once learn concentration—the ability to keep his mind on one page or one problem and understand it before he goes to the next, he will have got a start that is worth while. So many fellows say to me every year, "I don't seem to be able to get down to business; if I could just keep my mind on my work, I should be all right." That is your problem at the outset, so to control your wandering thoughts that they will not drift away from the task at hand to a thousand alluring temptations on the outside. You should have a regular hour for going to your work every night, and you should not allow other duties or pleas-

— and now
comes Autumn



Nature's beautiful
blendings of browns
and greens are reflected

thru-out our Fall &
Winter showing

\$ 18. Imported Woolens
Bench Made
\$ 22.50

Church
& Neil
Champ.



ures to conflict with this engagement with yourself. You will need to put in a considerably longer time in study each day than you have previously done, and if this time for the five days of the week on which most of your work occurs is less than four hours you will be getting an unsafe start. If any one who reads this last sentence laughs and says to himself "Catch me studying that long; I am sure that I shall be able to get by on a good deal less study than they," I should like to have him come in and see me after the first scholarship report in the fall and let me talk to him about his low grades.

Don't start with the idea that work lost today can readily be made up tomorrow or Sunday. It were as wise to think that you can get along without sleep all week and make it up by sleeping through Saturday and Sunday. If any one should try such a practice he would soon find himself a physical wreck. So the man who tries to do his college work in any concentrated or irregular way will not go far before he discovers that he is in a hopeless intellectual tangle.

"You don't need to worry about me," a freshman said last spring. "I know I am behind, but I am sure I shall not be caught, for I have time enough to get in all my back work." He reck-

oned a little too closely, however, and his plans did not work out as smoothly as he had hoped. I have a letter from him today asking if there is not some way in which he can get back into college and this year get off on the right foot. A system of regular steady work with a determination not to get behind in any assignment will give the freshman a safe start.

The freshman who wants to get the right start will make up his mind that he is going to keep his educational obligations as punctiliously as he does his social obligations. There is no habit more fatal to scholastic success than the habit of cutting class. When the freshman begins to figure how many more times he may safely cut a course without being dropped from it, he may be assured that unless he changes his attitude he will the next semester be nominated for the probation list with excellent chances for his election. A man may have little natural concentration, he may be dull and find some of his college work difficult, but any man who is not in jail or a hopeless cripple can get to class every day. The man who will study regularly, and who will go to class every day stands a pretty good chance of passing his work, but the chronic cutter flunks his work and develops into a loafer.

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"THE PLACE AFTER THE SHOW"

It is well at the start not to join too many things, and to join nothing hastily. No one should become a part of an organization that he can not help and that can not help him. You will be approached on all sides with invitations to become a member of everything from the Woodrow Wilson to the Y. M. C. A. Most of these things are all right, but if you go into them they will take your time, and you should determine at the outset about how much time you will have for these extra-curriculum activities, and how you can best dispose of it. Too many fellows join so many that they have no time left for any of them.

Few freshmen before coming to college have handled their money matters as completely as will be necessary from now on. The fact that the amount of your allowance is large or small in very small degree affects the situation. Some of the fellows whose finances are the most hopelessly involved have allowances fifty per cent larger than are necessary; the trouble with them is that they got off on the wrong foot. When you buy things that you do not need, when you go into debt, when this month you get a bill charged with the hope that next month's allowance will go farther than this month's has gone, you are getting a bad start. Every man who has an income, must learn to live within it or he will soon develop a reputation for unreliability. I have in mind two brothers each of whom receives from home the same monthly allowance. The amount is quite adequate for any reasonable expenditure. In his freshman year the older one began to borrow and to spend more than he had with the hope that the future would find him needing fewer things. He has never been square with the world; he has never been out of debt. The younger boy was more careful; he looked ahead; he prepared for the unexpected as every sensible man must do. His bills are always paid, and he always has money in his pocket, because when he sees he is running low he shuts off the outlay. Whether you have forty or one hundred dollars a month to spend, it depends largely upon the way you get started whether or not you will throughout the year be financially sound. It is better to put your money in the bank and to begin to do business in a thoroughly business-like way. Whatever you do, don't draw a check unless you are sure you have money enough in the bank to cover it.

Get a good moral start. You will have invitations to "see the town", to crib on examinations, temptations to copy your themes or your problems from some one else's work. Other people are doing it; why should you not? Well, you want to get off on the right foot. What you do

and think, what habits you develop during the first six weeks, will in most cases set your pace for the rest of the college course. Start out with the idea that it is the honest, clean man who is going to get on, and that that is the sort you are going to be. Last fall I talked with one of the highest paid officials of one of the largest manufacturing establishments in the state. He started in with the organization as a boy, and has worked up to the position of financial manager of the firm. When I asked him how it was done he replied, "I had but two characteristics which helped me to get on; I was willing to work hard, and I was absolutely honest." Those two qualities will give any man a flying start.

Keep your eyes open; it is always possible for any man to learn valuable lessons from his competitors. The ways and the customs of college are not always the ways of the community from which you have come. So far as you can consistently, adapt yourself to the new conditions and social customs, to the different habits of life. Don't be queer or freakish or too set in your own methods, and you will help yourself to get a good start—to get off on the right foot.

Always the Best



Always Fresh

D. E. HARRIS

608 East Green Street

PRATTLE

Who said the biggest fish always gets away? Leal Reese is back, bigger than ever.

Which reminds us. Bart is back on the All-American. We are quite sure of it, for he has told us all about it three times already.

We notice that the Alpha X's have moved to 504 E. Green St. We always thought Daniel street was too dead for that bunch.

Which again reminds us, that the Alpha Gamma Rho boys report the finding of a whole room full of dead soldiers upon moving into the P. A. D. house. We await with some anxiety advance reports as to just what the latter bunch found upon taking possession of the D. G. abode.

*T. and A. M., a joyous sport,
Delight of profs and all their sort;
But the cause of many a brazen snort
From the stude who yearns for the
tennis cort.*

Can it be that the Chi Phi's are broke? We see from a distance that they are conducting a lunch room on the front lawn—Cafeteria.

"Prominent Society Girl to enter Settlement Work." That would probably be the newspaper headline, but in more genteel publications, it is only permissible to state that Miss Pat Roach, well known Kappa Kappa Gamma with other Greek affiliations, who is attending a deaconess school in Chicago, was a guest at the Kappa dance Saturday evening. Incongruous? Not at all.

FRED G. MARSHALL

Bradley Arcade

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and finest billiard tables in
this old town.*

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IKE HANAN

404 E. Green St.

TODAY AT FOUR O'CLOCK

Oh, all my thoughts are singing,
Expectantly are singing;
My hair is neat as it can be,
I've on my prettiest frock.
The candles all are lighted low,
The fire burns with happy glow,
For you are coming to tea with me
Today at four o'clock.

Now all my thoughts are dreary,
Discouraged, dull and weary;
My hair is not what it should be,
I don't much like my frock.
The candles all are burned away—
Oh, what a dark and chilly day!
You did not come to tea with me
Today at four o'clock.

Katherine Parke Lewis

*A Place to Eat
That Can't be Beat*

LEMING'S
CAFETERIA

309 North Neil Street, Champaign, Illinois

We're for holding old Illinois traditions. Therefore no one but Vergil V. shall ever have our vote as editor of the student directory, for verily, one which even approached reasonable accuracy, would be revolutionary.

At last a new type of female beauty is to be evolved. Jimmie Tichnor spent the summer in a northern lumber camp and the sad eyed wimmin may now be expected to drop out of the Siren, to be replaced by more robust specimens of form and feature.

*She's a charming little creature,
There is charm in every feature,
For a woman never looked like this one
can—
She explains the situation;
Offers just this explanation—
Says her hubby is an expert make-up
man.*

Paul Boston got perfectly good money all summer to act as a father at a boy's camp in Michigan. He explains that he got the job because there was only one other applicant. Our first and only guess as to the identity of this said competitor is Will Orpet.

Four more lines is all we need,
And then we'll say good-bye;
We're stepping out for a nice big feed,
So we'll slip these in on the sly.
—“Spot” the Operator.

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EVERY FACILITY FOR SERVING BANQUETS
LUNCHEONS AND DINNER PARTIES

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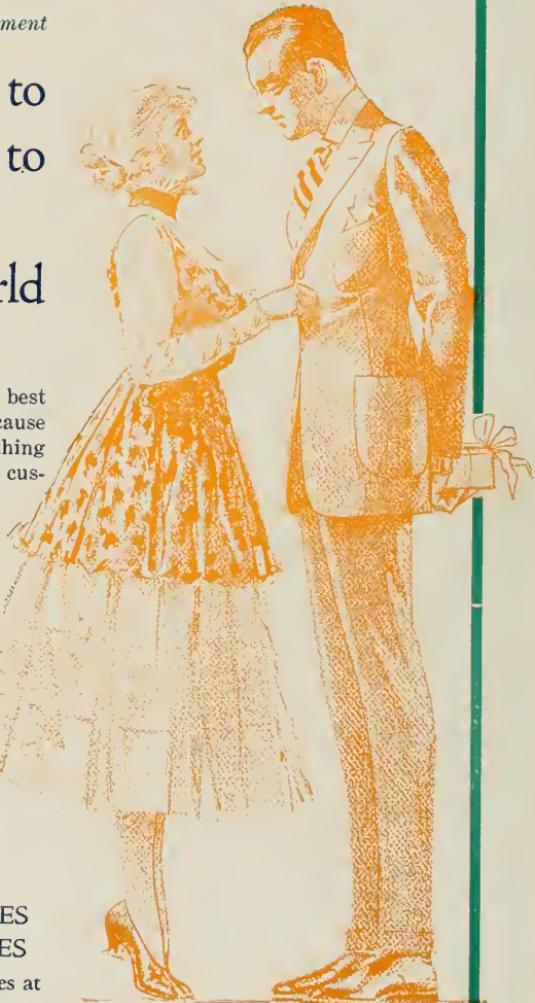
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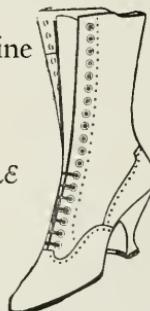
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Rabindranath Tagore

The Illinois Magazine

Volume 8

NOVEMBER, 1916

Number 2

A TRY AT THE PURITAN HELL

ARTHUR S. VAN DEUSEN, JR.

"The Puritan's idea of hell is a place where
every one has to mind his own business."

—Wendell Phillips.

WALLACE HAYNE burst into his bachelor apartments in a manner that would have done credit to a rejected and love-lorn Beau Brummel of the Stone Age. His face, the picture of disgust, would not have soothed a fretful baby to sweet slumber and his elephant-like tread caused a deal of perturbation to the dyspeptic old gentleman on the floor below. Hayne was a tall, handsome fellow of the type inclined to become irritated at trifles and to be very optimistic in the face of real trouble.

"Damnation," exclaimed this gentleman so evidently perturbed by the whirl of the world as he threw himself upon the lounge near the door.

"Yes sir—very good sir." It was the painfully English butler who stood at attention on the opposite side of the room. Hayne stared at him in disdain for a moment and then, as if suddenly possessed of a brilliant idea said:

"Farker, pack my grips at once."

"Your grips, sir?" Farker looked at his master with some little surprise. It was a well warranted surprise too, because Hayne was not in the habit of traveling without a number of trunks which would have served to hold the wardrobes of a small army.

Hayne talked to his man as he dressed, with as much coherence as the antics which he went through in literally throw-

ing his clothes upon his back would permit.

"I'm sick and tired of this hero worship stuff. Every place I go some fool woman follows me with a request for an interview, an autographed photo, or something equally foolish. You might think I was the angel Gabriel instead of a poor movie actor who has been lucky enough to get by. They pursue me every minute that I'm out of the studio. I'm going up to the country where the people mind their own business and get a rest before I start on the winter's work. Call a taxi."

"Yes, sir," answered the butler, setting two bulging grips on the floor.

In the midst of his struggle with an obstinate collar Hayne's glance fell upon his desk on which lay his afternoon mail. There was a large roll of manuscript and several vari-colored letters addressed in feminine hands. He picked up the manuscript, observed the post mark, and slipped it into the pocket of his overcoat. With an air of suspicion he raised the envelopes to his face and sniffed them warily.

"Perfumed," he fairly howled, and with the air of one maliciously plunging a bowie knife into the bowels of a hated enemy he seized a letter opener and tore open the first of the letters. It was as if he wanted to find material for the support of his guilty conscience in the desertion of

his studio work. Drawing the crested paper forth he read aloud:

"My dearest Mr. Hayne: Are you married? Please say 'No'. It would break my heart to—hell."

The perfumed slip fell to the floor and he opened the next envelope.

"My darling Mr. Hayne," he read, "Do you realize that a heart is awaiting you as a condemned soul awaits—hell's bells."

A snigger from behind him caused him to turn and glare at the shaking shoulders of the much amused Farker. The rest of the missives were thrown with a vengeance into the waste basket and again he turned to his dressing. He had scarcely finished when a taxi stopped below, and seizing his hat and coat he dashed down the stairs following by Farker with his grips. With his foot on the step of the car he turned for a last word to his servant.

"I don't know when I'll be back," he announced. "My address is in an envelope on my desk and if I find that you have opened it for any less reason than to inform me that you are dead or that Mercury has fallen from the Montgomery Ward tower you'll be eating cans with the goats shortly after I return."

"Yes sir," called the man as the taxi started on its way toward the station.

The next evening, after a weary train ride and a much more tedious thirty miles in a spring wagon stage, Hayne entered the lobby of Eagle Inn, the chief resort in this little northern Wisconsin village. Dropping his grips to the floor with a bang he addressed himself to the officious woman behind the desk.

"I want the best room you've got," he stated and awaited her reply.

"Well," she said with irritating deliberation, "Number nine is vacant, but if—"

"That's all right with me," he interrupted pettishly, "If it's got a bed in it."

He nearly gave the good woman heart

failure by tossing five twenty-dollar bills across the counter, remarking, "Tell me when that gives out."

He seized a pen and quickly scrawling something in the register, turned toward the stairs and went in search of number nine.

He was scarcely out of sight when people rushed to the desk from every corner of the lobby to read what was written on the last line of the register.

"John R. Malcom and wife. She's home with the baby."

Early next morning Hayne appeared in the dining room and with no hesitation took a place by himself in a corner overlooking the bay, unconscious of the stares and remarks which he was provoking.

As soon as he had satisfied his appetite Hayne left the hotel alone, taking with him a roll of manuscript. He made his way to the pier and settled himself in the warm sun to read the scenario which had come to him by mail the day before. There was a note in it from Miss Catherine Eddows asking him to pass judgment on her work and to inform her whether or not he would be willing to play the leading part.

It was interesting and well worth his while. He became so engrossed in his reading that he did not notice a lone girl swimming toward the pier from the shore. She was not more than one hundred feet from the heavy piling when, with a cry, she threw up her arms and struggled to keep her head above water. With a start Hayne was on his feet. He had seen a swimmer with the cramps before and in an instant he had dropped the manuscript and slipping off his shoes jumped to the water in a long graceful dive. With powerful strokes he brought himself to her side and, with the calmness of one taking a moonlight stroll, swam to the pier with his struggling burden. Once out of the water and under the influence of the warm air she was soon herself and sat suddenly bolt upright and stared at him. The re-

alization of what had happened crossed her mind and she dropped her inquisitive gaze from his face and began to fuss with the laces of her soaked bathing shoes.

"You'd better run up to the hotel and change your clothing," he told her, and without a word she turned and ran up the road. He too followed her, in quest of dry clothes and dinner. But the pier was an alluring place and the afternoon found him dozing there with the greatest of content.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Malcom," said some one behind him, and he raised his eyes to meet those of an elderly woman who was plainly embarrassed by her intrusion. Hayne rose to his feet and lifting his cap stood before her.

"I am Mrs. Barnabee, Mr. Malcom," she continued, "And I must express my gratitude for the thing you did for me this morning."

"I don't understand," said Hayne. "I have done nothing."

"You saved my daughter from drowning. I don't know whether you consider that as nothing, but it certainly meant more to me than anything I know of."

"Oh," he breathed. "That was your daughter? Well, you certainly are welcome to my poor efforts."

"Here she comes now," said Mrs. Barnabee and they both waited in silence for the approach of a charming girl of perhaps twenty-two years. She was beautiful, although the experience of the morning had left her somewhat pale.

"Dorothea, I want you to meet Mr. Malcom and give him your thanks in addition to mine."

"I'm very glad to know you, Mr. Malcom," smiled Miss Barnabee extending her hand in a friendly grasp. "There is very little I can say, I fear. Perhaps silence would be the better. Words would never be adequate and—"

"Please don't say another thing," begged Hayne, who was always ill at ease

under such circumstances. "It was nothing at all and I'm glad to find that a long winter in the city has not been the ruin of my swimming ability. Please say nothing more about it."

"I'll race you to the island some day," challenged the delightful young lady.

"All right, I'll take you," answered Hayne, more at ease in the trend of such a conversation.

"By the way Mr. Malcom," said Mrs. Barnabee, "A crowd of us are motoring up to Death's Door this afternoon and I'd be delighted to have you in our car."

"Oh, I don't want to intrude," he lied glibly. To be sure, a ride with this certain young lady sounded very alluring, but was he to be dragged into the society that he had come here to avoid? They were minding their own business very well and was he to break the back of his pleasure in solitude so soon?

"Oh, please come," pleaded Miss Barnabee.

"All right, I'll be glad to go," accepted Hayne, throwing caution to the wind.

Together they walked to the hotel and before he knew what he was about Hayne was acquainted with every one of the elite crowd of young people which formed the circle of society about the hotel.

It was a wonderful trip and enhanced somewhat by the fact that Hayne sat in the front seat with Miss Barnabee who drove her own car. They all returned to the hotel in high spirits. He was sitting at the Barnabee's table now at the invitation of the charming mother (for she was charming now) who had apparently taken a great fancy to her daughter's savior.

Had Hayne been thinking of logical topics when they rose from the supper table he would probably have decided that woman is possessed of more brains than man; otherwise there would not have been so many of them married, and Miss Bar-

(Continued on page 89)

THE KICKOFF

EVEN in their similar garb of moleskin toggs and leather helmets they looked like strangers. Potsy Clark's powerful hump-backed figure wasn't there. Hal Pogue, with his face showing white in the sun like chalk as he waited far back, was missing. Jack Watson, wetting the tips of his fingers and talking nervously, wasn't in the line-up. Cap Squier's towering hulk wasn't visible at end, nor was Brenneman.

The whistle blew. It was the kickoff. The season had started and Illinois was on the way—to the championship? Well, perhaps. Not only was the old backfield on the gridiron broken up and gone, but most of the 1915 conceit was missing from the bleachers. No one had talked championship.

Kansas was easy and the rebuilt Illinois team had been inventoried. Sternaman, Charpier, and others of the new figures had loomed up. The line had looked

better than last year. The backfield was not so spectacular, but through the whole machine there was a precision which had been less apparent in the 1915 aggregation. On the whole everyone was satisfied—even Kansas.

Those are the impressions which have stuck since the first game of the season. Saturday's tussle with Colgate changed them somewhat, but the consensus of opinion among the "Inner Gate" gang is that Illinois is off with a rush through Ohio and into the Conference season.

Ohio will be here Saturday with a gang of husky, hopeful, earnest football players. They will be a trifle chesty. They remember tying the game at Columbus last fall. They will know football. They will not be easily fooled. They are coached by Jack Wilce, flaxon-haired and persistent. Illinois will have to play football to win, and they will do it.

Far ahead looms Minnesota. Doc



Watch These Two Tackles, Mr. Camp

Williams has an unusually heavy team this season. His backfield is big and fast. Ballantyne is the lightest man. Only one game will be played away from Northrup Field, and that will be at Chicago. The Illinois-Minnesota game will be a repetition of last year's struggle for Conference supremacy, and foremost in the minds of every man on the squad, every fan in the bleachers, and every coach on the corps, is the session with the Gophers at Minneapolis, November 4.

Mr. Huff hopes that a special rate can be secured and the Illinois alumni at Minneapolis are trying hard to get funds to send the band up there. Minnesota will play on her own field, before her own people. It's up to Illinois to send a gang up there, to back the Illinois team. Let's go.

Colgate was able to give Illinois her first defeat in three years, but the game was not a triumph for eastern football over western football. Illinois was beaten by a well-seasoned team of veterans, hardened by seven weeks more training than Zuppke's men had.

Illinois gained as much territory on legitimate play as Colgate, but when Macomber had rushed his men within striking distance the aggressiveness of the offense could not increase in the same proportion as the sturdiness of the defense. Colgate has a reputation for fight away from home, and her team surely demonstrated it on Illinois Field.

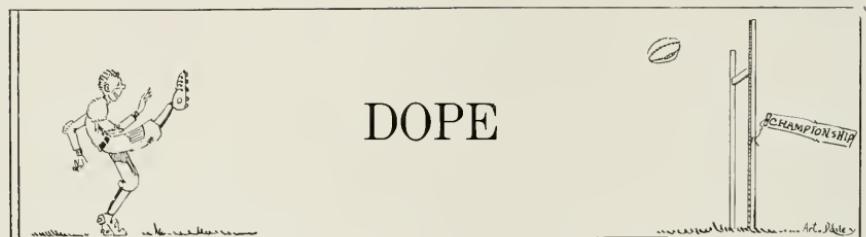
The score did not indicate the relative merits of the two teams. Colgate had the edge on Illinois, but a 10-7 score would have been a more accurate ratio than the 15-3. The easterners had the breaks all the way through the contest, as one team often will have them. The next time it will be Illinois, perhaps.

Zuppke's reconstructed backfield did not handle the plays as brilliantly as the old quartet did. Macomber was the center of the play, with Knop figuring in every formation and Sternaman doing

good service. Anderson's gameness cannot be questioned, and when he is well again he will break into the headlines.

Colgate gave Illinois the first real, hard tussle, and the defects of the early Illinois game were focused upon. Consequently Zuppke now has his team inventoried. Fans can hope for Illinois to conquer the conference, but it will not be through the dazzling work of a few men; hard driving football, with consistent plugging in games and rigid training between will be the Illinois program this year.





DOPE

Perhaps no single season has seen so many freakish and distinctive records in football as last season. The 1916 guide shows a review of a remarkable year. Some new standards of skill were established and two world's records were smashed.

Alfred Griggs, Exeter (California) high school, kicked fifteen field goals in one game, setting up a new record. Mark Payne, Dakota Wesleyan, made a new drop kick record by scoring from a distance of sixty-three yards. The former record was held by O'Dea, Wisconsin, who had been successful from the sixty-two yard distance.

Vanderbilt's team scored 514 points against 38 for its opponents. Parke, Oklahoma, made 56 goals after touchdowns. Vandergraff, Alabama, made 11 goals from placement. McGuckin won three games for Villa Nova by his individual play. Driggs, Princeton, punted 76 yards. DeHart, Pittsburg, made a run of 105 yards. The highest punting average in any one game of the season was made by Driggs, Princeton. His punts averaged 55 yards. Macomber's performance in the Kansas game this year approached that mark.

The American team is having its share of success in the Stockholm meet this week. Simpson lowered the 110 meter hurdles Olympic record 10 14 4/5 seconds. Jo Loomis won the sprint. The American

relay team, composed of Loomis and Ward, of Chicago, Fred Murray, of California, and Simpson, of Missouri, won the relay race.



*The Second of
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*The Home of
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716 W. University Ave.
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An architect's home, if he be fortunate enough to be able to carry out his own ideas and ideals, is always interesting. In the eyes of the multitude he is a keen critic of beauty.

In the home of Professor James M. White we have a real architect's ideal. First of all it is a home. But after that it is a splendid piece of design and construction, and a setting for landscaping, unusually harmonious.

The front entrance to the house, with the covered doorway is shown in the first illustration. A view of the house and another of the pleasant garden, with its little fountain and summer house follows.

The feature of the living room is a great fireplace, set in a nook at one side. The mantle is of dull green tile and hand carved oak. There is a heavy beamed ceiling and Tiffany finished walls. The lighting fixtures are colonial. The photograph shows the living room with a view of the hall and sun room beyond.

My River

My river flows right past our house
Where I can see it all the day;
And often I go down to its bank
When Mother says that I may play.

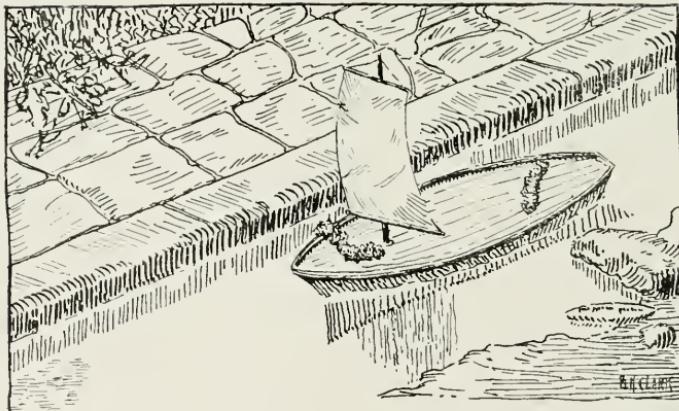
Why, ships from every foreign land
Sail down this pretty stream of mine!
And sailors too—and pirates bold,
Go sailing by on boats so fine.

One frigate large, with sails outspread,
Comes scooting past before the breeze;
While in the bow, with head erect,
There stands the master of my seas.

But when the sun smiles down, so hot,
My river disappears from view,
My boats and skiffs pass out of sight
And pirates bold—I lose them too!

For you see, my river really is
The gutter in a busy street;
And those bad robbers, nothing but
The caterpillars robins eat.

—*Bayard H. Clark*



WHAT'S THE CHANCE?

*A Survey of Opportunities in Student Activities at Illinois,
By Men Who Have "Arrived"*

U. of I. Footlights

SCOTT McNULTA

President, Mask and Bauble

EDITOR'S NOTE So-called college "activities" have formed the basis of a mooted question for years. When new men come to college, they are usually influenced for or against such activities. In the following articles, written by those who know from first hand experience what they are writing about, a presentation merely of the facts has been made in an attempt to guide those who may be uncertain what branch of these college activities they should get into. Without any attempt to argue the value of these activities, an unbiased discussion of what each activity means is made here with the hope of setting some puzzled freshman on the right track.

IT is safe to predict that during the present year there will be something doing in dramatics about once every two weeks. Interest in the drama was unusually healthy last year, and, from the reports to the Illinois Drama Federation made by the representatives of different organizations interested in such work, there is every reason to expect a more vigorous and virile activity this year.

Just how much was done last year? There were the two plays of Mask and Bauble—one light and one heavy; the two Shakespearian offerings of the literary society union; the Illinois Union opera; the Bernard Shaw comedy given by the Players Club; the plays presented by the German, French and Spanish clubs; and several less pretentious efforts. This, of course, is to say nothing of the Post Exam jubilee, the Girl's Stunt show, and the Glee and Mandolin club concerts.

Nor must one omit the beginnings in

a kindred field. Last year the Scribbler's Club turned its attention to the writing of plays, with the understanding that Mask and Bauble might produce some of them informally. For various reasons, none of these skits were given, but there is every indication that the present year will see material accomplishments in this direction.

To a newcomer all this statement of the quantity of work being done may sound hollow because of his fear that he, not being connected with any club, may be overlooked. Such fear need have little weight at Illinois. There is, of course, the natural tendency of a coach to pick for leading parts, people in whose ability he has confidence. This is only the natural result of a coach's anxiety to be sure of a good production. But beyond this, everyone may be sure of a chance.

Mask and Bauble's casts are open to the University. Anyone is welcome to try out. The plays given by the literary societies are sometimes open to the University, and sometimes limited to the members of the societies. The casts of the Illinois Union operas are chosen from the men of the University at large. The plays given by the language departments are limited only to those whose knowledge of the tongue in question is sufficient.

From these facts it is evident that while some casts are picked from a limited class—that is, members of certain clubs—in all cases it is competition, and open competition which decides. One must mention the one exception from the student point of view, namely, the Players Club, which is composed of faculty members wholly.

With this wealth of activity, it is hard to see why any new student in the University cannot occupy his place on the stage during the school year. There is

room, too, for the old student who has tried in the past and failed. Past failure should not deter the returning student, and the prospect of a minor part should not discourage the newly arrived thespian. We have all failed to get the part we wanted at one time or another; we have all had to take little parts. But it is a wonderfully enticing and engrossing art—this play acting—and the lively state of dramatic affairs which the past year witnessed should be even bettered as this year glides on toward Commencement.

Wouldst Declaim?

J. H. ARMSTRONG

Member, Board of Oratory and Debate

THE literary societies at Illinois exist primarily for developing ability along such lines as debating, oratory and dramatics. Incidentally they provide the chief form of social life for a considerable number of students. There are three men's societies, meeting on Saturday evenings in rooms on the fifth floor of University Hall. New men are urged to attend these meetings as they are open to all.

Membership in all these societies is by invitation. The members selected are not necessarily those who seem to have the most ability, but are men who will take an active interest in literary society work while they are in college.

The debating teams at Illinois are, by the nature of their work, closely allied with the literary societies. There are two Varsity debates each year; the first in December against Minnesota and Iowa, and the other in the spring against Wisconsin and Michigan. Places on these teams are secured through a series of competitive debates, whereby men are gradually eliminated until the six best remain. Anyone in good standing in the University may try for the fall teams, but only those with one year of college work may compete in the second event.

Forensic training such as is offered in literary societies and debate work was never more essential than now. Business men the country over are seeking for men who can not only store up knowledge, but who can also pass that knowledge on. They want men who can face a difficult customer and, by clear marshalling of facts, convince him. They want men who can stand before a board of directors and tell them, clearly and concisely, the conditions that exist in the corporation. The successful salesman is the man who can present his argument convincingly. The successful business man is he who can come in contact with his associates and impress them with his knowledge, his energy and his power.

It is in fields such as these that literary society and debate work offers a great opportunity. Men are trained to stand before audiences, to express themselves clearly and to convince. On the debate teams men are trained under the guidance of able and competent instructors, to face large problems, to analyze them minutely and to organize in a presentable and convincing form, the facts which they have learned. In every phase of life there are gigantic problems to be solved and the task of solving them is waiting for trained men.

How About Journalism?

MILTON G. SILVER
Editor, The Daily Illini

IF I wanted to really know my university from knowledge obtained at first hand; if I wanted to be in touch with college activities, to know the leaders and to lead myself; if I wanted to get in some activity which would be an actual help to me in my studies, my general knowledge, and my all-around usefulness — then I would select journalism in one of its phases for my extra-curriculum activity.

"College activities don't amount to a thing," a member of the faculty once told me. And he believed it too. He had never indulged in any activity while in college—which may or may not account for the fact that at the age of 44 he is holding down a \$1200 job. But the term "college activities" is rather broad. Study is a college activity, though some of us are almost absolutely inactive in that particular branch. Moreover, study is the primary activity, for unless we indulge in it with a certain amount of regularity, we never shall be able to get into anything else. This activity, then, we shall dismiss, granting it first place in every sense of the word. Study is what we came for, and study me must—or take the other alternative and get out.

Of the extra-curriculum activities there are many, as is pointed out in the other articles here appearing. I for one believe the greatest of these is journalism. In this branch, too, one has a rather wide field from which to select. Be he funny (real or so-called) there's the Siren. The amateur illustrator, cartoonist—or even the more dignified *artist*—would probably find the Siren the best outlet for his surplus energies. If one cares to write on the more serious things, or if he has the O. Henry touch, the Illinois Magazine is the natural medium for his productions. Or if technical subjects appeal to one, then

he will surely be welcomed to the staffs of the Agriculturalist, the Technograph, or the Illinois Chemist.

But if you, Mr. Freshman, just love art for art's sake, and writing for writing's sake, and if the smell of printer's ink and the click-click-click of the linotype machine take you into the seventh heaven, then your place is on the Daily Illini.

Journalism, I believe, really offers the best chance for actual improvement of one's time. There are returns in experience and in the coin of the realm; there is the sense of satisfaction of seeing one's own "stuff" in print; there is that joy which comes with the realization that one is really in touch with things, is a part of the great University machine. The problems which one meets in college journalism are nearly identical with those with which he will come in contact outside of college. News-gathering for the Illini certainly is only a step removed from news-gathering for any other paper, and the managing editor of the Illini will probably hold his cubs to the same "strict accountability" as will the managing editor of the city sheet.

"But it takes talent," you say.

Well, no, not necessarily talent, but certainly some ability to express one's thoughts clearly, forcefully, and in a journalistic style. These things can be acquired if one is willing to work, and there is the keynote to success in college journalism—Work. Don't go out for a place on any of the publications unless you expect to work. If journalism is the most interesting, most valuable, and most profitable of college activities, then it is also the most exacting in time and effort. But the rewards are many, and the effort is worth while.

Athletic Managers

BY N. MCK. KNEISLY, '14

Ex-Baseball Manager

POLITICS don't enter the men's gymnasium, and any jobs which are handed out from there come as a reward of merit. This is a well known fact about the campus, and is one of the strongest points in favor of the branch of activities known as managements. Six managers are elected each year by the Athletic Board of Control, and these managers in turn become members of that board. The managers are of the Varsity sports—football, baseball and track, and of the Interscholastic, circus and interclass athletics. They hold their positions during the senior year.

The selection of managers comes purely as a reward of work, inasmuch as no special qualifications are required. Competition starts at the beginning of the sophomore year, when as many as wish may try out for any of the jobs. At the end of this first year, two are chosen from those trying to serve as assistant managers in their particular sport during the junior year, and at the end of the junior year one of the assistants is elected manager.

Competition, pure and simple, then, is the basis on which the managers are chosen. Each man trying out keeps an accurate record of the amount and kind of work he does at the gymnasium, this information is filed away on cards, and the cards are examined in electing the assistants or the managers.

There is no branch of activity which occupies a much higher place than the managements from an undergraduate point of view, except possibly the wearers of the "I". Of the rewards beyond those of mere "fame," there are the trips with the team for the sport managers, "I M" caps for all the managers, and a membership on the Athletic Board of Control, which is the ultimate authority in all athletic matters. For one whose inclinations would not lead him into any particular line, the athletic managements afford an interesting and a valuable branch of work. There is valuable experience to be obtained, and there is adequate reward for the one who does come through with the "big job."

Politics and Friendship

"HELLO Bill," "Hi Jack." Truly nothing can really mean more to a man than to be able to walk down the street and meet his friends, friends whom he knows well enough to call by their first names, friends who have been commonly interested with him in some project, who have worked for an end as he has worked for it, shoulder to shoulder.

Setting aside for the moment the accepted fact that we are here for the funda-

mental and primary purpose of endeavoring to absorb some small share of this world's knowledge, the one phase of college life which looms up most prominently is the cultivation of friendships. In after life when many of the incidents and happenings of one's school life have been pushed aside into a mere hazy recollection, the friends one knew at school remain as the most lasting monument to those four blithesome years.

There are various methods for cultivating friendships, but school polities probably stand out as the most successful way. Contrary to the general opinion, school polities occupy a sphere of supreme importance. They are perhaps not as glaring a form of activity as are athletics, but on the other hand are more deep seated. They run as an undercurrent among the hordes of students, in which undercurrent a few men represent the bottom and the sides of the stream, ever present, stable, containing and guiding the course of the stream, shaping its destinies and giving it whatever character it possesses.

It is in this undercurrent that one really comes most closely in contact with the pulsating life of the average student, where one learns to know him, and develops the capacity for bringing him to one's side in whatever the struggle.

This last sentence sounds the keynote to the real worth of college polities. To be able to meet men, to know them, to exercise an influence over them and still retain them as friends is truly a characteristic worth developing, a trait which, if properly developed, will prove of inestimable value in later years. In doing this, it is impossible not to acquire some degree of tact, some degree of foresightedness, some idea of the best means of attaining an end.

In conclusion it might be said that honesty must be indelibly stamped upon every movement, upon every word. A promise is a promise, once and for all. A promise broken is the surest way to unpopularity and the loss of one's entire goal, to ridicule and dislike. Unless a man, in his dealings with his fellow men, is honest, his life is a failure. So it is in school polities.

Interclass Athletics

J. H. POWERS
Manager, Interclass Athletics

MANY freshmen have some hesitancy about going out for freshman varsity athletics and many more are not given places on these teams. To such men, class athletics afford opportunities which no freshman who is interested in sports should pass up. Opportunity for activity in every branch of athletics is afforded in class athletics.

In the fall, the classes compete in football, soccer and track; during the winter, swimming and basketball; and in the spring, baseball and track. The only men barred from these teams are "I" men of that particular sport and men who have won a college letter before coming to Illinois. For this reason, the competition for places on the different teams and among the different teams is very keen.

The football season opens at the end of the third week of school and from that time on there is a scheduled game for each Friday, each team playing each other class team one game. On the Friday before Homecoming, the championship is decided on Illinois field before many hundred homecomers and the Hobo Seniors. The champions are awarded blue sweaters by the Athletic Association and the other teams are awarded sweaters of their class colors by their respective classes.

The soccer season is going on at the same time as the football season. The competition in this sport is even keener than in football owing to the fact that there is no Varsity team. Jerseys are awarded to the different members of the teams by their respective classes.

Directly after Thanksgiving, basketball and swimming take the places of football and soccer. Four class teams from each of the L. A. S., Ag. and Engineering colleges compete in the same class until the latter part of January. Then the class coach picks from these three college teams an all-college class team which competes against the other three all-college class teams for the championship. The Athletic Association awards the championship all-college class team jerseys; the other teams are awarded jerseys by their respective classes. A man who plays on a college team of his class and does not make the all-college class team is awarded a class emblem by the Athletic Association.

Swimming affords amusement to a great number of men. An Interclass meet is held just before Christmas. Class teams are organized in the swimming events and in water basketball, these teams competing for the championship. The swimmers are awarded medals for their services; the men obtaining the three highest number of points in their respective classes, receive gold, silver and bronze medals from the Athletic Association.

About the first of April, track and baseball begin their seasons. Track, however, has a session in the fall when two meets are staged. The first of these is an Interclass open meet, the winners of which receive ribbons; the second is the

Fall Handicap meet for which all men are eligible. Medals are awarded as prizes. During the first week in May, the Spring Interclass meet is staged, medals being awarded to the winners by the Athletic Association. Any man who wins a total of seven points in any or all of these three meets is entitled to be granted a jersey by his respective class.

Baseball is worked on the same principle as basketball in the fact that college teams first play against each other and then the all-college class team is organized to compete against the other classes. The championship class team is awarded jerseys by the Athletic Association and the other teams are awarded jerseys by their respective classes. The championship class team is required to play a series of three games with the Freshman Varsity in order to receive their jerseys.

The spirit for which Illinois is noted is to a great extent an outgrowth of a wholesome spirit of class rivalry. It creates a feeling of goodfellowship obtainable in no other way among individual members of each team. And now that "push ball" and the "sack rush" have been abolished, there is a greater opportunity to settle the rivalry of the under classes by different branches of class athletics. So, in settling this rivalry, we further this great spirit of democracy and goodfellowship which makes Illinois famous.

Reactions

M. H. Robinson:

"All we'll have to do in Heaven is to sit down and play one of these little Hawaiian instruments and gaze at the beauties of the clouds."

E. C. Hopkins:

"We will do our best to eliminate dust and stags from Student Council dances."

Dr. F. W. Scott:

"The newspaper is the offspring of the morganatic union of the aristocratic essay and the low-brow periodical."

R. C. Zupke:

"I lay down two training rules for football players: Don't dance and don't smoke."

BETWEEN DANCES

CATHERINE NEEDHAM

"WHERE shall we go to eat, Hilda? It's pretty crowded out on the porch."

"Let's sit here on this window seat. French windows and moonlight form an irresistible combination after one has been dancing, don't you think?"

"M-hm," grunted the boy, trying to balance his plate on his knee. "Say, that last dance was certainly a corker! Don't forget you promised me the next one, too. Because, you know," he concluded with a mock-tragic air, "we may not have a chance to dance together many more times."

"Why not? Are you going to commit suicide or get engaged?"

"Nope. I'm going camping with a bunch of fellows the minute school's out. We're going to rough it: tents, campfires, hunting—all that sort of thing. There's a dandy lake for canoeing, too.—That reminds me, Steve Carter hasn't come yet."

Hilda's fingers tightened for an instant around the spoon she was holding. Then, without turning her head from the window, she murmured in a tone of polite interest:

"Stephen Carter! Is he coming here tonight?"

"Yes. He promised me the key to his canoe locker. He's going to sell it to me on the installment plan—the canoe, I mean, not the key. It's a dandy! Ever see it? —There, I don't believe you've heard a word I said. And why don't you eat your ice?"

Hilda turned toward him a face grown curiously alight.

"Oh," she explained gaily, "I'm spending the evening in fasting and prayer. Who could eat on a night like this, with the cherry trees in bloom out there in the moonlight? Look at them! Aren't they

the loveliest things in the world?"

"M-hm, they are nice," the boy acquiesced politely, making such an obvious effort to rearrange his expression of amazement into one of intelligent sympathy, that Hilda broke into sudden laughter.

"Please go on about the canoe," she urged, with a deprecatory little gesture. "How does it happen that he's selling it?"

"Oh, haven't you heard yet? He is starting for Europe tomorrow."

"Oh!" Hilda's hand flew to her throat, and her eyes darkened.

"Yes, he just heard this morning, for certain," continued the boy. "He's been offered a position as assistant to a Herman—Herman—something or other—I've forgotten his name. But Steve says he's one of the greatest scientists in the world, and it would be an honor to work for him for no salary at all. —What are you looking at out there, a ghost?"

"Oh, nothing." Under a forced lightness of tone there lurked a note of excitement or pain. "I was just thinking how fast the moon must be traveling across the sky. We can't see it from here. But it is shining upon that little white stone porch which leads down into the garden. And look, how the shadow of the wall goes creeping, creeping across it. I wonder how long it will be before it reaches the edge."

"Dunno," responded the boy cheerfully. "Perhaps Steve Carter could tell you; he knows all about such things. Ask him when he comes."

"Yes," she answered, with a queer little smile, "I dare say, Stephen Carter is the one person in the world who can tell me."

Just then a screen door slammed and a group of people went chattering and

laughing past the dimly lighted alcove.

"There he is now!" exclaimed the boy, jumping to his feet. "If you could excuse me just a minute—"

"Run along; don't mind me," admonished Hilda, as he glanced back at her irresolutely. "Here comes Marjorie; we can amuse each other."

But the two girls did not seem to feel the need of amusing each other. For a long time they sat silent, Marjorie's eyes fixed on the moonlit cherry blossoms outside, Hilda's on Marjorie's face.

"I have been wanting all evening to talk to you, Hilda," began Marjorie at length, speaking slowly, and pausing between her sentences. "I always want to come to you when things go wrong.—And I tell you things that I never mention to my mother or sister. I don't know why—I used to wonder if you had had some trouble in your life; but you never told me."

"No," answered Hilda, after a pause. "Nothing ever happens to me. That's the reason I can save all my sympathy for my friends. For we are friends, I think, Marjorie," she went on with sudden tenderness. "We haven't seen each other very often this past year, but I have thought of you a great deal. Sometimes I think I would be willing to give up anything, all my own chance for happiness, if it could buy yours. But if I can't help you, I can at least listen."

"There isn't much to tell besides what you know. You remember 'Pamy'?"

"Yes."

"We heard from him today. It was the announcement of his marriage."

"To the same girl—"

"—That he was engaged to for so long. He was too honorable to break it. And although he never said a word to me, I shall always believe that he really cared."

Just at that moment a strange little

impulse—called into being perhaps by a fancied tinge of complacent self-conceit in Marjorie's manner, or by the awakening of the primitive feeling of jealousy which one woman feels for another, or by an instinct allied to that which leads us to rub viciously upon an itching wound—an impulse to hurt Marjorie in some way—came wriggling from the depths of Hilda's sympathy.

"Perhaps now you can sympathize with Max Smith and the others who have fallen in love with you and have been refused," she said, in a tone ever so slightly acid. "You never seemed much broken up over *their* lives. You felt flattered, but you looked upon them as a species of amiable imbeciles."

If her undefined intention was to startle Marjorie out of her shell of egoism, she succeeded. Marjorie's eyes showed surprise and a kind of perplexity.

"No," she said slowly, "I don't believe I ever did really think about their side of it. But anyway, I couldn't marry them if I didn't love them, could I?"

"Of course not," Hilda chimed in, all sympathy again. "I didn't mean that you were at fault at all. Only it does seem too bad that all of us should spend our lives longing for the unattainable, while other people are longing for us."

But Marjorie was not to be diverted by generalities. She did not often have new ideas, but when she did she followed them up tenaciously until she had resolved them into plans of action.

"I'm glad you made me think of it, Hilda. Do you know what I'm going to do?" she asked, her face lighting up with sudden resolve. "If ever another man asks me to marry him,—a good man who really loves me,—I'm going to say yes. There is no use for both of us to go sulking through life because we can't marry the people we want to. I can make a good home for him, anyway. And if I can't learn to love him, I'll pretend that I

do. If I can bring happiness to one person," she concluded, her eyes shining with the ecstasy of martyrdom, "surely my life will not be utterly wasted."

Hilda felt somehow that her random shaft had overshot the mark. But she repressed her vague feeling of uneasiness and guilt, made no remonstrance to Marjorie; the strongest arguments would have fallen to the ground before a doctrine proounded with such sweet earnestness.

As the girls sat in silence for a moment, Hilda's eyes fell upon the little white porch. The shadow had crept half-way across. And then —

Hilda felt, almost before she saw, that Stephen Carter was coming toward them.

"May a mere man intrude upon you a few minutes?" With scarcely more than a glance at each of them in turn, Stephen produced the illusion of having bowed low with a hand on his heart. It was an art that defied analysis; or, rather, no art at all, but simply a boyish deference, a very spirit of old-fashioned chivalry, which made itself felt in his manner. "How's your headache, Marjorie?"

"Much better, thanks to Hilda's medicine."

"Indeed! So Hilda's doctor as well as quite a number of other things? (Again the illusion of the bow). You don't mind my calling you Hilda?"

"Of course not—since we've known each other since we were in the grades."

"It's queer, though, isn't it," broke out Stephen, "that we haven't seen more of each other all these years? I shall have to make up for lost time tonight."

"In that case," interrupted Marjorie rising, "I think I'll leave you two. I'm going out on the porch again."

"Have you noticed anything strange about Marjorie tonight?" asked Stephen of Hilda, following Marjorie with worried eyes. "She hasn't been a bit like herself all day. We live next door, you know, and

I've been in and out a dozen times since I got the letter from Europe this morning. But she seems to try to avoid me, for some reason or other. I begin to think I have offended her in some way."

"No, it's not that," Hilda reassured him. "It's just a bit of bad news she received this morning about an old friend."

"Oh, that's too bad. But I'm glad *I'm* not the guilty party. We've been mighty good friends. I even went so far once," he confessed with a smile, "as to try to marry her off to a chum of mine."

"This certainly is a glorious night," he continued after a pause, as he stared out into the moonlight. "Look at those cherry blossoms! Don't they — don't they *do* something to you?" He laughed apologetically. "I don't know what's the matter with me tonight. I suppose it's the saying good-bye to so many people. I hope you're not laughing at me? But I don't believe you'd do that; would you?"

"Laugh! I'm only too glad to find a man who can occasionally think in cherry blossoms instead of paving stones."

"Oh, men are still as sentimental as they ever were, though they hide it pretty well. It's the modern women who have put the quietus on romance. I don't believe there are any Juliets or Rosalinds now-a-days. Oh, I admit the modern woman's superiority over the simpering, fainting female of 'ye olden tymes'; but the fact remains that women don't fall in love the way they used to. They are simply too intelligent," he concluded with a whimsical smile, "to see anything wonderful or awe-inspiring about ordinary man."

"You are wrong, all wrong!" flared Hilda, with a sudden warmth that surprised herself as well as Stephen. "It is you men who are blind and deaf and dumb. You go running after girls who don't care two pins about you, or else you bury yourself in your work, while all the time some girl is worshipping you like a god; and she must sit still and let you go around the

world away from her, without a word! Oh, yes, you admire your Juliets and your deserted Marianas when you meet them in a volume of poetry, and then you shut your book and walk straight past your own Mariana every day, without so much as a glance at her!"

"Hilda!" cried Stephen, carried out of his after-dinner complaisance by her passionate excitement. "What do you mean? You don't sound as if you were talking generalities—you act as though you meant that *I*—do you really know a Mariana? Who is she?"

A panic seized upon Hilda. He was very close to her; so close, she thought, that her eyes must tell him what her lips left unsaid. —Well, why not, since she had gone so far, tell him the truth? She wanted to tell him, as she had never wanted anything before, but she could not. She could not break the old, old feminine habit of waiting and holding her peace. If Fate willed that he should love her, so be it; if not, she had still her pride.

"I—I didn't mean anything," she gasped out, hardly conscious of what she was saying. "But other girls, you know, have a habit of telling me their troubles."

There was a long moment of silence. Then, without a word, Stephen turned and left her. Hilda sat staring blankly out into the night, her brain a turmoil, every nerve pulled taut. She noticed presently, with a kind of shock, that the creeping shadow on the white porch was only a few inches from the edge. Somehow, she had felt that the shadow, the moon, the whole world had stood still while she talked to Stephen. The slow but resistless advance of the shadow seized upon her with a chilling fascination. She was afraid to turn her eyes from it, lest some dark unknown shadow should engulf her too.

After a little while—she did not know how long—she turned and saw Stephen and Marjorie standing before her. Before the strange light in their faces, her

heart leapt suddenly and then stood quite still.

"We wanted to tell you first of all," said Marjorie, crossing to her and softly kissing her cheek. "I have just promised to marry Stephen. I think we are going to be very happy. I shall try to do my part." She looked into Hilda's eyes for understanding and approval.

"And I mine," echoed Stephen solemnly, his face shining with the same high resolve which glowed in Marjorie's. He looked over her shoulder at Hilda as if registering a vow; and when he shook her hand he murmured something which sounded like "Thank you."

"We are going home now to break the news to the two families," he said aloud. "Ready, Marjorie?"

Hilda sat gazing wildly after them. One by one the events of the past half hour ranged themselves in order and fell into place. *She* had done this! She had perpetrated this colossal blunder upon the two people she loved and upon herself!

She repressed a desire to burst into wild laughter. It was the funniest thing she had ever heard of! It was so funny that it tore at her heart with ruthless iron claws, and sent the blood pounding to her brain and the world whirling round before her in circles of fiery stars. From somewhere the strains of the 'Blue Danube' waltz smote upon her ears with an intolerable poignant sweetness. She flung her arm across her face as if to shut it out, and leaned far out of the window.

When she dropped her arm, her eyes fell upon the little stone porch.

"Come on, Hilda. They are beginning to dance again," pleaded a voice close behind her.

"See," said Hilda. And each word fell from her a dead weight. "It is all dark now. The shadow has reached the very edge."

"M-hm," said the boy.

We Hand It To —



SCOTT McNULTA

Because we just naturally have to, because he invented cheering at Illinois and is making it a Conference tradition, and because his energy is helping to make dramatics a really worthy University institution.



MILTON G. SILVER

Because his modesty forced us to get this picture from a friend, because he's making six columns grow where only five sprouted before, and because he is giving Illinois the best college daily in America.



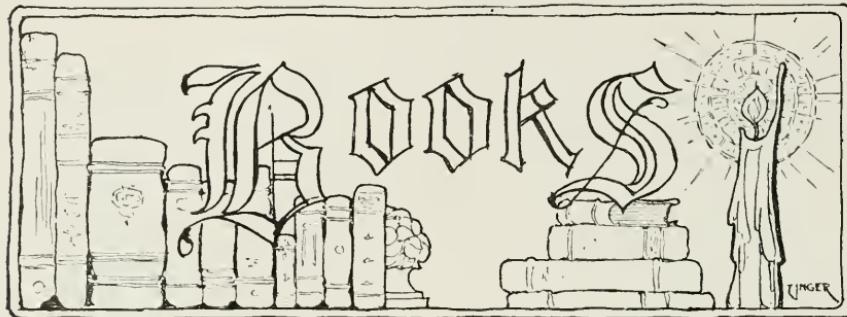
J. LAWRENCE ERB

Because he makes popular music good and good music popular, because he's both a good fellow and an artist, and because about a dozen student musical organizations would be completely lost without him.



M. ANNA WILSON

Because her one year as Y. W. C. A. Secretary at Illinois has secured her a place in the hearts of Illinois women, and because she has made her position second only in importance to that of the Dean of Women.



The word "directory" usually brings to mind a ponderous volume of uninteresting data reposing on a dusty shelf not generally accessible. The University of Illinois directory, with a foreword by President James, a thirty-two page historical sketch and sixteen pages of assorted illustrations, is just a little different. Much interesting information is embodied in the description of Illini, past and present, including the fact that one Illinois co-ed is now a circus rider. Geographically speaking, the directory says there are 20,615 students and alumni from Illinois and 34 from Shanghai, China, by way of contrast. Alphabetical and geographical lists aid in conveniently locating any person listed in the book. Compilers of the book have exercised unusual care in recording accurate information, although a few errors are found in this first edition.

University of Illinois, Champaign-Urbana, 1916, Dr. V. V. Phelps, editor. (\$2 to those whose names appear in book; \$5 to others.)

Do you believe that fat men do not make leaders of men? If you have an opinion on this subject, supplement it with what Enoch Burton Gowin has to say about the difference of the executive from ordinary men in size, weight, intellect and personality in the first part of his 349-

page book, "The Executive and His Control of Men." The book presents an analysis of executive efficiency from the psychological standpoint. It has three distinct parts, the first dealing with the individual executive himself, the second with his domination of the organization and the third with the limitations under which he labors. The material regarding executives is said to be based largely on data furnished by executives themselves. Perhaps too much significance is given to executives of super-normal size and weight, but the author recognizes the fact that all men are not created equal and that leadership is essential in any organization where efficiency is to prevail.

Macmillan, New York, 1915. (\$1.50).

The ambitious, red-blooded reporter who is relegated to a desk job often believes that it means oblivion. The bright star of success upon which he has been gazing seems to fade away. To reconcile him to the fact that the dreaded copy editor's position is not only as interesting, but is even more conducive to ultimate success, Grant Milnor Hyde, instructor in journalism at the University of Wisconsin, has published the combination text and inspiring guide which goes under the general title "Newspaper Editing." In its pages he attempts to throw a luster about

the routine work of the copy editor and the copy reader; he shows clearly the way which if pursued will net the reader a comprehension of his responsibilities and a joy in a thorough knowledge of his field.

Several departures from the usual material in published books of this type are embodied in the latter part of the contents: a chapter on type, a heretofore neglected part of the copy editor's education, a list of significant dates in the history of the art of printing and the development of the newspaper. A style sheet occupies the last chapters. To those interested in newspaper work the book has an instructive and inspiring message.

D. Appleton & Co., New York, 1915.

"The Coming Newspaper," edited by Merle Thorpe, professor of journalism at the University of Kansas, is a compilation of significant addresses made at a national newspaper conference at the Uni-

versity of Kansas under the auspices of the department of journalism, which is doing commendable service in standardizing newspaper practices and in giving to the working newspaper profession a sense of higher obligation to the public. Probably the most notable preachers in this book are those by Dr. Washington Gladden on "Tainted Journalism" in which he yokes up the business of journalism with the ministry of service, and points out some of the glaring faults of present-day newspapers, and the ringing message of Oswald Garrison Villard, editor of the New York Evening Post. But the entire book is full of good things of interest to every forward-looking newspaper man and every student of journalism who desires to know something of the influence and ideals that are making over the journalism of tomorrow.

Henry Holt & Co., New York, 1915.

To Belgium

O wretched Belgium! How thy fields are marred,
Where recently thy sons were wont to toil.
Thy peaceful towns, since made invaders' spoil,
Now lie in hopeless ruins, burnt and charred!
On every side we see thy country scarred,
As round thee closer winds War's deadly coil
Till every scene bears witness of the moil,
And calls with mute appeal for man's regard.
When kings recall their weary, worn-out corps,
And scenes of war shall in oblivion sink;
When man shall be at peace with man once more,
And battles be but things of printers' ink,
Still will poor Belgium represent a vain
Dumb sacrifice to man's material gain.

—Marcelle Laval.

The Illinois Magazine

HAL M. PAGE - - - - - *Editor*
HAZEN L. ALBAUGH - - - - - *Business Manager*

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A CHANCE FOR ARGUMENT

Taken on the whole, no activity will long endure without performing some service commensurate with the time, labor and expense which it involves. Judged by this standard it is doubtful if class politics will long survive in the favor of the powers that be or of the students themselves.

Indications of a rather tense situation are found in the increasing number of restrictions which have been placed on the conduct of elections, and the growing difficulty of arousing sufficient interest to secure a genuine contest in all fields.

Which brings us to the question: Why are class politics? Why to run class functions; the prom or the cotillion and the smokers and such. Also, it might be added, to provide free stationery and tickets and rather empty honors for the men who line up with the successful candidate and get their names on the class stationery. Then there are the legitimate reasons advanced by the anonymous author of the article on politics and the argument that some people just naturally like to dig in the dirt.

The chances are that Ma-wan-da, the student council, the Illinois Union or class executive committees could stage parties and smokers and do it more economically than it has ever been done, or will be done, even with the student council's excellent new ruling. Managers for class teams and Illio jobs might better be chosen by competition anyway, so it is hard to see where the University or student life would be the loser by the change.

Hopkins and his council promised much in regard to politics. Much of what was promised and fulfilled; what was not was due in no way to inactivity or lack of desire on the part of the president of the student coun-

cil. But until things are cleared up by putting into politics only the important things such as councilmen and Illinois Union officers, here are two suggestions:

First: University discipline for the man who uses dishonesty in elections just as there is University discipline for the man who is dishonest in the class room or examination. The former is even more discreditable than the latter.

Second: Indoor elections where it will be impossible for too many interested onlookers and sub-rosa assistants to haunt the polls, even under the guise of officials; or else, election booths around the half way house. Either would make dishonesty considerably more difficult. Both would clean up politics a little more.

ABOUT CONTRIBUTIONS

By securing suggestions and contributions from a considerable number of students, The Illinois hopes to represent faithfully the life and conditions at Illinois and to present some indication of the literary talent of the student body.

Faculty men who should know, tell us that there are students at Illinois who can write and are writing for class work, fiction, verse and articles which should place The Illinois in a rank with the magazines of other Universities with whom we are on a par in other things.

So—The Illinois asks the opportunity of looking over any manuscripts or of hearing any ideas which you (second person singular) may have for it. It offers in return a serious consideration of every manuscript and the publication of those that seem most worth while. Short stories, brief essays, sketches and, perhaps, one-act plays are especially desired. Articles which do little more than chronicle or comment lightly upon current campus events are hardly within the field of this publication. If, however, they are really original, or present some really vital problem or phase of student life, then they are most acceptable. Above all, any ideas for the betterment of the magazine are treasures.

The office of the magazine is in Room 106 University Hall. The office hours are from 5 to 5:30 on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and from 4 to 5 on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

That a greater number may have an opportunity to compete, the complete staff will not be announced until the Homecoming issue of the Magazine.

In addition to those whose names are signed to contributions, the magazine is indebted to the following: To Mr. M. J. Curl for assistance in the revision of manuscripts; to C. H. Parkes, Dr. V. V. Phelps and K. D. Pulcipher for book reviews and to L. H. Gift, A. H. Gottschalk, P. C. Smith, M. F. Gift and M. F. Baldwin.

ON THE GOOD SHIP ILLINOIS

H. M. PAGE

"**A**S a testimonial of his fidelity and patriotism, this certifies that has served as a civilian volunteer on the U. S. S. Illinois, August 15, to September 15, 1916, and is hereby honorably discharged."

A certificate bearing these words and signed by the commanding officer, F. A. Traut of the United States Ship Illinois, is a valued possession of ten Illinois men and a reminder of a vacation, not entirely unpleasant, spent as a rookie in Uncle Sam's navy.

Was it worth while? Is it worth while to have a more or less intimate knowledge of the organization and running of a ship, to know how to live comfortably on ship-board, to know how to man one of the big guns, to stand watch and be familiar with signaling or engineering or some other branch of work on a battleship. Is it worth while to be able to do a little for one's country if it should need help? Does a month of regular living in the open, out on the Atlantic, with plenty of exercise and sleep amount to anything? If you can answer these questions in the affirmative, the first cruise for civilian volunteers justified itself.

The Illinois party consisting of E. M. Frederick, G. S. Davidson, C. E. Turner, W. Wilkinson, F. H. Fisher, R. T. Elliot, N. F. Murray, C. L. Best, Bob Woelffer and the writer of this article met at the

Portsmouth navy yards, Norfolk, Va., the morning of August 15.

By noon we were in our navy whites and at three that afternoon the Illinois steamed out through Hampton Roads headed

north.

We sailed up the coast about fifty miles from the shore line, with the Louisiana, which also

sailed from Norfolk, in the lead. Early the third day we passed the Sayville wireless station, rounded the end of Long Island and anchored with the rest of the reserve fleet, already there, while the Louisiana boomed an admiral's salute in honor of the commander of the fleet, on the flagship Rhode Island. In line were the ships Rhode Island, Virginia, Maine, New Jersey, Kearsarge, Alabama, Louisiana and the Illinois.

On Saturday the fleet moved to Block Island, Rhode Island, just off the summer resort of that name. On Sunday afternoon we had our first shore leave and the town belonged to the sailors. Next day mobilization for the annual war game in which the reserve fleet was to defend the coast, started. Early in the morning lines of smoke came into sight and soon a squadron of battleships and torpedo boat destroyers and several submarines joined the fleet. During the day more arrived, including the aeroplane ship North Carolina, which soon sent out an air scout. Late in the day there were sixty ships at anchor,



U. S. S. *Illinois*

a rather reassuring sight in view of our supposed lack of preparedness. At night, lighted up and playing their great search-lights, the sight was worth the entire cruise to see.

Next day the war game started. The squadron separated and for a week we maneuvered at sea, on constant lookout for the enemy, and doing our part toward protecting the coast. But there was no chance. One morning a fleet of super-dreadnaughts hove in sight, commenced fire and in fifteen minutes we were officially notified by the referee ship that we were sunk.

Hampton Roads, Old Point Comfort and Fortress Monroe was the next anchor. Here the civilians had shore drill inside the walls of Fortress Monroe and two days later set out for Tangier Sound where the fleet had a week's target practice with the three inch guns. This was the event for which all were training, and the scores proved that it is possible to teach rookies something in even three weeks.

A week at anchor off Cape May, N. J., with small boat drill, shore leave for a trip to Atlantic City, and considerable sport and fun with the sail boats and cutters occupied the remainder of the month, and we landed at Norfolk September 10.

This bare chronologic-al outline of the trip will tell, in a way the nature of the cruise. It is given for the information of those men who may be inclined to take a try at the navy for a vacation trip next

summer.

More interesting is a recital of the daily routine. Every morning at two bells —cheer up, that is five o'clock—we were awakened by that most horrible of all noises, a bo'sn's voice: "All hands, arise and shine and pipe on deck for orders."

Twenty minutes to get into the white middies and trousers (no shoes yet) and to lash up and stow away the hammocks. Then just ten minutes to down a bowl of hot black coffee and grab a home-made cigaret, and we were ready for an hour's session cleaning decks and compartments.

Did you ever see a holy-stone? Briefly, it is a brick with a hole chipped out of one side in which a handle is inserted. This is applied briskly to a wet, sanded deck. It does the business. The decks are then dried with squeegees and mops. Breakfast was at 7:30, and in the hour between work and mess there was nothing to do but use the salt water shower and the half bucket of fresh water given out for washing.

After breakfast there was another session with bright work. Battleships would be half as costly and the navy a more attractive place if some gentleman from Iowa or Oklahoma or some place would introduce a bill prohibiting any

brass work
on govern-
ment ves-
sels.

Quarters, or
drill, came
at 9 o'clock.
There was
always Swe-
dish exercise
followed by
gun practice,
boat drill,
watches, in-
spection trip
over the ship
or lectures.



In the Class Room

These were the interesting periods of the day. Often, when we were at anchor, we would be taken to the flagship for a lecture by some naval authority. These trips were real events and the lectures were seriously worth while.

The same routine, practically, was followed during the afternoon. Several times we had small boat races with other ships of the fleet. Illinois is better at football and baseball than at rowing; we live too far from water, and Crystal Lake does not provide adequate facilities for practice.

In the evening there were usually movies on the quarter deck and music on the piano and phonograph. Often we had searchlight drill in spotting small boats which were sent out from the ships.

Four-thirty every afternoon brought that awful command: "Stand by to scrub and wash clothes." Then, dressed in swimming trunks, all the men broke out the washing gear on the fo'c'sle, (short for fore-castle and pronounced foxul with a long "o".) Directions for this little ceremony, as given by the company bo'sn himself were:

"Wet the clothes in your half bucket of fresh water, spread 'em flat on the wet deck, rub well with soap and scrub hell out of 'em with that brush. Then turn 'em over and do it again."

That is what we did, although it involved getting down on hands and knees and was the hardest work of the day.

The crew, navy discipline and officers would keep one supplied with topics for rhetoric themes for a year. Some of the men of the crew and some of the petty officers—Chief Spuds, Maloney or old Szwickey with the plaintive voice—any of them would make a story. Then there are the funny incidents—we still laugh about them—the good fellows we met, from Cincinnati and Richmond and Kentucky and everywhere.

And the life on the ocean, the nights of calm and stars and sea and the days of work and the watches on the bridge—they give you a chance to think undisturbed. It's a great experience; that's all you can say.

I have heard naval officers and men who were on the cruise say that this first attempt of the navy at a floating Plattsburg was a failure. I have read the same statement in prominent newspapers and magazines, and yet I cannot agree that this is the case. It might have been infinitely more valuable had it been carefully planned and executed; anyone who has ever seen the navy day in and day out will have to agree with those who know that department best, that the navy has been badly disorganized internally since Josephus Daniels has been at the helm, but even lack

of planning and execution could not overcome the really sincere work of splendid officers, sensible instructors and a willing ship's crew.



5:30 A. M.—"Turn To"



With the Co-ed

WHY IS A WOMAN'S LEAGUE?

FLORENCE LINDAHL

WITH the increase in the number of women students from year to year, the social problem at Illinois grows greater. The first duty of a university is to aid mental growth, but in order to do this it must offer wholesome recreation. This, of course, is not possible without a proper means for students to become acquainted. It would be comparatively easy if the dormitory system were in practice here, but great difficulties are encountered because of the scattered housing conditions.

For their members, fraternities and sororities take care of most of their social needs, although as yet it is only accident that they become acquainted with the non-fraternity element. Even this is much easier for men than women, for women do not have the great common interests of men.

Until 1915 there was no organization which pretended to urge non-sorority girls to know each other. Girls in one house might not even know the girls who lived next door. It was then, however, that the Woman's League constitution was adopted, and since then great strides have been taken forward. Every girl, by virtue of her registration, is a member and entitled to its privileges. The purpose of the league is to further the spirit of unity among the women of the university, to increase their sense of responsibility toward one another, and act as a medium by which the standards of the university may be kept high. With such a purpose, what

woman would desire to be omitted from the membership lists?

Self-government is the keynote. Self-made rules and restrictions are always better kept than rules made by outsiders. In order to bind all university women together, units have been organized. These units consist of about twenty girls, all living in the same neighborhood. Meetings are held every Monday evening in order that the girls may have a voice in the university's problems and get acquainted with each other. These small groups work together with singleness of purpose that is remarkable. In order to bind all these small groups together, representatives from each group form an executive council. This council is vested with the real power of the League, although the units are for the purpose of administration.

Last year, the first year under this plan, saw a great development. Nearly all the units gave dances in the Woman's building and several gave faculty teas. One of the units was so well organized that it gave a stunt in the annual stunt show that compared very favorably with those given by much older organizations. This year greater advancement is expected. Now when the dance question is so pertinent, the Woman's League has offered its help. Without a doubt this is a step in the right direction. In a large institution like this, the student body should not be compelled to leave the campus to seek its amusement. Last year many women were indifferent to this self-government

organization. This year the woman who is not working for her unit and the entire system is hard to find.

There is a large field for just such work. Girls like to show their appreciation of the good times men give them, but heretofore non-sorority girls have had no way to do this. Now, if all the plans are successful it will no longer be the case.

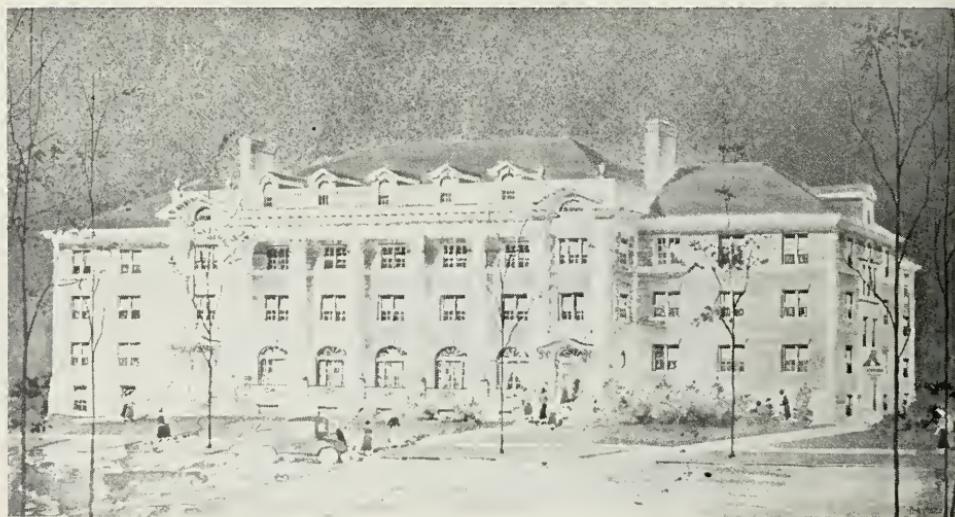
But the League means just as much to a sorority as to a non-sorority woman. The parties, teas, and meetings are hers as well, though she needs them less.

And the League can do much more

for the women. It expects to grow to meet new demands. The grind, the flunker, and the lonesome girl will soon be impossibilities, for the League offers friends, advisers and recreation to every girl.

The aim of this University and of all modern co-education is to replace extreme, abnormal types, by wholesome, average, citizens who have learned co-operation and democracy—what the world demands—through conforming to one common standard, and in the accomplishment of this aim the Woman's League is becoming an increasingly important factor.

Illinois' First Residence Hall for Women



The cornerstone for the University's first residence hall for women will be laid on Saturday morning following exercises in the Auditorium. This is the event to which those interested in Illinois' growth as a co-educational institution have been looking for twelve years. It is epochal in many ways. It marks the new frontier of the campus. Now that the first hall will soon reach completion, it requires only a little vision to see the day when Nevada from the campus to the forestry—four blocks—will be a row of real homes for University women.

DRAMATICS OF THE MONTH

ZELOMIA AINSWORTH

“A PAIR OF SIXES” will hold the center of the stage in University dramatics for the coming month. This delightfully funny farce-comedy has been chosen by the Mask and Bauble chapter of the Associated University Players for its annual Homecoming production. Following its usual custom, the club is offering this work of E. Pepples as something possessing literary and dramatic merit which, however, is light and catchy enough to capture the attention and money of even the most seasoned theatregoer.

A feature of this play is its newness. Although “A Pair of Sixes” has to its credit long and successful runs in practically all the large cities of this country, it is but two years old and Mask and Bauble was extremely fortunate in being able to secure the manuscript for the fall play.

Another feature of the play is that it is *not* a star play, a “one-man show.” The cast is made up of ten characters, four women and six men. Each role offers an opportunity for excellent acting and even the minor parts have many good lines. This is in accordance with the new policy of the dramatic club to present a play with several important characters and not one with but one or two “leads.”

Mrs. C. A. Gille of Decatur, who will again coach the club’s dramatic endeavors, is already known about the campus for the excellent work which she has brought forth in past productions.

The play is to be given on the nights of Friday and Saturday, November 17 and 18, probably at the Illinois Theatre.

There is reason to believe that it will be a success; for the comedy has been well-chosen and is the type of play that should please both the Homecoming “grads” and this year’s “under-grads.”

Two more plays are being produced on the campus this month. The Players Club, an organization composed of several faculty members and wives of the faculty, is bringing out J. M. Barrie’s “Rosalind” and Lady Gregory’s “Work-House Ward.” These plays are short, the first being but a one-act play and the second a two-act play.

They will be given the evening of November 13, the opening day of the convention of the State Federation of Women’s Clubs of Illinois at the Auditorium. It is probable that the only spectators will be the delegates to the convention, for whom the playlets are being given, and members of the faculty of the University.

The cast for Rosalind is as follows: Charles, Mr. J. M. Phelps; Dame Quickly, Mrs. F. W. Scott; Rosalind, Mrs. T. A. Clark. In “Work-House Ward,” the three roles are taken by Mr. T. E. Oliver, Mr. F. Kay and Mrs. Isabel Jones.

While the Star Course, properly speaking, is not carried on for strictly dramatic presentations, some mention should be made in this article of the appearance of Mme. Gadski. She is without a doubt one of the most popular sopranos on the American operatic and concert

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Faculty members and a few of the "order of ancient seniors" will remember with a little thrill Gadski's appearance on the Auditorium stage four years ago. They will remember also the repeated encores given Brunnhelde's War Cry from *Die Walkuere*. This number is promised as a special request number of Gadski's concert at the Auditorium November 8.

Aside from University offerings, several current successes are booked for the coming month at the Belvoir and Illinois theaters.

AT THE BELVOIR

October 25—Chicago English Opera Company in Verdi's "Aida."

November 6-7—"The Runaways," a light operatic comedy presented by Emmanuel Episcopal Church of Champaign, featuring a number of campus comedians and dramatists.

November 8-9—"Experience."

November 16—Maud Allen and Company in Classical Dances.

November 22—"Bird of Paradise."

AT THE ILLINOIS

"Twin Beds" is announced as a coming attraction. The date has not been announced.

AT THE AUDITORIUM

November 8.—Mme. Johanna Gadski in concert.

November 20.—Russian Symphony Orchestra, matinee and evening.

CHICAGO THEATERS

Chicago theaters are presenting for this month:

Powers—John Barrymore in "Justice."

Olympic—John Mason in "Common Clay."

Princess—Emily Stevens in "The Unchaste Woman."

Cort—"Fair and Warmer."

Garrick—"The Princess Pat."

Cohan's—Leo Ditrichstein in "The Great Lover."

Blackstone — "What's Your Husband Doing?"

The Keeper of the Leas

Show me the lettered scholar who can scent delight

In Nature's artistry of radiant morning dawn,

Or in the house wren's splendid, vibrant throat, which,

Swelling, pours its medley forth upon the earth;

Or who can lift his eyes to leaves above and catch

The hint of autumn in the fabric of the trees;

Or view with quick'ning pulse the heaving of Old Ocean's breast,—

He is not in ruth a savant but a keeper of earth's leas.

—*Bayard H. Clark*

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Impressions of a New Alma Mater

MARTIN L. STRAUS

EDITOR'S NOTE—Impressions by newcomers and comparisons with other schools are always interesting and usually worth while. This article by a transfer from one of the East's most prominent schools is both.

THE University of Illinois has a spirit of democracy. Transferring to Illinois from one of the smaller Eastern colleges—a college which, by the way, is renowned for its democracy—I was happily surprised to find such an excellent spirit prevailing among the Illini. I had always thought the large central-west state universities cold, stiff institutions barren of all fellowship. But there is a fine fellowship here and yet the men are not clubby as are the undergraduates at most of the Eastern institutions. This lack of real intimacy, however, is probably due to the great size of this University.

One thing which has impressed me particularly is that the fine big campus is merely something at which to look and has no utilitarian value. In the East we used our campus. We strolled across its grass, we lounged upon it and we played upon it, and we never hesitated to smoke while on it. I believe that our campus did more to promote a spirit of oneness and of good fellowship than did any other one thing excepting, perhaps, our dormitories.

Athletics here are highly developed. The varsity teams in all branches of sports would undoubtedly make a favorable showing against the strong Eastern teams. If the Illini schedule included Harvard or Dartmouth, Princeton or Cornell I believe

that the Illinois eleven would more than hold its own. But why should Illinois not produce good teams? Surely the school is large enough and certainly the coaches are able. It is not the Varsity or Freshman Varsity teams, therefore, that have won my admiration for Illinois athletics, but it is the class teams. I think that the inter-class athletic system here is much worth while. Here the mediocre athlete as well as the star may participate. At my former alma mater there was no room for the average athlete; one had to be a star or nothing.

I find the methods of classroom instruction and lecturing used in the Eastern colleges more adapted to the student than those in vogue here. Many of the quiz sections here are too large and consequently one does not receive enough individual attention. Here lecture halls are overcrowded. It is often difficult for the student to hear the instructor, but that is not his fault; he is supposed to be a teacher, not a loud-voiced orator.

The University of Illinois is a young institution. It, therefore, has few traditions. The only one I have heard of so far is Jake Stahl's long hit. The Eastern college radiates tradition; every undergraduate is saturated with it. But there is democracy here, and there is a certain something known as Illinois spirit that makes one happy that his alma mater is the University of Illinois.

*Special HOMECOMING Issue
of The Illinois*



Out November 16th
64 pages of snap

A TRY AT THE PURITAN HELL

(Continued from page 57)

nabee would have been less clever in procuring an escort for a delightful paddle on the bay that evening.

"Mr. Malcom." Her hand was idling in the water and, as the moon is no poor calcium light, she made a very pretty picture propped up on a bed of pillows at the end of the canoe. "Mr. Malcom, if you won't think me impertinent may I ask what you do in the city?"

"Why—er, I'm a stenographer."

"How does it happen that you have such a voice as yours and that you don't take advantage of it?"

"How did you know I sang at all?" asked Hayne.

"Oh, you thought you were alone when you were singing at the piano yesterday, but I was on the porch and heard it all."

"I haven't any kind of a voice," lied Hayne.

"Oh, I know better," she contradicted. "My uncle, Rudolph Garland, is a vocal teacher and I know something about it. Have you ever heard of him?"

"I don't believe I have."

"Why don't you try training your voice? I'd gladly give you a recommendation to him if you cared to try."

"My voice is too weak and besides I

wouldn't have the time which such training would require. You see, my study—office work takes the greater part of my time."

"In one way that is a good thing and in another it is too bad. You really should give people the benefit of such a voice as yours. You shouldn't be selfish and keep it to yourself. In my peculiar and selfish opinion, however, you are better off without it."

"I don't see what you mean." She detected his questioning tone and proceeded to explain herself.

"As soon as you became famous you would get money and glory. They are two things which I abhor in any man. They make him conceited, vain, and trustless. He doesn't get the real things out of life. Everything is a superficial pleasure that comes into his existence. In my opinion the happy life is living on the 'love in a cottage' scheme if not carried to an ex-

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treme. There one gets the real things in life. There are no biased viewpoints, no absurd ambitions—simply a joy in living, in succeeding in a small way, and in getting the real instead of the superficial things in life."

"Oh, I'm not at all averse to having a bit of the world's goods and a trifle of this terrible fame that you speak of," he interrupted.

"You only think so," she contradicted. "If you had them you wouldn't be half so happy."

"I guess you're right after all," he said with a deal of conviction in his voice, for hadn't she said that she hated all these things and wasn't he the unhappy possessor of all the things she hated?

As he bid the girl goodnight at the foot of the stairs his mind involuntarily drifted to thoughts of the number of painted snips he had had to kiss while the camera clicked away and he felt less confident of his abilities as a professional film love maker when he left that night.

* * * *

It was with an unfamiliar feeling that Hayne admitted to himself that she was going home the next day. She lived in New York and that was a long way from the studio in San Francisco where he did all his winter producing. Would he ever see her again? Did she care whether he did or not? Was he the man for a girl of her type and if he was, what would she say if she found out what he was?

He was sitting on the porch alone that night after supper.

"Are you coming with us, Mal?"

He jumped to his feet and stood facing Miss Barnabee.

"Where are you going?"

"All the crowd's going down to Sturgeon Bay to the movies."

"Oh, I can't go tonight," he said. The thought of the movies or anything to do with them made him pettish—he who was a cheap dramatic film actor, devoting his

time to the satisfaction of the public's demand for sentiment.

"Oh, and this is my last night here," she pouted.

"I know it," he replied, "but my eyes are hurting me terribly tonight and the doctor said that any strain on them would mean glasses. I can see myself in a pair of those goggles. I'd look just like a mountain goat."

"I'm sorry, Mal," she said and turned to join the crowd of whooping amusement seekers.

He went into the house and after procuring the manuscript that he had never finished reading since that day on the pier, settled down on a corner of the porch puffing an old pipe and thinking a series of discomforting thoughts. He read but little and finally threw the scenario on the table and gave it up as a bad job for that day.

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The return of the tired young people from the town awakened him from his lethargy, but he did not rise to meet them. Soon the voices died down and he was alone again. He put his head in his hands and tried to straighten out the jumble of peculiar things that were flitting through his mind. He sat for a long time and did not notice when someone took the chair opposite him. He jumped as *she* laid her hand on his, and looked up into the face of Miss Barnabee.

"I thought I'd find you here and I knew that you'd be lonesome. How are your eyes?" She seemed a little doubtful as to the necessity of the last question, but he did not notice the fact.

"Better, thanks," he answered shortly.

"You don't mind my intrusion, do you?" she asked, half rising as if to go.

"Mind?" He didn't know what to say.

"Why, I'm tickled to death that you should take the trouble to hunt me up at this time of night."

"I'm glad of that because I wanted to tell you about the picture we saw. It was a good one in the light of the acting although the plot was rather weak. I wish

you had been there because it illustrated what I have often tried to tell you and explain to you, what I meant by my ideal man. Your wife has probably often—"

"I haven't got any wife," he said. She started back and looked at him in amazement.

"Why you said you had one. At least you registered as having one."

"And you force me by that statement to admit my unlimited conceit and gall. I did that so that the girls here wouldn't bother me. I wanted to be left alone. Can you imagine such conceit? I am ashamed of myself."

"I think I understand your motives perfectly," she told him quietly and convincingly. "But about the movie: The leading character was that of a minister in a little village. He portrayed the most gentle, unobtrusive and generous qualities that I like and want to see in a man. You should have seen him ministering to the sick, playing with the children, and doing everything that one could imagine that no selfish man could do. Do you know, Mal, I don't believe that any actor could portray that character as he did without being like the man he portrayed."

He said nothing. Her eyes wandered

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from his to the manuscript on the table. She started and picked it up, turning the pages.

"Mal, have you read this yet?"

"No, I haven't finished it."

"I wish you would."

"Why?" He looked at her in amazement.

"Because I'd like to know what you think of it."

"Why are you interested?" he asked.

"Why, you see I wrote it."

"Don't sit there and tell me that you are Catherine Eddows." He was sitting up and looking at her with open-eyed astonishment.

"I guess I'll have to plead guilty to this awful stuff."

He fell silent again. So she was Catherine Eddows. It was she who had written all the scenarios which he had acted and so admired for months. It was her characters that he had imitated and striven to be like. That was the passing of his last chance. A girl with the ideals that she wrote about was too far above—oh, could anything be worse than all this?

"What's the matter with you tonight? Can't you talk?" She sounded a bit pettish at his inattention.

"Oh, there's nothing the matter," he answered in a weary voice.

"Yes there is—you don't sound natural."

"There isn't a thing the matter."

"Yes there is. Now tell me all about it. Nothing can help you more than to get your troubles into words."

"Well," he began, "I feel like I knew you pretty well, Catherine Eddows, so I'll tell you. I'm in love."

"That sounds interesting. Tell me the rest of it and maybe I can offer advice on the subject."



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mad scramble for an
early sitting

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"Oh, there's nothing wrong except the girl's so much better than I am. There's not a chance in the world of her ever loving me and I guess there's nothing for me to do, but give up."

"I'm sure that no girl would refuse you if she had an ounce of sense, Wallace Hayne."

He was startled by this name. So she knew who he was! He remembered the picture now. An old one in which he had played the lead. It was hard to remember one's pictures when they were taken so disconnectedly. There, too, was the scenario she had sent him.

"Any man," she continued, "who could take the part of the almost lovable characters, embodying all the good which I have put into mine and which you have acted so admirably must have the greater part of those qualities in him or he could do no such work."

So she knew all about him. His deceit, his work, his fame. She, the girl of such ideals as was embodied in her writings. Well—a long pause, then an intimation and then, abruptly:

"Have you an ounce of sense?" he suddenly asked.

"I hope so," she answered.



YES!!

"JIMMY" AND FRIEND WIFE

ARE STILL

At the same old stand
with the same old
"line", stirs and
otherwise
in the

BRADLEY ARCADE

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WE SERVE TABLE D'HOTE AND A LA CARTE
EVERY FACILITY FOR SERVING BANQUETS
LUNCHEONS AND DINNER PARTIES

C. B. HATCH, PRESIDENT

PRATTLE

Many instructors imagine that the assignment will be heard better if it is announced after the fifty minute bell has rung.

Even if Illinois had an eighteen hole golf course instead of a nine hole course that favorite post-game hole would still be lacking.

The man who sits at the end of a boarding house table usually needs all the arms he has.

The man who married the professional pickpocket shouldn't sympathize with himself too much—we all are blessed with very clever amateurs.

“Stude” Wails

Every time I go by that Arcade I hear those ivories a clickin and I just got ta drop in and scout around for some “soup.” That sociable atmosphere in there sure makes me feel like the red ink says on that Siren cover.

And upstairs — say m-a-a-n — those are some billiard tables. Best I ever played on—bar none.

And the smokes are handy too. Believe me, I am for that

DEWEY NEWMAN
Proprietor of the

Arcade Billiard Parlor

THE STUDENT CRUMB SHELF

Good Meals at Reasonable Prices

We make our pie.
CIDER on TAP

Short Orders at All Times
OPEN NIGHTS

\$5.00 Ticket for \$4.50

“Smoker Eats” a Specialty

L. D. BUCK

506½ Green St.

Somebody ought to write a snappy song about the other end of a perfect day.

Cheer up, little girl, you'll be old enough to wear short skirts some day.

Eve stole one small apple, but she's much better off than we who get the fruits of scandal.

When a man hisses the President on account of party preference there's no law to keep you from using force.

There would be fewer bachelors if mankind in general could determine whether the fair sex preferred a bag of popcorn and a man to an expensive night in a wild cabaret with a mollycoddle.

The dreamy moonlight nights last week started several astronomy courses that weren't taken in the observatory.

Listen—

A New Idea in Pressing Tickets. We guarantee to keep 4 suits repaired and to remove all spots for \$1.60. No time limit.

Also 4 Suits pressed for \$1

Get those shoes shined! We play the title of walking the dog on 'em.

HITE BROS. PANATORIUM

BELL PHONE

Goods Called For and Delivered
COLLEGE HALL

Don't forget that excuses were never meant for love affairs. Tradition points to many divorces due to the inefficiency of the excuse. What kind of excuses are you using on your instructor?

The idea of a college is to give the student a six cylinder education. This is the age of the super-six, however, and a super-six from Illinois means education plus spirit. Are you too "blind bridled" to see the new invention?

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Toilet Articles for Sale. Razors
and scissors sharpened.

—next door to Chesleys

You remember Chesterton reaches Stilton at an hour that is neither after luncheon nor before tea, a sort of odd hour that has no place in the twenty-four. It is at such an hour that the clock in the tower of University Hall habitually stands,

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Musical burglary — breaking into song.

Philosophical etiquette — bowing to the inevitable.

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4 Suits Pressed 4
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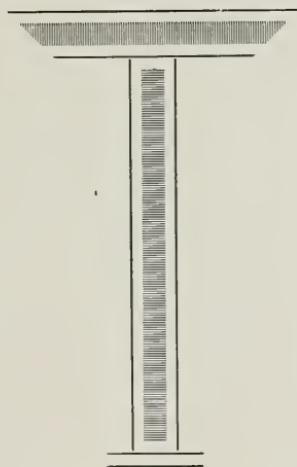
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Guarantee to save you from \$5 to \$8 on every suit

SEEING IS BELIEVING

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OVER FIVE-and-TEN-CENT STORE

THE ILLINOIS

CHRISTMAS
NUMBER
DECEMBER 1916

UNGER





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VOCALION***

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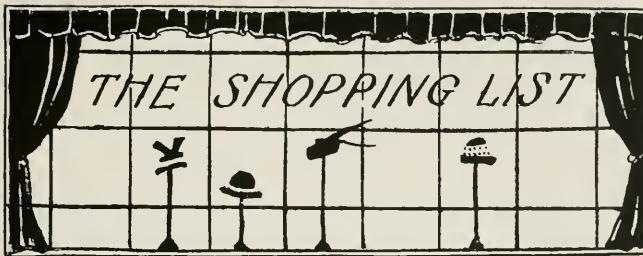
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On Tuesday, December 12th we made a wonderful purchase of 500 sample suit and overcoat patterns in Fall 1916 and Spring 1917 styles and we are able to place them on sale tailored to your measure at

Extra
Pants
Free

\$20.00

Extra
Pants
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For Suit or Overcoat

and make you a present of an extra pair of pants free

BEAR IN MIND

That this is not a sale of our regular line of woolens. It is only a special unusual purchase of high grade \$15 to \$35 woolens at an unheard of price that enables us to make this double offer of a three-piece suit for \$20 and an extra pair of pants free.

This Sale is Limited

Because when the 500 patterns have been sold
the sale will be over

Have that Suit or O'coat Tailored at

*An extra pair of trousers
to your suit means double
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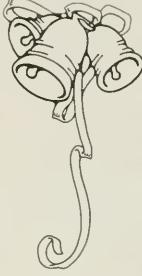
Corner Church and Neil

CHAMPAIGN

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THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

By the Inspired Reporter

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. LUKE

CHAPTER 2.

1 Augustus taxeth the Roman empire. 6 Nativity of Christ. 8 One angel relateth it to the shepherds. 13 many sing praises to God for it.

AND it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed.

4 And Joseph went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem;

5 To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child.

7 And she brought forth her first born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

8 And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

9 And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

10 And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

11 For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

12 And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

13 And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

14 Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

15 And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

16 And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

The Illinois Magazine

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Number 3

A BRITISH WARTIME CHRISTMAS

CHRISTMAS in England! What a wealth of happiness and joviality has always been associated with this occasion! In fact, it would be almost too trite to enumerate the host of good times that comes to mind when one speaks of a good old-fashioned British Yuletide, for Dickens alone has immortalized its spirit and atmosphere forever in his "Christmas Carol." Joviality and sanity, with more than a touch of seriousness—these are the elements that have been blended together in such a way as to make this great national holiday the happiest time of the year.

To say that all this has not been changed by the great war which is still going on, would be not only incredible but untrue. For no entire people could have so whole-heartedly and intensely given themselves over to their present cause without at the same time permeating every phase and aspects of their lives with the essence of self-sacrifice and devotion.

But the change that the war has wrought upon the English people has been, I believe, more psychological than material. Judging by the appearance of the shops and streets, by the number of festivities planned, and by other familiar indications of approaching holiday time, it is hard to appreciate that this is a country at war; that its people are active participants in the greatest and deadliest combats of all history. The change, then, might rather be described as subjective, as the English are differing from past years not so much in the way in which they celebrate Christ-

mas as in the attitude of mind in which they do it. It must also be remembered that aside from the decided national tendency towards stability and poise, their natural conservatism, reinforced by a vast army of traditions, has come nobly to their support at this time of crisis.

Yet it would be a mistake to think that all evidences of the war are suppressed and hidden. Quite to the contrary. The streets are full of soldiers. The recruiting stations witness a fair amount of activity. The Red Cross, and its humane complement, the Blue Cross Societies make their existence felt everywhere. Relief societies have been organized throughout the country to search out and assist the poor and worthy families. There are many such who have been reduced to dire circumstances either through economic conditions which the war has produced or because, in the departure of the wage-earners for the front, there has been no one left behind to provide for the women and children.

Then, of course, the soldiers at the front have not been over-looked. Thousands of hampers containing holiday goodies and staple supplies, suitable for men in the trenches, have been sent across the channel, together with warm clothing, tobacco, and other little comforts and luxuries.

These are just a few of the many good Samaritan projects which are being carried on this Christmas in our time of common suffering.

There is so much that is changed by

the war, and yet at the same time a great deal has been left just as it has always been for years and years. The children still have their jolly holiday pantomimes. The yule log still sends up its showers of starry sparks as it crackles and spurts on the hearth. The Christmas wakes still come around to your door at night, singing their old-time carols in the cold, crisp air. And the hopeful mendicant is still standing on the corner of a side street, saying over his familiar ditty:

“Christmas is coming
The pigs are getting fat,
Please put a penny
In the old man’s hat
If you haven’t got a penny,
A ha’ penny will do;

If you haven’t got a ha’ penny,
God bless you!”

Yet with all this, we cannot forget that there is a difference in us this year. The many absent ones have left places in our hearts that no amount of Christmas cheer can quite fill. There are big, conspicuous gaps in the hearth circle of thousands of homes tonight, which a strange, sad pride only partially closes. So it is not surprising if Christmas has come to have a deeper meaning than before, and if its spiritual significance has become more prominent. For through all the sin and the suffering, through all the partings and heart-aches, deep down in the hearts of us all, lies the earnest and eager hope that some day we, too, may see the gleam at the end of the road.

THE WANDERER

I want to go ahomin'
To my own hearth fire;
I want to quit aroamin'
For the land o' my desire.
I've sorrowed in the city
At the faces on the street,
And felt a gushin' pity
For the toilers in the wheat.
My soul has stood aharkin'
To the callin' o' the sea;
And now I'd go alarkin'
With the friends o' me.
I've seen the aros agleamin'
In the city's depth and height,
And the prairie sky astreamin'
With the glorious northern light.
But the cloud o' fire aguidin'
Unto all I now desire
Is the dream o' mother bidin'
By my own hearth fire.

—Nancy Lucile Reese

TO · MIMNERMWS ·

Hail to thee, O Mimnermus
Gray bard of song's red-dawning;
Time and the world salute thee,
O singer of Colothon!
Ever since first thou didst turn
To the service of glad Aphrodite,
Breathing the sweetness of love
Into sad elegiac metres,
Whoever has voiced in a song
The joy and the pain of his passion
Hath laid but another wreath
By thy funeral urn long forgotten.
Forgotten now thy disciples,
The exquisite o'er-sweet Alexandrines,
And little have now of honor
Catullus, Propertius, Tibullus,
And the master, Ovidius Naso.
Yet till the night of song
Who strings fair phrases of passion
One by one in a verse
Like the beads of a great queen's necklace
Repeats in his heart, though he knows not.
The words of one thy true lover—
"Greater honor it were;
Than to be likened to Homer,
Father of glorious bards,
That it be said of his songs
They pulse with the fire
of Mimnermus."

—Marcus Selden Goldman



WYLLA WILLS

M. F. BALDWIN—*Illustrated by C. B. Rowe*

SAY, what qualifications has a set old bachelor for telling a tale of maids and suitors, anyway? It's out of my line, and certainly beyond my power. But the main character insists that it is my duty, so here I am, and pray be lenient.

You don't need to know much about me. As I said, I'm a bach, somewhat north of thirty-five; fill in the other details as you please. I am the junior partner in Ridge & Whitely's, and have lived with old Tom Whitely ever since the 80's. His wife died then, when Wylla was born, and he sized me up as a likely cub who might be good company until memories weren't so sharp; but time has gone on until I am as much a fixture here as that little Swiss clock Tom got from the firm when he married Grace Owen.

Wylla grew up with practically two daddies. Mrs. Cowles, although a capable housekeeper, was as understanding and sympathetic as a Hindu idol, and Wylla generally came to either her dad or I with her joys and her woes. I always had a feeling that she was more confidential and unafraid with me than with her real daddy. He thought the world of Wylla, but his gruff, direct manner, developed in years of business, instilled in the child a shyness that she never quite lost.

It always seemed to me that the girl needed someone to talk with; someone in whom she could confide her little triumphs as well as her numerous troubles, and who would be very obviously interested in each thing she did. So, in my incapable way, I did all I could to be Wylla's companion, and although I didn't think so at the time, my friendliness must have had a distinct effect upon her frank faith in me, even, perhaps, to the point of placing me first in

her confidences. I guess Tom felt he had missed a lot of genuine chumminess in Wylla, and it hurt him, but you can't change a man much at his age.

Of course our girl went away to school. Tom and I spent long evenings deciding where he should send her; you know there are so many of these girls' schools, and the ordinary places often seem better than the A number one schools, in the catalogs. Wylla had taken two years in the town high school, and we wanted to give her two more in a first-rate preparatory school before she went to college. We finally picked out a seminary on the Hudson river that looked about right, and packed our kiddy off for nine months. She was sixteen now, with straight, black hair, which she still wore down her back; blue eyes, deep and a little too sober, I thought; and a tendency to let others do the talking.

The next six years were lonesome ones. Of course Tom and I got frequent letters, and Wylla was home every summer. But she had to go back just when the weather was fine and we three were having great times together, and then letters were a poor substitute for her own loving self. I remember how pretty she looked after her first year away. Her hair was fixed something like a coronet, all twisted in and out; the sober eyes laughed more than they had; even her dresses showed a difference, with little touches she'd never bothered about before. I thought she was less self-effacing than she had been, although she couldn't have been forward; probably mixing with girls of her own age had given her confidence. At any rate, Wylla was just O. K. in the eyes of us old duffers at home.

But one thing about our girl gave me

*Ella and I Sat on the Great Divan*

no end of concern, and but for that this story would never have been told. Wylla had her father's determination.

That doesn't sound a bit ominous, does it? It wouldn't have bothered me if I hadn't known Tom so well. Determination to a reasonable point is a fine trait, but Tom carried it to the 'n'th degree and then kept on a way, and I should have foreseen trouble when his good-looking daughter showed a mind of her own. But I didn't.

Well, Wylla graduated from Smith when she was twenty-two; her dad hustled to Northampton to be at the final exercises and bring her home for good. I went down to the station to meet them, but the train had come in and the people were hurrying off. As I watched the impatient

crowd, hoping I hadn't missed the folks, two soft arms slipped quickly around my neck, and "Oh, Billy!" cried Wylla as she kissed me impulsively, leaving a most satisfactory and at the same time a most disturbing sensation for a staid, satisfied bachelor like myself. "Now, come over and meet my school chum, Miss Roberts. Ella, meet my assistant daddy, Mr. Walker. Miss Roberts is one her way home too, Billy, but we've induced her to stay over a few days with us."

I asserted my pleasure at meeting her, and we started home. Wylla explained that Miss Roberts had been her room-mate for the past two years; she had been working in this time for her M.A., and now she was going home to teach, thirty miles from here.

It hadn't exactly pleased me to have this girl coming home with Wylla, for we three had been together so long that an outsider was not always at ease with us. And yet this one did not affect me the way most of these flip schoolgirls do, although she had a generous streak of fun in her nature, too. Miss Roberts was more talkative than Wylla, and she must have been older by several years; she had a frank, sensible face and a really delightful smile. So many of these women smile by formula! After talking with her, I could see where Wylla had shown good judgment.

But I mustn't forget to tell of the new Wylla Tom and I had! She was tall and slim, like her mother, but the strong jaw and deep eyes were unmistakably her dad's. Tom could have asked no better child to fill the void left by Grace's death than this sweet, strong girl. Summer evenings, when the air was chilled, we would have a fire in the den. Ella Roberts and I sat on the great divan, but Tom stuck close to that old morris chair you see by the south window, and Wylla liked to perch on the broad arm, her head close to her dad's, so that the wealth of black strands, glowing in the occasional flares of the logs, pushed the straggling grey hairs in every direction. It sounds like a scene from a novel, doesn't it? But this was better, and I'll never forget the charm of those quiet evenings. Our visitor, Ella, might well have been one of the family, so well she fitted in.

Ella went home after three pleasant weeks, and she made Wylla promise to visit her soon. She was a fine friend for our girl, and I was sorry to see her leave, principally because I thought Wylla would get lonesome for younger folks, although of course I liked to talk with Ella myself. She had some mighty good thoughts for a person that had not seen much of the world. It was certainly satisfying to talk with her after hearing the chatter of some of the school girls. But that satisfaction

would have exhausted itself when I knew her better!

Tom and I needn't have worried about our Princess Wylla being lonesome. Inside a month the subjects were flocking to her royal reception room, that is, the front porch or the parlor, proffering their modern interpretations of frankincense and myrrh, and asking frequent audiences. The first to swear allegiance was an acquaintance of Wylla's high school days, George Blake. He was closely seconded by Frank Weston, and then came a bunch of nondescripts that found short favor under the absolute monarchy maintained by the Princess of Whitely.

"Let her have her time, Bill," said Tom slowly, when it looked to me as if Wylla had lost sight of her family in the new whirl of dances and parties, and I said so. "She's never been out much around here, and it's all life. Perhaps a strong draught of social life will sicken her of it, and she will enjoy us the better." He stared straight at the ceiling a moment, then back at me. "Wylla is a woman now, and sooner or later we'll lose her to some other man; we're bound to. But Wylla may pick whom she wishes without my supervision. She has a good mind, and if she wants to be left alone in this, as she probably will, I shan't interfere. If she comes to me of course I'll do all I can. But let's not worry yet, anyway." That was all.

Now, this house was Tom's, and Wylla his daughter, but in spite of that I felt Tom's policy was a blunder. Girls forget their good sense when a good-looking man makes a fuss over them, and I knew the fur would fly to no avail when Wylla had decided on one definite person. I've seen too much of the Whitely mind in action to be fooled there; yes, indeed!

Well, do you know, it began to look as if things would happen right off the bat! Within another month Wylla had cut the squad until only Blake and Weston were in

the running; I'll try to give you an idea of these lads.

Frank Weston was my ideal of a husband for Wylla. He was heavy set, had a good strong face, and he worshipped Wylla if anyone ever did. Frank held a comfortable place in his father's bolt factory south of here on Crescent avenue; but his duties couldn't have been very confining, for he usually managed to drop around every other day with his roadster and take Wylla for long rides. He was a fascinating talker, never tiresome, and one was bound to like him. I had known his father for years—perhaps that influenced me—but Frank was my man every time.

I hadn't much use for Blake, although I suppose he could be decent enough. He was built lighter than Frank, and he lacked Frank's confident bearing; he said very little, but sometimes I had a sneaking notion that he thought more than he gave utterance to. Wylla said he did work for the magazines; I guess he was too frail for any other job. However, Wylla seemed to enjoy having him around, and he was glad enough to come, so what was it to me?

I was sitting in Tom's big chair early one evening; 'twas while Tom was taking in the Bankers' Convention at Springfield. I heard the front door click sharply, then quick steps in back of me and a flushed, very breathless Wylla dropped at my feet and was crying softly, her head hidden in her arms against my knee. "What's wrong, girlie?" I asked, moving one arm and pushing the rumpled hair away from her eyes. She raised her wet, hot face and stared into the fireplace as she said simply,

"Frank just proposed to me."

"Well?" I asked encouragingly.

"I told him 'No' ", and the poor kid broke down again.

This was a pretty fix! I smoothed the bent head, awkwardly enough, I guess, but the storm was as short as it was violent, and Wylla was soon calm again. Then I asked gently, "Why, dear?"

"I don't like Frank that way. He's a good friend, but can't he stay as such? Frank doesn't really want to marry, though he thinks he does. He'd discover it afterward." She stood up and made a brave attempt to smile as she tucked in the stray locks. "Remember, Billy;" she put one finger on her lips for silence and was gone.

Next week Wylla went down to Carthage to visit Ella Roberts, so our house was short of visitors. I saw Frank Weston taking Ed Sheldon's girl for a little spin, and I must say he didn't look nor act like a jilted man. I guess he was trying to keep up appearances. Blake didn't show up at all, but he may have been hiking out nights to get ideas for writing. I always thought he was behind in ideas of his own!

Wylla's innocent trip to Carthage completely annihilated my plans. That kid of ours came home engaged to George Blake! It seems that his real home was in Carthage, although I'd never known it. He was taking a little vacation with his folks, and Wylla still maintains that he didn't know she was coming to the Roberts'. However it was, he made the most of her visit, and two happy young people came home to ask dad's sanction. Of course they got it.

I felt as if the whole thing were a big, horrible mistake. Something in Blake, Heaven knows what, had appealed to Wylla, and for that she had given up a man like Weston; no doubt she'd wonder later why she ever did such a thing. It was just what I had been afraid of, and I was disgusted with everyone, including myself. Why hadn't I been bolder with my opinion? Well, why hadn't she been slower in chucking Weston, or in accepting Blake? Good Lord!

Wylla was radiantly happy, and I said nothing to put any doubts in her mind. They were incessantly together, and he really seemed more manly to me than ever before. But when Ella came over for the wedding I cornered her and tried to quiz

her a little. She was a clever talker, all right; she hardly said anything, but before I realized I was telling her what my plan for Wylla had been. She laughed in that enjoyable way of hers, and motioned me to sit by her on the window-seat; thereupon she proceeded to dissect my little scheme and throw away the pieces.

"Your plan was workable in a limited way, Billy, but you forgot a big factor—Wylla. A girl's likes and dislikes may sometimes seem illogical, but to balance that she usually has a remarkable sense of intuition. Wylla never would have married Weston; she told me that she instinctively turned him down, without any very strong reason, and I was thankful she stuck by her decision. She loves George, and she'll be happy with him, as any good woman is with the man she loves and marries. Could your scheme do more than that? Now I must run along," and she was upstairs before I could even answer. Say, she's what I call an exceptionally fine, sensible girl. What was I kicking about? Things are better now than I could have

fixed them. Yes, and she called me Billy! Hmm! Why couldn't I have known her five years ago?

Wylla and George had a quiet, sweet wedding, the kind of affair she always appeared to advantage in. When they were boarding the train for the Coast, she smiled quizzically and said to me, "Be good, Billy!" Funny!

It wasn't the exciting story you expected, now was it? But Wylla claims I'm backsliding, and that the story is only half told. There really isn't much more, though. With Wylla gone I realized that I was actually lonesome, for she had been the life of the house. So I took a little trip to Carthage last month during my vacation time, and talked things over with Ella Roberts. With her usual intelligence she saw what I lacked to make life livable. I already knew that, but I also knew that she filled the bill to a T, and before she had time to think, she had just naturally answered "Yes." That's all, and we'll be mighty glad to have you drop in as soon as the furniture comes.

ADD FAMOUS COMEBACKS

EDITOR'S NOTE—This actual experience of an Illinois alumnus of whom even the youngest freshman has probably heard, is a real human document. And in addition to being very readable, it has a genuine message for that other half which struggles under big odds and for the freshman who can now avoid the necessity of having to "come back".

FOUR years ago last June my parents in a little Ohio town received a note, written on the best stationery of the Council of Administration, which began: "I am very sorry to inform you....." You know the kind.

After two years of work—a misnomer (attendance would be a better word)—I was relegated to the discard by the University as a mental misfit, an incompetent, one not justifying the expenditure of money and educational effort on the part

of the state of Illinois and its servants on the faculty.

Nothing, I think, ever hurt those folks of mine quite so much as that notification that I was mentally below par, with no takers at that. Even my father who had disapproved of my selection of a school and of an agricultural course found no joy in an "I told you so." I think he had hoped that I would sew his judgment up and prove that he was mistaken.

It mattered only a little to dad that I had wasted almost enough money to buy the five-acre truck farm on the edge of town, which he had wanted for so long. He could stick to the store for a couple of years more. What was important was

that I had frivoled away two years of unrivaled opportunity, taken, according to common standards, from the choicest part of my life. I was no more able to reach real success than I had been when I graduated from high school; in fact two years of idleness had taken away much of the stamina that I came to college with.

And now for the pleasanter story. A year ago last June those parents of mine came from Ohio, spent a wonderful three days on the campus which I had enjoyed for four years and saw me pass, with hundreds of others, across sixty feet of stage to receive the roll of parchment which was my pardon for the two wasted years and the reward of two very active ones; the canceled note of the "For value received for which I promise to pay....." which I was so late in redeeming.

There is the beginning and the climax of my story; here is the end, so far, at least, as I know it now:

There is one payment made on that five acres and a younger brother has joined the ranks of Illini, mostly because I am able to foot a part of the bills. What happened between the apparent close of my college days and the real end is to me a great romance. To others it is probably only a little human interest story. But if there is anything to be learned from that human interest story, here it is and I shall be glad if it helps.

Maybe the young brother will see it and know *why* he is at Illinois, in addition to *how*. And besides, this is the first time the story has been told. Those few who know the real truth of the two worth-while years know it only from what they have casually observed, and that is only the small part.

My last two years at Illinois were, to me, a tremendous success. Writing anonymously I think I may be able to prove this and to say a few things which will indicate that the lot and the draw of men who combine earning with learning need

not be grim, uncolored or unsuccessful.

I landed at school in the fall after I had decided to "come back," with eleven dollars, (stalling the University off for my tuition and getting books charged), decent enough clothes, a bad rep with every dean and professor I knew and a mighty and righteous determination to see things through. I was going to graduate and do it creditably; I was going to do it on my own money and it was going to be a joyous experience. In this last determination lay my salvation, although at the time I could not have called it much more than a proud and selfish ambition.

I had seen too many men who were working as I intended to do, go through school, apparently oblivious of their surroundings, acquiring no training other than from their classes and hard work, knowing few people, ignorant of social pleasures and refinement, warped and shriveled collegians for whom one had more pity than admiration; with whom I could not bring myself to be classed, mostly because I felt it unnecessary. There would be no constant friction between my nose and the grindstone. Do not understand that I wished to be a butterfly, a campus idol, or to repeat my experiences of the first two years. I simply wanted some of that training that is supposed to accompany a University education.

I got it. I left school well known. I think I could call fifteen hundred men by name; I knew hundreds more, though less intimately. Two of my best friends were professors whom I deliberately cultivated in an effort to make them reverse their early decisions of me. I succeeded: they both told me so voluntarily. I held a rather important student activity office during the second semester of my junior year. I did a little in dramatics and athletics, I was made a member of one of the leading fraternities late in my junior year. The fraternity membership was an *ex post facto* honor? Let it be that. There is a

deal more satisfaction in convincing a fraternity that one is worth-while, than in being taken on suspicion of potential possibilities as a freshman.

I fussed a little—in fact during those two years I cultivated the friendship of the Illinois girl I am to marry in another year. I went to dances, not as much as I formerly had, but a little, and to occasional formals. I saw most of the games, I took in those that I could of the better entertainments and concerts offered. I enjoyed lectures and recitals whenever I had the time.

And—most creditable of all—I passed my work and graduated with reasonable credit. That was my idea of a well balanced college course; that is what I went after and what I achieved.

I did it of course on my own resources. After the colossal failure I had made, I would have been a weakling to have accepted anything from home. They did my laundry for me, paying the postage one way, and sent me ten dollars every Christmas and birthday.

How did I do it? That is a mere detail; I couldn't enumerate the economies I employed or the varied sources of income. I have purposely left stamps off of letters and let the friend at the other end of the line curse my carelessness, to save the last of my pile until I had another pay day. I have sold old papers and junk to the junk man and pennants and magazine subscriptions to students. I have put in many an hour doing clerical work for the University and I have dressed up information in new bulletins of the College of Agriculture into readable articles for farm papers—considerable achievement. I worked summer and winter, never taking a vacation,

never going home. I attended both summer schools to make up for past failures.

I have never waited on tables—it doesn't pay—and you don't have to do it if you have reasonable accomplishments and initiative; with these acquirements you can get something which will be more pleasant and more profitable. I chose jobs which were as interesting as possible and where the time required was not excessive. I think I did not average less than thirty-five cents an hour for the work I did. The magazine work lifted the average considerably, but I tried never to work for less than the conventional two bits. The largest source of income was a straight fifteen dollar a month job. I don't tell you what that was; the kid brother has it now and he needs it.

So you see it wasn't so bad. Of course I could make you pity me if I should tell you of many petty economies, many things I gave up and many discouraged hours I put in, but I want you to feel the way I feel about it. It was a glorious experience—as I see it now—although there were black spots then, occasionally.

And was it worth it all? Is it worth while to redeem one's self in the eyes of the best folks in the world; to command some respect from skeptical deans and professors; to be a prominent alumnus of the University of Illinois—the alumni quarterly has called me that—? And what about jumping from a fifty-five dollar a month job to a hundred and five dollar position in two years?

And although it is uncomfortable and unfortunate to have slipped and to have failed, there's a world of satisfaction in being able to come back and score in the last quarter.



*The Third of
A Series of Photographs
of Faculty Homes*



*The Home of Prof. Harry G. Paul
713 West Oregon St.
Urbana*





Simple and dignified in design and furnishing, the home of Professor Harry G. Paul, 713 West Illinois street, Urbana, stands as probably the best example of pure colonial architecture in the Twin Cities. From the charming little formal entrance porch at the front, to the bright sun room overlooking the hedge-enclosed garden at the rear, the house breathes absolute fidelity to the best tradition in design and furnishings.

The living room occupying the entire west side of the house is in white enamel and mahogany and furnished in real colonial heirlooms. The walls are papered a light figured gray, in keeping with the design of the room. The fireplace, the most interesting detail of the room, is shown here.

The hall, shown above, is long and wide with a beautiful stair, a gate-legged table and a grandfather clock the features of interest. A glimpse of the sun room is seen beyond.

TWO YEARS HENCE

K. D. PULCIPHER

IF someone asked you to tell about Illinois in general and the University of Illinois in particular, you could probably regale your questioner for hours with the wealth and health, the fertility and productiveness, the wisdom and accomplishments of the Sucker state, but what would you do if someone asked you what Illinois meant?

The answer is all in what you just told about. Illinois has simply been living up to her reputation. It was indeed a formidable order when, years ago, Father Hennepin, who ought to know if anyone ever did, defined Illinois like this: "Illinois comes from the Indian Illini, signifying a complete, finished and perfect Man, imbued with the spirit and bravery of the men of every nation that ever lived."

And Illinois has lived up to the task set for her.

Two years hence Illinois will be 100 years old and her most notable child, the University of Illinois, will celebrate her own fiftieth birthday. Fifty years old! Insignificant beside the several hundred anniversaries already passed by Harvard and Yale, perhaps.—but what a record, even at fifty.

"Imbued with the spirit of every nation!" That is typically Illinois. Every year somebody takes the trouble to count up the number of Egyptians, Siamese, Assyrians and Lithuanians there are at the University, and then we realize that the scope of Illinois is more than that of a mere state university.

The history of the University is a tale of hardship and uncertainty oftentimes, but progress withal. Even yet we can see the line around old Uni Hall, just above the first story, where Illinois Loyalty once failed—the only time on record,—the time

when funds gave out and the half-built structure was covered with boards and tarpaulin so that classes could be held in the completed rooms.

And now we are preparing to celebrate the semi-centennial anniversary of that cosmopolitan institution, a world-university, the gift of Illinois to the universe. Two years from this fall, the greatest Homecoming in history will be the siren call that will bring the University's sons and daughters back to the old hunting ground. One loyal son came back this year from Alaska, another was here from China, but in the fall of 1918, hundreds of Illinois' strong men will flock to the campus from the four corners of the earth.

Ordinary Homecomings will pale into the insignificance of a puppet show before the grandeur and scope of a three-day semi-centennial celebration that will mark the fiftieth milestone in the path of progress. Three days of pageantry, assemblies, parades and convocations! Even Zuppke's twentieth century Indians, famous for gridiron surprise attacks and nerve-racking football battles, will lose something of their attraction before the greater realization of the birthday of our Alma Mater.

It is only a happen-so that the semi-centennial of the University and the centennial of the state fall in the same year. The semi-centennial celebration of the University will be a strictly University affair, however, although some of the features may bear on the state anniversary as well. Centennial celebrations are already being planned over the state but the University wants something of its own.

So on October 18, 19 and 20, 1918, the University will celebrate her semi-centennial anniversary. The usual annual Home-

coming will be dispensed with that fall. In its stead, grads and undergrads will gather in reverence and honor to their Alma Mater.

The life history of Illinois reads like a fairy tale, from the days of Robert Cavalier, Sieur de La Salle, Henry de Tonty and Father Marquette to the era of Marshall Field, J. Ham Lewis, Edmund J. James, Lorado Taft and scores of other explorers and apostles in modern wildernesses.

The exact date of the opening of the University was March 11, 1868, but the celebration promoters decided that a better time for holding the festival could be found in the fall. Already tentative plans have been worked out by the general semi-centennial celebration committee, which is headed by Professor H. J. Barton. Associated with him in the supervisory work are Professors E. B. Greene, W. G. Hale, J. C. Blair, C. R. Richards and H. L. Rietz. Their co-operation will mean the staging of the biggest celebration that the University has ever seen, a celebration which will emulate a half-century of progress in learning and labor.

There is an easy way to find that record if you want to look it up. All the forgotten professors of unknown departments, all the obscure appropriations, all the acts of state legislatures, all the minutes of councils of administration and discipline committees are to be found recorded somewhere. Stack them all up together and you have a mausoleum of fascinating facts.

Such records may probably be found back in a corner of the 167th stack in the 17th aisle on the fourth floor of the Library, but nobody wants to bother to hunt them up. So the tale of Illinois will be told in pageantry without any dusty folios or yellowed statistics.

The committee has not yet decided just what sort of a pageant will be held. Just how many minutes of each day will be occupied in depicting the growth of the

University is a matter of detail; the committee will hire an expert to look after that. Already several pageant-masters have been in conference with members of the committee and negotiations are now being carried on with various directors of note who have successfully staged huge productions of a similar nature elsewhere. When the director is selected, he will make an intensive study of the University, he will come to the University to live, he will breathe the atmosphere, he will be saturated with Illinois, and from the depth of his study will come the nucleus of the pageant history. The breath of Illinois will instill life into its mechanical form and it will scintillate with the splendor of rigorous health. The "spirit and bravery" of the "strong man."

Last spring the University witnessed a pageant on Illinois Field, this fall Yale saw a mighty celebration in the Yale Bowl, but the Illinois semi-centennial will have no such back-ground. Wooden or concrete bleachers may be suitable surroundings for feats of athletic prowess, but the rise of an educational monument should be depicted against the stately surroundings which it symbolizes. The columned facade of the Woman's building, the memorial tablets of Lincoln Hall, the tenement house fire escapes of University Hall and the stone pillars of the Auditorium, then, will form a back-ground for the history of Illinois in pageantry. The campus quadrangle will see something more than the unfamiliar gown of the Senior and the master's garb of the philologist—it will see the copper-skinned Illini, the black-robed Jesuit, the gallant Frenchman and it will see the whole succession of human cogs that have turned the wheel of state, about which revolved the belt that has urged on the University machinery in the work which it was to accomplish.

Then there will be the clash between the modern football Indians and the Stagmen from the Northland, for two years

hence the tribe from the banks of the great waters will again invade the plains of the Illini. And there will be many, many pow-wows, many, many councils where chieftains will smoke the pipe of peace and plenty with their sons. And there will be war-dances and games and a great feast of thanksgiving to the Great Spirit who has guided the footsteps of the Illini through fifty years of progress and accomplishment.

But not the least event in this semi-centennial Homecoming will be the sagacious words of advice which will be dealt out by the older chief to the young bucks. The committee in charge is planning to send out invitations to noted educators the world over, urging them to gather in the interest of this great cosmopolitan university. Convocations and conferences will bring speakers of international reputation to the campus at Illinois. The celebration will mark the gathering of one of the greatest conclaves of educators in the world, if the hopes of the committee are realized.

Yet in all this presentation of scholarly attainment, Illinois herself is not to be omitted. She has contributed her share to the world's storehouse of wisdom, and on the occasion of her fiftieth anniversary Illinois will make her most auspicious gift to the world. A series of learned and scholarly works, such as has never been assembled heretofore in the land of the Illini, will be brought forth on this occasion. And aside from this notable series, numerous independent works, among which is an exhaustive history of the University, will be in readiness to appear simultaneously with the advent of the semi-centennial.

Planning such a celebration is a big task, of course. What has already been outlined is but the beginning of the work that rests upon the shoulders of the general committee. Under its direction, how-

ever, various sub-committees will be the means of assembling the whole. And when the whole is assembled, Illinois wants all her sons and daughters to see it. The Homecoming call is sounded yearly, but in 1918 it will be different, so a special committee of persuaders will entice the whole scattered tribe back to the land of peace and plenty, that they may bask in the warmth of the old camp fire. At the head of this scouting party in charge of seeking the straying ones, will be George Russell Carr, '01, of Chicago. A committee representing the four corners of the country will assist him in the assembling of the tribe and 1918 should witness the accomplishment of the dreams of Illinois Union presidents for years past—the GREATEST Homecoming, and (don't say it out loud) perhaps even a Union Building.

So Illinois is planning her golden wedding anniversary. Fifty years of a union of labor and learning with the state have brought a marvellous result.

The story of the growth of Illinois is a miraculous thing and so, with the edifices of education as our back-ground, we will look upon the symbolic history of the University of Illinois against the slabs in memoriam of that great educator of humanity. There will be new inspiration in the memory of Abraham Lincoln, the man who signed the bill that made possible the University of Illinois. Perhaps it is that memory that has made the University go always forward, never backward. And perhaps the attitude of service to the state, the attitude of service to the world, is merely the reflection of the idea that there broods over Illinois the spirit of a certain tall, gaunt man; a man with sad and tender eyes; a man more vitally alive, though long dead, than any man living today. He, indeed, was the emulation of the "complete, finished and perfect Man". It is his spirit that Illinois follows today and the semi-centennial of that spirit that she will celebrate two years hence.

LOOKING BACKWARD

WE see certain circular contortions of dope; we see certain surprises, both pleasant and disappointing; we see certain new figures appearing and certain old ones passing—in considering the 1916 football season in retrospect.

In the Big Nine Conference there were some shake-ups in the ratings of the constituent colleges insofar as athletics is concerned. Northwestern, a school that has never had a Conference championship football team nor claimed any kind of a flag since 1892, is a contender for the Big Nine supremacy, only to be beaten out in the final struggle by Ohio, the youngster team of the group. Minnesota, heralded as the fastest football aggregation the West has seen in a decade, fails to deliver against Illinois in a somewhat freakish game — from the Gopher viewpoint. Stagg's team plays in erratic style, a criticism which might be applied to Illinois in a certain measure. Doctor Withington beats Chicago by 30 points and ties Illinois, and yet gives Minnesota a lead of 54 points on a shut-out fiasco. Illinois loses to Ohio and Chicago but beats Minnesota, whose team has previously beaten Iowa overwhelmingly and Iowa has beaten Purdue. And Illinois beats Purdue. Dope, Dope, and there is no dope!

The bucket was also lop-sided in the East. Yale came up from behind and beat the Crimson for the first time in seven years. Tad Jones, a new head coach, although scarcely unfamiliar with Eli tactics, wrought a revival of Yale strength which the so-called peerless Haughton failed to out-guess. Predictions on the Yale-Harvard game can be based on only one thing, and that is the relative success of the respective teams against Princeton. In other games the substitute line-ups represent the big schools, for fear that some

Horween, Casey, Black, or Legore might be injured. This willingness to lose the minor games is rather beyond the understanding of followers of the Big Nine, but the situation is so vastly different in the East. The fans have been educated into discounting the scores which minor colleges run up on Yale and Harvard. Westerners can't swallow their pride to that extent.

It is doubtful if there is a team in the East that can beat Pittsburg. Glenn Warner, whose name will always be connected with old Cornell victories and with Carlisle teams, went to Pittsburg two years ago. He was undefeated last season, and he has glued that university to the football map. Pittsburg doesn't have a chance to play against the first string of Yale and Harvard, but this may be explained by more than one reason.

Withington looked as if he were going to put out a winning team when his Badgers beat Chicago 30 to 0. Few followers expected him to give the Harvard system so thoroughly in the first season that he could resist the time-honored wiles of Stagg. Of course the Ohio and Minnesota games didn't support the new theory and Withington is not without enemies. He has been criticised for sending his team to Columbus while he witnessed the Minnesota-Illinois contest. He might have been able to win the game from the Buckeyes—the score was 14-13. There is some question, however, as to whether Withington should be subjected to censure on that point. From among his staff of assistants, which includes Soucy, Doherty and King—a trio of Crimson stars—he should be able to pick someone who is capable of making substitutions during a game. If he doesn't instruct the substitutes when they go into the line-up any more than

Zuppke does, his direction from the bench would not be missed much either, but the council between halves might be more valuable if the chief coach were on the job. And then there is the morale which is created by the absence of the head coach—the nucleus of the team and of the play. Withington is probably duly penitent, and it will be unfortunate if the Badger followers harbor any ill-feeling on the matter.

Howard Jones, the new coach at Iowa, is a brother of Tad, of Yale. He has a 68 point shut-out from Minnesota against his record, but Chicago and Wisconsin, with 49 and 54, are almost as bad. If Howard can do as much for Iowa as Tad has done for Yale, the Jones brothers will be remembered for a long, long time.

Ewald Stiehm's best showing in his first year at Indiana was made against the mighty Tufts aggregation. The easterners won from Harvard earlier in the season, and Indiana held them to a 10-12 score at Indianapolis. The personnel of the Tufts team in the two games must, of course, be considered. Stiehm's record at Nebraska is all in his favor. During the five years in which he coached the Cornhuskers he was defeated twice. Minnesota won from him in the first two seasons of his administration at Lincoln.

The season started in a blaze for Illinois when Kansas was defeated by a 30-0 score. The Jayhawkers were billed to give the Zupmen a better fight than the usual early games afford, and when the score was counted over, the hopes of the Illinois rooters ascended again. Many people predicted that in spite of the loss of Pogue, Clark, Watson, Squier and Brenneman—the biggest constellation of football stars that ever left Illinois at one time—Zuppke would turn out a championship eleven. Perhaps few of these people realized what a miracle they were calling upon their coach to perform. At any rate the Kansas game made everyone feel better.

Colgate's victory didn't bring so much

grief to Illinois. Anyone who knows the status of Colgate in eastern football and the conditions and rules under which the squad is handled must expect Illinois to be handicapped. The easterners played a wonderful game and their additional weeks of coaching were what won the contest for them. Members of the Colgate squad say that Illinois would probably have beaten them if the latter had been given two weeks more practice.

Some of us have not yet succeeded in convincing ourselves that Ohio State should have won from Illinois. The Buckeyes were visibly outplayed through three periods, only to win in the last few minutes of the struggle. As was the case in the other games on Illinois Field, the breaks went to the visitors—probably not entirely out of courtesy, however. Considerable comment might also be made on the direction of the play during Ohio's final smash at the end of the game. If Ohio had been the same distance from the Illinois goal in an earlier stage of the last period, Wilce might not have felt free to send a new man in for every play. We have no way of knowing, but from appearances it is apparent that the Buckeye attack during the last few minutes was directed from the bench through the messengers who relieved the regular line-up on the field. This is, of course, perfectly legitimate, but certain coaches do not make use of it. Zuppke, for instance, says, "Let them fight it out on the field." This feature of the Ohio play is not to be severely criticised but it doesn't appeal to Illinois fans.

Ohio's schedule did not include Chicago or Minnesota, so perhaps the Buckeyes did not have to play the best team in the Conference. Minnesota's record isn't spotless, by virtue of a famous upset of the dope can, but Minnesota might have beaten Ohio. Nevertheless, the best recommendation any team can present in bidding for a championship is a record which does not show a defeat, and for that reason the

right of the Ohioans to claim the Big Nine flag must go unchallenged.

The Purdue excursion was satisfactory to Illinois in every respect. O'Donnell is now carrying on a campaign among Purdue alumni to attract more good athletic talent to the Boilermaker school. O'Donnell's record is not so bad for his first year, although he was beaten by Iowa, also coached by a new man.

Zuppke outguessed Williams in the Minnesota-Illinois game. Minnesota expected to literally run away with the score. The 1915 championship was still undecided. Williams had a squad of veterans from which to develop a team which should have been superior to his 1915 gang. But Illinois went up there—not beaten—but champing for a fight. When the final whistle blew there had been one of the most sensational reverses of dope that football fans have seen in some time. One of the effects of that memorable game will be that there will never again be any betting at long odds.

The Homecoming contest was a disappointment to the Homecomers especially. The Illinois eleven did not play up to form. Minnesota's defeat had fired the old grads with more enthusiasm than ever, and to see their own team beaten by the ancient foe from the Midway was little short of awful. It was an "off" day for Illinois and an "on" day for Chicago.

To Mr. Stagg must be given the credit. Many critics say that he has comparatively inferior material and that he must always supply the deficiency himself. His creative powers were certainly taxed this year. Even in the Carleton College game the Maroons failed to win after showing every thing they had. Again after the Northwestern game the Old Man was compelled to devise new formations for his team. In every game Chicago gave up her entire repertoire to win. Although the Maroon team cannot boast of a marvelous record for the season, the coach certainly

deserves some praise for being able to keep his squad supplied with plays.

The Madison game brought forth nothing. The condition of the field lowered both teams to such a degree of inefficiency that neither could show its merit. The ball was in Wisconsin territory almost all of the time, but the mud kept the backs from getting under way and from evading the tacklers. Illinois made first down five times as often as Wisconsin, and yet the score was a blank tie.

The Illinois season has shown certain features which are new to most of the present student population. Never before during the Zuppke regime has the play centered around one man to such an extent. When there was a Pogue there was also a Clark and a Shobinger. To Potsy must be given the credit of directing a wonderful series of games, but he was not required to execute them single-handed to the extent that Macomber was this year. Bart's position is primarily at half-back, where his talents show best. As a quarterback he may not have been the equal of Clark, but as a general football player there can be no question about his value. All during the season the team was playing around Bart. Without him it is hard to say what the Illinois record would have been. Luck has also been on Bart's calling list. Clark had a broken jaw and various other injuries; Pogue's ankle bothered last season; and in the case of other star players we find them out of the game occasionally, but Macomber's record shows that he has been almost immune from serious injury.

The team will lose Stewart, Ross, Petty, Nelson, Strauch, Anderson and Macomber by graduation. The freshman varsity will have to make up for the loss of these men and to what extent they will help out is, as always, quite a question. Jones has little opportunity to develop any individual players while he has them in charge, so he cannot predict brilliant futures for any of his freshmen.

We Hand It To—



CAPTAIN THOMAS J. SMITH

Because as a young retired captain of the Union army, as a newly-established lawyer, as a trustee and as a citizen, he has been an ever interested friend of the University; because his recent gift of a quarter of a million dollars for the Tina Weedon Smith Memorial Music Hall is the first great gift of a citizen of Illinois to his state through the University and because he is the first to hope that some other friend with a newer and more handsome gift, may soon make it necessary to qualify his honored title of Illinois' greatest benefactor by the prefixing of the words "one of."

ALBERT AUSTIN HARDING

Because he didn't let a degree in engineering interfere with his desire to be a musician and because stress of teaching and directing couldn't prevent him from taking his degree in music at the old school; because he knows what to play and when not to play it and because the University of Illinois never had a greater advertisement than that "greatest college band in America."



We Hand It To—

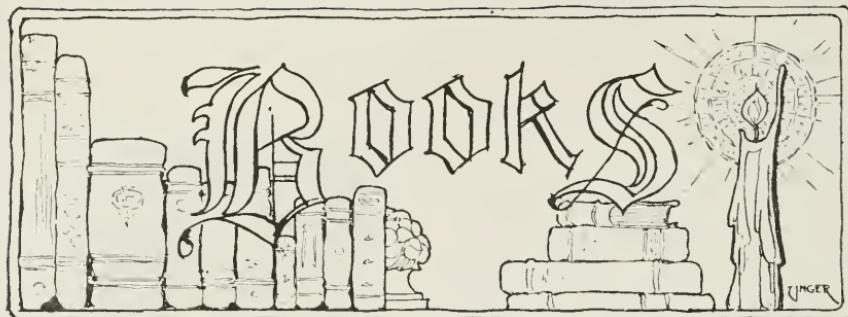
JUSTUS WATSON FOLSOM

Because he's just "Doc" to everyone on the campus; because in him we find that rare combination—a good teacher and a good fellow; because we like his songs; because he rides a motorcycle and because there is no more popular man or profound scholar on the faculty of the University of Illinois.



CHARLES M. McCONN

Because he's the quiet power behind a big mahogany desk and a row of push-buttons, directing the activities of that important department of the University's work — the Registrar's office; because he has clipped several thousand dollars off the University's expense budget with his time-table system of registration, which has every other school in the country beat—hospital reports notwithstanding—and because he will probably go himself one better sometime and do it again.



A new phase of Rabindranath Tagore's versatile genius is revealed to the American public for the first time as the poet and dramatist appears in the role of short story writer. The volume of stories recently translated and published gives us a vivid glimpse of Indian life and thought. But since Tagore wrote them first for his own people and not for foreigners, there is no strained attempt to make them reek with "Indian atmosphere". The background, however interesting, remains background; and the stories depend for their chief interest upon the simple directness of the narration, and upon powerful character delineation. Excepting for the casual mention of "jingling anklets" and "caste" and "sandal paste", the scene of the stories might be laid anywhere, so universal are their themes. *The Homecoming*, a story of a homesick fourteen-year-old boy, is as true of Tom Jones as of Phatik. And in *The Babus of Nayanjore*, one of the cleverest of narrative portraits, we see a type of "decayed gentleman" known throughout the world. The only one of the stories which could properly be called an "atmosphere" story is *The Hungry Stones*, (under which title the volume appears) which pictures with consummate art the irresistible romantic appeal of an ancient and deserted pleasure palace.

New York, Macmillan, \$1.35.

—C. N.

H. G. Wells has added another to his list of truly notable war books in *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*. Just as he prophesied a remarkable forecast of the great European war in *What is Coming?*, he gives us a remarkable picture of what did come in *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*. But it is not a tale of horrible conditions at the front; it is the story of a deplorable condition at home and how Mr. Britling and his family made an intellectual discovery of God.

"Religion is the first thing and the last thing, and until a man has found God and has been found by God, he begins at no beginning, he works to no end." That was Mr. Britling's conviction as a result of the war, expressed in his own words.

The scene of the book is laid in a typical English country home, "Matching's Easy". Here we see Mr. Britling, who is a writer, and his family at work and at play. We discover the inner life, a comfortable paganism, with no thought of God. And the situation is again typical—the feeling that religion is a thing of restraints until the bloody paw of war wipes out that comfortable existence. The war comes. The things on which life had been built are swept away. We see the typical changes in social and economic life. Then, in the great crisis of life, men turn to God.

Mr. Britling's letter to the German father of Heinrich is a wonderful document of human interest that shows a deep-

er realization of the meaning of war than the mere loss of life and the destruction of property. War means that "the whole fabric of our civilization" is being destroyed.—K. D. P.

Macmillan, New York, 1916. (\$1.50)

In the preparation of *Poems of The Great War*, an anthology of the best verses in English dealing with the vast struggle now raging in Europe, Professor J. W. Cunliffe of Columbia has done students of contemporary poetry a real service. Incidentally the volume is the best possible refutation of the general statements one so often hears to the effect that this war, unlike other wars, has utterly failed to inspire great poetry. The book contains approximately one hundred and fifty poems, no two of which are by the same author. English and American poems predominate but there is no lack of colonial verses. The Canadian, Australian, and native Indian poets, as Tagore, have each done their bit and some of the bits are by no means small from the literary standpoint. There are no translations and there is a decided pro-Ally tone throughout. One might wish that Harold Begbie's *Neutral?* had been omitted, for its sentiment is not pleasing to the average American and artistically it is not worth the candle. Joyce Kilmer's *The White Ships* and *The Red* and Edith Thomas' *Said Attila The Hun* are perhaps more partisan than one would wish, (both poets are American), yet there is enough art for justification. Taken all in all, however, when one reflects that the Belgian scholarship committee is in great part responsible for its appearance, the anthology has steered clear of propaganda in commendable fashion. People of intense pro-German sympathies are not apt to buy a book of English war poems just now, so there need be little fear of its giving offense to many of its readers. The subjective, highly personal note predominates in the great number of the poems just as it does in most of the prose work influ-

enced by the war. The humorous is not altogether lacking, although, as might be expected, there is a fine seriousness underlying even the lighter works. The value of Professor Cunliffe's work will doubtless grow with the passing of time and the development of a keener appreciation of all which this war means to literature and the other arts.—M. S. G.

Macmillan & Co., New York, 1916. (\$1.50).

The love of universal beauty and the joy of open country and the long road have found an intensely poetic interpretation in Vachel Lindsay's *Handy Guide for Beggars, (Especially Those of the Poetic Fraternity.)* It is a prose work, yet in poetic spirit and in sheer beauty of phrase and thought, it surpasses any poetry that Mr. Lindsay has written. There is a quality about it somewhat reminiscent of Stevenson's *Travels With a Donkey*; of Maurice Hewlett's *Open Country* and *Halfway House*, and of some of Kenneth Grahame's *Pagan Papers*. Yet all these are English, while a distinguishing Americanism pervades the *Handy Guide For Beggars*; a sort of broadness essentially of the New World. The book is not to be laid aside until finished when once opened by one in sympathy with Mr. Lindsay's worship of universal loveliness, a worship which, though in some degree pagan, is not carried to the extremes of Neo-Paganism; even for the Puritan he has an understanding and affectionate sympathy. The book is a chronicle of a tramping trip through the southeastern states and in New Jersey and Pennsylvania and the author swears to the verity of ninety-nine per cent of the incidents recorded. These are not marvelous in themselves, nor even unusual, but become transformed into tales from fairy-land through rare power of poetic interpretation. Whether it is of his experiences or of his dreams that Mr. Lindsay writes, of roads drying in the sun after

(Continued on page 140)

The Illinois Magazine

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HAZEN L. ALBAUGH - - - - - *Business Manager*

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BY THE RIGHT OF DISCOVERY—AND OTHER RIGHTS

There is satisfaction in the Council of Administration's decision that the annual post exam jubilee shall, as heretofore, be given under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, for there was much that savored of childishness in recent agitation to divert the profits of this production to the treasury of the Illinois Union.

To begin with, the jubilee is the Y's by right of discovery. We who as a student body periodically complain of Illinois' lack of traditions, should move slowly when an effort is made to outlaw another custom. If there is anything to the old sayings that "finder is keeper" and "possession is nine points etc.," then the Y. M. C. A. wins the first round.

Again, there is little in the argument these days that a place is "far away." South America, the land which is receiving five hundred dollars from the profits of the annual celebration, is not far away. Neither, for that matter, is China or Arabia or any other country that happens to take up space on the globe. Progress and war and a number of things have woven a new internationalism which the world is beginning to grasp. "Too far away" is a poor argument against giving. It falls especially flat in a university community.

The organization in question has not wished to embarrass the University, the recipient of the annual donation and others by correcting a number of inaccurate impressions which have been created during the small discussion recently precipitated. The fact of the matter is that no wealthy city in Brazil or Argentine or any other South American country has been receiving any of the thousand admission fees sent from here each February.

What is done is this: Willingly or unwillingly, as the case may be, Illinois has contributed this sum, not to equip swimming pools or dormitories in a marble building in a rich city, but to help support a missionary, a traveling missionary, in an almost forgotten little country of Montevideo. The missionary's salary is not exorbitant. He, a University man, is working there—has been working for years—on less salary than many men now in school are spending every college year. His work is not among the social elite of the country; it is with that other half which most people are willing to delegate to the care of someone else.

That is the work this man has been trying to carry on and in which Illinois has been contributing. It isn't a lot. Yale and Harvard and Princeton with their missions in foreign countries each provides for an entire staff, with teachers and medical missionaries. And find a Yale man who isn't proud of the work.

The Illinois Union needs a building. It will get a building and it will get it considerably quicker if no more illguided movements like this one are started in its behalf.

There are many policies of the Y. M. C. A., locally and universally, much more vulnerable to attack. Why step on the best thing the association does?

And while we are about it, just why is all this agitation against posters on suit-cases? Have we seniors so easily forgotten our first trip home? If there are any of you who did not take along at least one suit-case be-decked with posters you missed something that life was holding out to you free of charge. After all, the true Illini feel a strong pride in their University, and in themselves, since they are a part of it. Let's not be too hard on the under-classmen. By doing so, we are posting "stickers of superiority" all over ourselves. They enjoy it, and there is no real harm in the practice.



HOOFING IT AT PLATTSBURG

T. T. McEVOY

A little jolt, the train stopped, and we were on the government military reservation at Plattsburg. It was about 4:30 a. m., but the whole camp was astir with the incoming rookies. The regulars had been up since two o'clock preparing for us and before eleven of the same day five thousand business and college men had been fed, and had deposited their money with the government, and in return had received receipts for a month's board and their entire equipment. The necessities for a soldier's domestic life are simple, consisting of blankets, a cot, half a shelter tent, rifle, bayonet, cartridge box, pack carrier, pack, poncho, knife, fork, spoon, and meat can. By eleven that morning every man had also been assigned to a company and a tent and permanently settled for "thirty days".

After the rush of the morning one had a chance to rest and to consider his surroundings. The camp is situated in the most historic and picturesque section of northern New York. To the east is Lake Champlain, one of nature's play grounds, offering ideal opportunities for swimming and canoeing. Across the lake are the foothills of the beautiful Green Mountains of Vermont. On all sides as far as the eye can reach are dense woods and hills outcropping here and there, terminating in far-off mountains.

Everything bespoke history. Here was Fort Ticonderoga, made famous by Ethan Allen; here the Green Mountains of Vermont, renowned by Stark and Mollie Pitcher; here Lake Champlain which has filled history's pages since the discovery of America; here historic Lake George. Every little town had a monument to the men who fought during the Revolution, and it seemed indeed fitting that here, where our ancestors fought and died, the young and old of the country should gather to prepare themselves to defend the same country in case of an emergency.

It was interesting to note the various types of men who responded to the military impulse and to a desire to become efficient soldiers. Here was

a group of college men, all about twenty-two; there several millionaires; here the mayor of a great city, a big magnate, a small town grocer, a financier and perhaps ten of his clerks—they were all serving shoulder to shoulder in the ranks, each the other's equal.

The first day was merely a preparation for the month's work, that is, they let us rest, but the second day saw us well started at the bottom of the ladder with the fundamentals of military drill, a desire to become good soldiers, and a strict daily program.

The rookies' day began at 5:45 with



"Right Shoulder, Harms!"

first call with reveille at 5:55, when the day's program was announced. Mess followed soon at 6:25 and there was only time to get ready for the meal and get camp in shape for the day's work. After breakfast there was nothing to do until drill at 7:10 except make up the bunks, clean the guns, roll the packs and tidy up the temporary home.

Drill lasted until half an hour before mess. This little breathing space after the morning of strenuous drill or hiking was the time for a duck in the lake and a cool swim. After an hour's rest at noon, drill was again sounded and there were more marches and counter-marches and drills and formations until 4:30, when we rested until supper, with the exception of a half hour's final session with the guns just before the welcome call for grub.

In the evening there were lectures, usually given by Major General Wood. These talks were very interesting and included nearly every point which would come up in a soldier's career. At 8:15 we were again dismissed and at leisure until 9:30 when the Call to Quarters was sounded. We were supposed to be in our bunks and asleep at 10 when Taps sounded. It was a long and hard program for one day and every one was glad to curl up in a tent and be sound asleep when Taps was blown.

The first two weeks were devoted to the old familiar drills, the manual of arms, squad movements, facings and company maneuvers in the closed and open order.

Eight hours drill a day accomplished wonders and it was marvelous to see what shape the regular army officers whipped these absolutely untrained men into. The men who came as rookies two weeks before were now regular trained soldiers. The minute drill was over they went to their tents and read the drill regulations in order to brush up on the hazy points which were brought to their notice during the day. It was refreshing to note the deep interest in militarism shown by everyone and to realize the total lack of indifference. These grown men were as fascinated by the camp as a little boy with his first pet.

By the end of the second week we had accumulated quite a burden to be borne on our backs. The first day all we had was the rifle. Then the light pack, the blanket, and the remainder of our accoutrement was gradually added until we were carrying from fifty to sixty pounds of surplus weight on our shoulders. At the end of a ten mile hike the weight increased to a thousand pounds and was the cause of many a silent grumble. It was really the "White man's burden". The men who had become so soft during months and years of indoor work began to lose weight and become hard as nails. They marched like veterans. One man whom I remember

especially lost thirty pounds much to his pleasure as he tipped the scale at 250 the first day. The next few days were devoted to work on the rifle range with the heavy 30-30's. They kicked like a mule unless hugged tight



Nothing To Do 'Til Tomorrow

and then they acted like a pop gun. Illinois had an excellent record on the range with every man qualifying as a Marksman, most of them as Sharpshooters, and one as an Expert Rifleman. When we were at the range work it meant rising at 4:00 a. m. and no let up all day except for dinner. The ranges used were the 2, 3, 5. and 600 yard ranges which have the reputation of being the best in the country.

All this time the big chiefs had been consulting and now the route for the great hike was laid out, supplies purchased, and camps located. The first day we left Plattsburg in flat cars to gain experience in entraining. Five thousand men with all their equipment left the camp just as our regular troops did on their way to Mexico. It was an inspiring sight—over sixty flats loaded with cheering soldiers, their company colors waving, and in all respects in fit condition to reinforce the regulars against some enemy. After about twenty miles of travel we were detrained, had a three hour sham battle, drove the enemy off, and pitched our little pup tents. That night we slept on the hard ground with only several inches of straw beneath us. We again started the next morning at 4:00, had breakfast and were on the march by 5:00. From then on it was a big battle—fighting behind fences, rocks and trees. Now down in a ditch, now in a stream, now in the woods, and all this with an ever increasing hunger knawing, knawing, knawing. The sixty pound pack didn't

help matters any as far as comfort was concerned, either. That night we pitched camp as the hungriest crew of men that that section of the country had ever housed. For the next six days we fought, slept, ate, and swore in the rain. It didn't stop pouring for a minute of the time, but on the last day when we marched in final review before Major General Wood everything seemed at its best and there was not a man but hated to leave.

This was an experience for any man and gives him in one month the ideas, drill, and manhood that is drummed into the regular army in months of hard, hard toiling. It brings about the realization of what a wonderful organization our army has and also the fallacy in calling "We could raise a million men by sunset" a joke.

The government paid all the expenses for the camp, railroad fares, uniform, and everything else that went with the training.

The following men were at this camp from Illinois:

- J. T. Lewis, '17.
- M. B. Ware, '17.
- T. T. McEvoy, '17.
- J. R. Lindsey, '17.
- A. C. Ames, '17.
- E. R. Brigham, '18.
- L. Yeager, '18.
- Art Odell, '15.
- George Newell, '15.



WHY HAVE A CHRISTMAS VACATION?

*Here's One Good Reason; the Best We've
Found*

MARTIN L. STRAUS

FTER I had handed in an editorial cataloging and classifying the Council of Administration for giving us thirty-seven (count 'em) extra hours instead of the three or four days every one thought we were going to have for Christmas, the prof in charge of the course thought that an editorial advancing some really good reason for having any Christmas vacation at all, would be a timely subject. I therefore have endeavored to obtain an original undergraduate viewpoint on "Why Have a Christmas Vacation." I resolved that my answer should be snappy, succinct and to the point.

It is obvious that all undergraduates do not hold the same opinion upon the question. What, then, is the viewpoint of the majority? After many interviews with campus headlights and sidelights I began to think that my snappy, succinct to-the-point answer would be unattainable.

In reply to my oft-repeated question, "Why have a Christmas vacation," many answered, "Why to have a big time." Or, again, it might be a large-sized time or a great time, and once or twice blue profanity had to describe the particular brand of a time it would be. All true! But not original! I would keep away from the commonplaces.

Some insisted that the recess was a period of respite sent by the Gods as a sort of catching-up space before the final scramble of examinations. "I'll take my books home, get a lot of time to study, finish my term paper and get my notebook up." Poor deluded mortal. Was there

ever a vainer fancy than this foolish catching-up delusion which attacks us annually? I discard the reason; I would be truthful.

Others said "Mental relaxation." Bah! How few of us ever place enough of a tax on our minds during the college year to need mental relaxation? A hotel porter or a newsboy might have brain fever but who ever heard of students with that particular affliction? Anyway that answer is used in defense of playing golf, bridge and billiards. I would not imitate.

"Rest," replied many. Rest! Silly, when we know that the Christmas season is the busiest of the year, socially, at home and that we shall race from luncheons to dinners, from house parties to dances and back again and pull back into town, fagged out and useless for the first three days after that fatal January third.

Then there were many other trivial answers. But why be trivial? I would not.

I racked my brain for a succinct, snappy, to-the-point answer.

Foolish, of course, to try to make excuses for a Christmas vacation. Like all undergraduates I would go home, see the folks, the girl, dance, fuss, and have my own way.

Then the answer came to me. It was not commonplace; it was neither silly nor trivial; it was truthful and it did not imitate. It was the original undergraduate viewpoint.

Then I wrote my snappy succinct, to-the-point answer to the prof's query, "Why have a Christmas vacation?"

"Why to have one great big time."

THE MAN I WANT

This Article by a Prominent University Woman Has Been Awarded First Place in the Contest Opened to University Women for the Best Article on the Above Subject

HERE are few girls who would recognize their ideal men, if they were presented to them in person, for, while every girl has this ideal, she does not measure her likes and dislikes by it. Perfect men do not exist today, and in all probability we should ridicule them if they did. What a farce they would be! To know that wrong was impossible with them would be the height of monotony.

No, give me the man who is one, from top to toe, inside and out. He need not prove to me that he can swear, but I should like to believe that he could in case of necessity. I like to know that a man can protect himself from assault too, if necessary. The men who uselessly clutter up our campus with no other evident purpose than to smoke as much or fuss as much as anyone, and to get as many credits as possible without work, are depressing, uninteresting, impossible.

Many men have the mistaken idea that girls like inveterate fusers, because they have pleasing ways and a "good line". Only the other day I heard one co-ed remark:

"My, that man bores me!"

Whereupon her companion exclaimed:

"Why, I don't see how he can, he has such a 'good line'".

Well, I belong in the class with the first girl. I like to talk sense once in a while. For that reason I like to have a man compliment me by accrediting me with an understanding capable of grasping something besides the latest steps and good times.

I like to find a man who has a fine,

broad mind. Such a man has good thoughts. He reveres God. You never hear him speak slightingly of his parents, nor does he prove a poor investment on the money which someone else at the other end of the line is putting out. Many men at school, in order to keep up the pace, spend much more money than they should. Let them wait till they earn their own money. The pleasure will be the sweeter for having been postponed for a while, and the girl, if she is the right kind, will understand.

Men never forget the large forms of courtesy, but I like to see a man courteous in the smaller details. Everyone knows them, but because they are so easily omitted, it is believed that they are superfluous. True, their omission is usually not noticed, but for that very reason they stand out so much more prominently when they are done. Nothing is ever more pleasing to any girl than respect.

Ambition and initiative must be a natural part of my man's make up. It is surprising the number of men who seem to possess these qualities in an absolutely negative degree. By the time a man goes to college he should know what his life work is to be. All his plans and university activities should conform to this plan of his work. Who can help but have faith and confidence in him who has the "I will!" attitude, knowing all the time what he wants.

Good looks do not go very far when not in combination with neatness, while the latter gets on famously without the former. A man who does not respect him-

self enough to appear always at his best cannot interest me, and, unless I am mistaken, fails to measure up to the average University woman's ideal.

A soldier's uniform fascinates a girl only because of the neat, trim, and well-groomed look it gives a man.

The saving grace of modesty adds greatly to a man's desirability.

We women like to hear a man express his faith with confidence in the ability of woman, or, if it is not expressed, to know that the confidence is there. Sympathy is a rare quality in man; its rarity marks the man as few other attributes can.

Money, contrary to what most men be-

lieve, plays absolutely no part in most girls' judgment of men. There is the exception in this as in all other cases. It is character that counts. The years in college are character builders and what I like to see most of all in a man, is the outcropping of those things which indicate a good character formation.

The things I like in a man are not inherent, nor are they purchasable. They are free to him who desires them, and they are worth while developing, as I believe my opinion is not individual, but common to many. To desire a man to be a poor imitation of a woman is nonsensical, but to wish him to be a good man is sound reason.

 **O** encourage the writing of short stories and verse by the students of the University, the Illini Board of Trustees, publishers of *The Illinois Magazine*, have announced two prizes to be known as the "Illinois Magazine Short Story Prize" and the "Illinois Magazine Poetry Prize."

With this generous bid for quality writing for this publication there should be a sufficient response from those students who write, to make it worth the while of the board to conduct similar contests in the future.

The official announcement of the board regarding the contest follows:



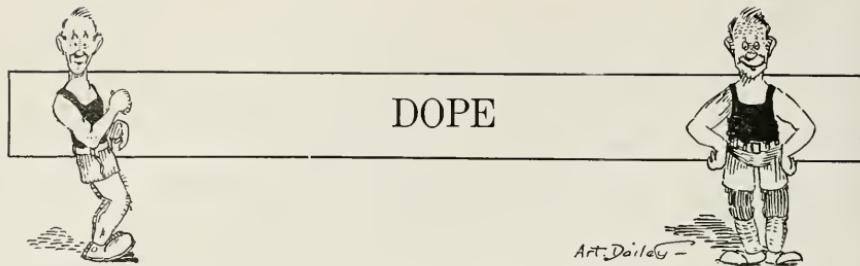
The Illini Publishing Company announces a prize of \$25 for the best short story, written by an undergraduate student now in attendance at the University.

It also announces a prize of \$10 for the best piece of verse written by any undergraduate or graduate student now in attendance at the University and not a member of the teaching staff.

The prizes are to be called the "Illinois Magazine Short Story Prize" and the "Illinois Magazine Poetry Prize." The Illini Publishing Company reserves the right to reject all manuscripts and reopen the competition. It furthermore retains the right to print in the Illinois Magazine any manuscripts submitted in the contests, whether they are awarded the prizes or not, and will endeavor to give due recognition to such stories and poems as are worthy of publication.

All manuscripts should be marked with a pseudonym, and addressed to Illinois Magazine Contest, 323 University Hall. They should be accompanied by a sealed envelope, containing the pseudonym and the name of the writer.

The names of the winning contestants will be published in the March number of the Illinois Magazine.



Over in the Gym Annex, the basketball boys have been working hard for almost a month. Until the football season closed they coached themselves mostly, but since that time Ralph Jones has been hammering into them the fundamentals of the great indoor sport. Among the veterans of former Illini squads may be found Ham Alwood, captain; the Woods brothers, Gordon Otto, Johnny Felmley and around this nucleus Jones will group his 1916-1917 Illinois basketball team. Dan Elwell, out of school this semester because of prolonged border service, will be with the squad in February.

Basketball holds a rather unique position among sports at Illinois. In every school it is one of the major games, of course, but in few institutions is it as universally patronized as it is among the students here. Since the new seats have been installed in the Gyn Annex a crowd of over 4,000 can be accommodated, and the management expects the arena to be filled at all of the Conference games this season.

Jones probably deserves the credit for making basketball so popular. He has turned out several remarkable teams, and his record is above the average in the Conference. The Illinois team won 26 games in succession in 1914-1915 and 1915-1916 —a spell which was broken by Denny Murphy's boys from Evanston.

Illinois did not have the Conference championship in basketball last season, but

this fact only indicates that the team should have better support this year than ever. Vacant seats at the Conference games will be a disappointment to everyone who is working for the longevity of Illinois athletic fame.

Scarcely a season passes without a contribution to the "Others' Opinions" department of the Daily Illini or an indignation session at the Arcade, panning the system of picking freshman varsity teams. In many cases this is not the result of sour grapes, although in most cases that is undoubtedly the cause.

On first glance at the matter it is hard to see how a freshman varsity team can be chosen from a squad of a hundred candidates. A coach cannot see every man at his best, perhaps, and many an erstwhile high school star feels that he has been overlooked because the coach hasn't had time to see him work.

After watching the effects of the system for any length of time it is easy to see that such coaches as Jones, Zuppke, Gill and Huff know a good man when they see him. The coaching staff is a staff of experts. The mistakes which they make in selecting teams are few and far between. The only example which can be charged up against the system is in the case of Harold Pogue. Pogue didn't make the freshman varsity team. He was light in weight, and scarcely suitable for Jones' purpose in charging the varsity. Pogue was relegated

to the freshman class team and then he showed what he could do. The next year he was called to the varsity. The only feature of college football that he missed was the scrimmage with the regulars, which may or may not be regrettable to him. The chances are that if the coaches overlook any more Pogues, they too will have their chance, if they later prove to be valuable.

Dr. Naismith, director of athletics at the University of Kansas, has invented a new basketball game. He spent the summer at the Mexican border and while there he worked out the details of the play and

taught it to the soldiers. The game is especially adapted for outdoors, and the gym classes at Kansas are using it this winter.

The court is oval, with the goal posts twenty feet from the ends. The width is fifty feet, and the distance between goals is sixty feet. There are no backstops, and the ball may be turned into the basket from either side. This game is faster than regular basketball because the ball seldom gets out of bounds.

Basketball, as now played at Illinois, was originated by Dr. Naismith several years ago.

A WAIL FROM SORORITY ROW

HEREAFTER, for me, Homecoming will be Home-going.

For the last time I have tried to sleep on "the biscuits"—otherwise the music room davenport; for the last time I have shivered beneath a winter coat and a bathrobe, while upstairs some complaining sister whom I had never even seen before was saying unkind things about the springs on my bed—the best in the house.

For the last time I have inflicted myself upon out-in-town acquaintances whom I had hoped to call friends, but who can now never be more than polite acquaintances. For the last time I have met trains at two in the morning—trains, I say, for the guests did not arrive until the noon interurban.

I have eaten desertless dinners standing in the kitchen; I have loaned my clothes, visible and invisible, to forgetful homecomers and been the happy hostess for three long days and nights. My finest smile was never invisible.

Being a Freshman I was supposed to enjoy the dance—which I missed because I had a beating old headache—and the

show, two acts of which I slept through—I was that worn out.

And perhaps I am feeling a little like the morning after the night before, but the hobo band was the worst of my experiences. I stood on the best corner for half an hour to watch the procession on its way to the field, only to be elbowed out of the way by an alumna, overtopped by a black feather which murderously swiped me with the regularity of a swinging clock pendulum.

I might have enjoyed the game if I had not given up my ticket to an alumna who thought we had bought one for her even though she hadn't sent the money. As it was, I donned my hat and best coat, bravely pinned on a huge yellow chrysanthemum and sat on the front porch waiting for my escort—as they all supposed—until the girls all left the house.

Then I went out and consoled the colored cook who wasn't going to the game either and went up to what had once been my room. My clothes were in a pile in one corner of the closet while my hooks were

(Continued on page 142)

DRAMATICS OF THE MONTH

NOTE—Only those attractions which the critic believes have genuine merit and are not likely to prove disappointing to the theatre patron, are listed in this section. This applies to Chicago as well as local theatres.

AT THE AUDITORIUM

JANUARY 13 — Rabindranath Tagore, Hindu philosopher and poet, will lecture. He has recently added to his list of writings a volume of short stories entitled *The Hungry Stones* which reveals the versatility of this Indian sage.

JANUARY 16—Tilly Koenen, Dutch contralto, under auspices of the Star Course. Miss Koenen is one of the greatest interpreters of German songs and further displays her versatility by presenting Italian and English groups in her program. She is considered one of the world's greatest contraltos.

JANUARY 22—Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Emil Oberhofer, in matinee and evening concerts as the third of the University Symphony Concert series.

DEWEY

—wishes every one of
you fellows a Merry
Christmas & a Mighty
Happy New Year



He'll miss you, just as you will miss his super-excellent billiard and pool tables and the inimitable atmosphere of his haunt to work off that Christmas dinner. But they will be waiting for you to help oblivate the image of "her," when the grind starts.

Arcade Billiard Parlor

(Continued on page 138)

—brighten up with a Zom Necktie



ZOM has a most delectable assortment of neckwear—selected for University men—not too somber nor too loud—and a lot of it is most reasonably priced at

—fifty cents



H.H. Turner

412 North Neil St

345 North Hickory St

KANDY'S U. of I. BARBER SHOP
 CONVENIENT CONGENIAL HIGH CLASS
 RIGHT ON GREEN STREET

(Continued from page 136)

AT THE ILLINOIS

Lyman Howe, with moving pictures extraordinary, has been booked for his annual return date during the coming month.

Holiday Attractions in Chicago

GARRICK—T. Roy Barnes in the delightfully pretty musical show, *Katinka* with its tuneful Friml music.

POWERS—David Belasco's two year old success *The Boomerang* has finally broken away from Broadway. No wonder Broadway kept it two years; it is worth it. A more delightfully amusing comedy with a better cast cannot be seen in Chicago this year. Martha Hedman and the entire original cast are playing the Chicago engagement.

McVICKERS — Graham Moffat in *The Concealed Bed*. You might like it; the chances are you would—at Christmas time anyway.

(Continued on page 144)



Flowers

*An ideal Christmas Gift
for Old or Young*



CUT OR POTTED

No home can be complete in holiday spirit without flowers. We give special attention to orders from the University Faculty

Thos. Franks & Son

Auto 1075

Bell 908

THE ARCADE BOWLING ALLEYS

You will find all the athletes of the school among those present nearly every afternoon. They realize the value of bowling to keep a fellow in condition during the winter months

of course they enjoy it, too! No one can help but do that

E. W. COLLARD, Prop.

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Branch Store at 112 North Neil Street, Champaign
Enlarging *Framing*

THE STUDENT CRUMB SHELF

Good Meals at Reasonable Prices

*Did you ever try a piece
of our pie after studying
for two or three hours??
Those who know never
miss a night*

"Smoker Eats" a Specialty

\$5.00 Ticket for \$4.50

L. D. BUCK

The same old cider on tap

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1916-17 and The 1918 Illio*

116-118 NORTH NEIL STREET *in the City of* CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS
BELL TELEPHONE 1039



AUTO TELEPHONE 1502

BOOKS

(Continued from page 125)

rain and gay with "butterfly-haunted puddles" or of visions of "lotus-handed ladies whispering over manuscript things too fine to be told," the effect is the same: a realization of the catholicity of beauty and of the exhilaration of existence beneath "acres of stars."—M. S. G.

Macmillan & Co., New York, 1916.
(\$1.25.)

One's appreciation of the new University Directory deepens with each new occasion for referring to it. It is doubtful if any similar publication has been prepared with such conscientious attention to detail and has come from the press at once so accurate and so interesting. Interest, it must be remembered, is a rare virtue in catalogues, yet Dr. Phelps has demonstrated that mere utility, while the first consideration, perhaps, is not the only one, and has filled his work with scraps of human interest material which make it more than something to be consulted for addresses or for the facts necessary in the writing of an obituary. It is possible through the medium of its pages to really scrape up an acquaintance with interesting alumni. A half hour's perusal gives one a better conception of the greatness of the University of Illinois and of the work being done in the world by its alumni and alumnae than can be secured in any other way. The volume is not a mere directory but a dictionary of Illinois biography.

University of Illinois, (Dr. V. V. Phelps, Editor) \$5. To students, \$2.

WATCHES

For Men we offer a special in "Elgin"

full jeweled
open faced
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+

*A warranted time-keeper and
reasonably priced*

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WUESTMAN

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DOYLE

THE HARDWARE MAN

He has a corner on
the student trade
because he well
deserves it

FATIMA

A Sensible Cigarette

Such men want comfort AFTER smoking

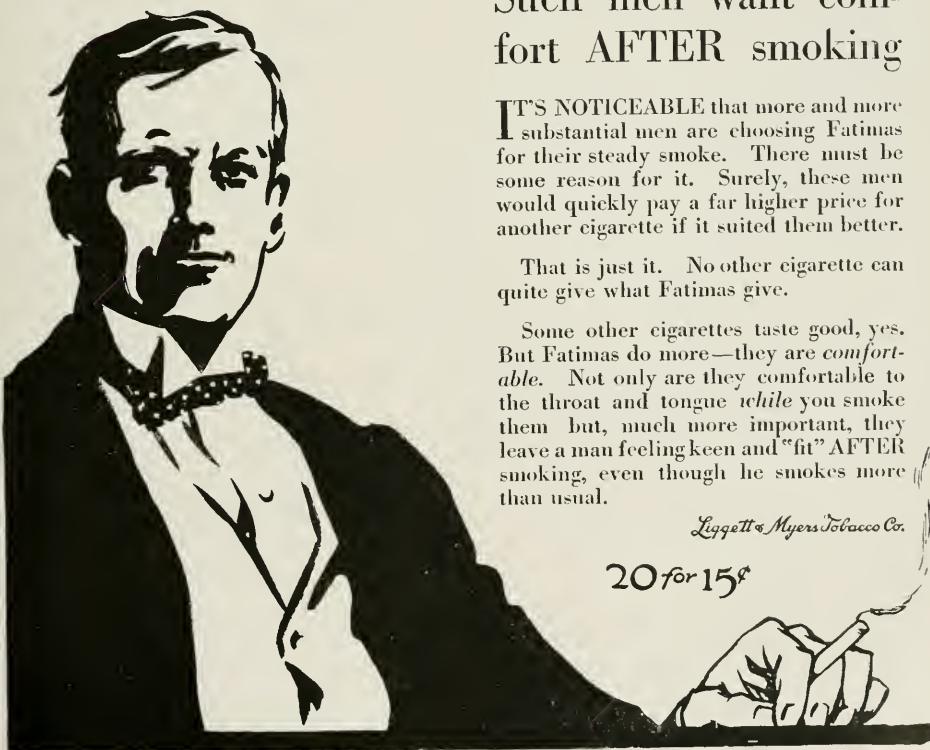
IT'S NOTICEABLE that more and more substantial men are choosing Fatimas for their steady smoke. There must be some reason for it. Surely, these men would quickly pay a far higher price for another cigarette if it suited them better.

That is just it. No other cigarette can quite give what Fatimas give.

Some other cigarettes taste good, yes. But Fatimas do more—they are *comfortable*. Not only are they comfortable to the throat and tongue *while* you smoke them but, much more important, they leave a man feeling keen and "fit" AFTER smoking, even though he smokes more than usual.

Lygett & Myers Tobacco Co.

20 for 15¢



(Continued from page 135)

filled with the garments of Homecomers. I almost hated them. My electric light bulbs were going; my powder was spilled on the floor and there was hair in my comb. A tray of half-eaten breakfast was disastrously tilted upon the unmade bed.

Last night they went—the Homecomers. They had had a "wonderful, glorious time."

So had I. Homecoming is a joyous occasion for the Homecomer. Even now I am anticipating four years hence when I too may come back. I declare that I shall engage a room at the hotel, but down in my heart I know I shall stay at the house, because everyone does.

The freshmen may go anywhere they please, and I hope they take the old biscuit davenport with them to the new house. I shall be as heartless as all Homecomers; I shall even demand football tickets.

But until I can *come* home, I shall *go* home. Then—oh, revenge is sweet!

55

This year will be remembered for a long time as bringing into existence three new colleges, at least as far as the knowledge of most of us is concerned. *We Wish You Many Returns of the Year* Wabash, Colgate, and Carleton!

I've been on this job for 15 years

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REPAIRING

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*Gifts for every one at
Popular Prices*

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Be sure to read the
announcement of our
Prize Contest on p. 133

The Illinois

For
CHRISTMAS

You Will Need



Especially Those Famous
"Lay Noy" Chocolates, 60c lb.

We pack our candies, carefully,
for shipment to any address

D. E. HARRIS, 608 E. Green St.

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WE SERVE TABLE D'HOTE AND A LA CARTE
EVERY FACILITY FOR SERVING BANQUETS
LUNCHEONS AND DINNER PARTIES

C. B. HATCH, PRESIDENT

Familiar Banalities

Mental hospitality—entertaining an idea.

Spiritual pageantry—parading one's virtues.

Moral harvesting—reaping one's reward.

Social cannibalism—living on one's friends.

Undesirable generosity—giving oneself away.

REACTIONS

Assistant Dean Fred Rankin:

If more farmers would give their boys cows to take care of when they are children, there would be fewer of them in cities later taking care of chickens.

Dr. H. D. Harding:

"There are only three places where you can't find germs: Heaven, hell and a vacuum."

Say—

Did you ever stop to think how much we photographers mean to this here old world? Those of you who have an "only" and who gave her a picture of yourself for Christmas, got an inkling of what I mean from the look in her eyes as she thanked you.

But anyway, photography is a profession, not a job. The man who makes a real success at it, is a man with a vision. A man with a goal ahead. A man who loves art for art's sake. A man with a real spirit of service. *Such a man is*

*MELTON — of the
HOWARD STUDIOS*

And he has imbued even the office Cat with the spirit



BUY

Vriner's Chocolates

Nicely Packed in Fancy Boxes

One to Five Pounds

An Ideal Christmas Gift

15

Vriner's Confectionery CHAMPAIGN & URBANA

Don't forget those delicious Malted Milks

(Continued from page 138)

CORT—*Fair and Warmer* still draws laughs here.

OLYMPIC—*Her Market Value*. Do your own guessing.

BLACKSTONE—E. H. Sothern in a masterful production: *If I Were King*.

ILLINOIS—A splendid opportunity to see Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree in a characteristic role in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and other Shakespearian productions.

AUDITORIUM—With the season in full swing many Illinois people will take this opportunity to hear at least a part of the splendid Christmas offering in Grand Opera. Wagnerian opera will

be presented at 2:30 o'clock on Sundays. *Tannhäuser* will be sung December 24; *Tristan Und Isolde* December 31 and *Lohengrin* January 7. The week-day schedules are announced in the daily press far enough in advance to secure tickets.

COLONIAL—David Griffith's *Intolerance* is a good movie if you want to see one—spectacular and stupendous and all that.

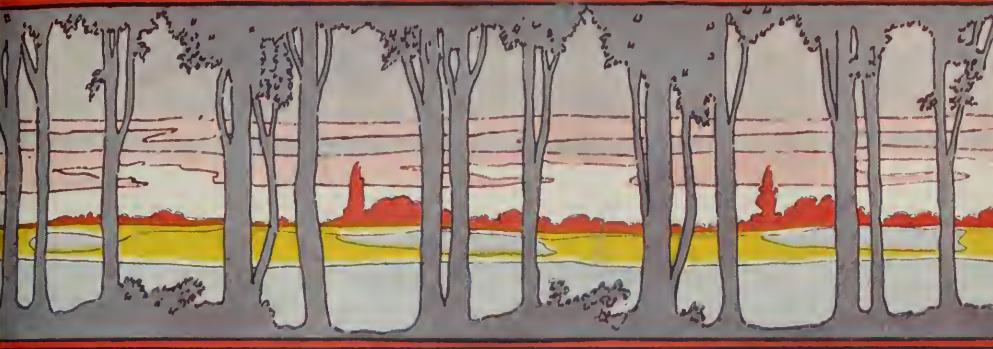


When the Christmas cigars are all smoked up, we can smell the South Farm once again.

LIGHT OCCUPATIONS

Harry Muss lighting his pipe on the electric linotype metal pot.





THE ILLINOIS MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1917



With The Contributors

CATHERINE NEEDHAM, winner of the Illini Board of Trustees' prize in the short story contest is a junior in the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences and was one of the three juniors to be elected to Phi Beta Kappa this year. Miss Needham is a sister of Lucille Needham ex-'16, who won the Ancient Order of Hibernians' prize for the best essay on ancient Irish literature last year.

ALICE MARY DOANE is a candidate for the degree of Master of Arts in English this year. Miss Doane is a graduate of Earlham College and was formerly connected with the publishing house of Charles Scribners Sons. She is a member of the American Poetry Society of New York.

HAL PAGE is a junior in the college of Liberals Arts and Sciences, a member of Sigma Delta Chi, and a Kappa Sigma pledge. He has had much practical journalistic experience. Until recently he was editor of the Illinois Magazine. He has been very active in all musical activities on the campus.

MARTIN STRAUSS is a junior in the College of Commerce, he entered Illinois from Dartmouth last September. He has been a regular contributor to the Illinois Magazine and is a member of the Siren Staff.

ALLEN A. BROWN is a senior in the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences, a member of Phi Gamma Delta and of Sigma Delta Chi, and managing editor of the Daily Illini. He has had extensive journalistic experience and plans a career as a dramatic critic. Mr. Brown is an enthusiastic and careful student of the drama and his acceptance of the position of dramatic critic of the Illinois Magazine promises a highly intelligent handling of local attractions.

GEORGE UNGER is a junior in the department of Architecture of the College of Engineering and a member of Acacia. He has been for some time art editor of the Illinois Magazine.

GEORGE FRANKS

Read what our two aldermen from the university have to say about him:

ASS'T DEAN WARNOCK:

I am glad to give Mr. George Franks my strongest endorsement for Commissioner. He can be supported conscientiously by all citizens. He has ability and long experience and is thoroughly honest. His vote in the primary was a remarkable recognition of his worth. *A. R. Warnock*

BRUCE W. BENEDICT

You cannot express too highly, my opinion as to the ability and the integrity of George Franks.

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or Study,
Work or Play

Drink

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full name — nicknames
encourage substitution

In This Issue

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George Unger

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Marcus Selden Goldman

With Decoration by George Unger

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MY DEATH—Verse

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“TAKE UP THY THEATRE AND WALK”

Martin Strauss

IN RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT—Illustrated

THE FOURTH OF A SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS OF FACULTY HOMES

MASK AND BAUBLE PRESENTS “PASSERS-BY”

Allen A. Brown

WE HAND IT TO—Illustrated

THE VENETIAN FETE

Illustrated with drawings by Professor N. A. Wells
and Photographs

NOVUM CARMEN VETERUM

"I praise not old things for the new are better." So in his pride did once Timotheous sing, Till drawing near, in wrath, the Spartan ephor Cut with his sword each golden cithara string. And after him no more was wondrous music Heard in the cities of the Hellenes And they who would have drunk the wine of song-craft

Found in the Muse's chalice only leas. "I do not mourn the golden age of heroes: Today for me is golden," Ovid said, Turning his face toward the present glory, Turning his back upon the mighty dead. And after him there came no laurelled poets, Winning song-kingdoms for the Latin tongue; The sisters nine forsook the banks of Tiber, Leaving the songs, that might have been, unsung. So now in quick impatience and in anger Men turn them to new verses and new themes, Forgetful that the art of old is deathless, That youth eternal dwells in oiden dreams. Yet may the Gods' just anger be averted If here and there choice spirits still shall hold Unscorned the memory of old songs and singers, And tell anew the tale of glories old.

—*Marcus Selden Goldman.*

PRIZE

UNGER

The Illinois Magazine

Volume 8

MARCH, 1917

Number 4

WHEN WINDY WAS THE WEATHER

CATHERINE NEEDHAM

This is the prize winning short-story in The Illinois Magazine short story contest recently held under the auspices of the Illini Board of Trustees, donors of the twenty-five-dollar prize. There were twenty-two entries, a number being of considerable merit. Miss Needham has been a contributor to The Illinois for some time, but it is our opinion that "When Windy Was The Weather" surpasses even the best of her previous efforts. The story awarded second place in the contest will appear in the April number, and that awarded third place in the May Number.—EDITOR.

A steady downpour of summer rain was keeping the party at Little Oaks indoors for the day.

"Wish we could scare up a lark of some sort!" said Lester Houghton, wandering over to the window niche where Helen was snugly ensconced. "Just the kind of weather for mystery and romance."

"Romance!" Helen exclaimed. "Isn't there enough here to satisfy you? Look at that crowd around Nancy, over by the fireplace."

"There's always something going on where there's a black-eyed mischief like Nancy," Houghton agreed.

"Or a—what shall I say?—a scandalously blonde Yvonne," supplemented Helen with a quick upward glance at him. "Oh, you needn't turn and look. She won't be down for quite a while yet. Let me see: It's been an hour and a half now since she went up to dress for luncheon. By this time, I should imagine, she is putting scent on her hands."

"What makes you think—"

"Why, you can't keep *white lilac* a secret!" Helen interrupted, opening her eyes very wide.

"—that I was waiting for her!" finished her companion aggressively.

"Oh, you were then?"

"Of course not." And with masculine logic he proved his statement by pulling his chair around with its back toward the door.

"What have you been reading?" he asked, reaching for a book on Helen's lap. "Rossetti! I thought I was the only one who ever read the old chap—Why, what's the matter?" he broke off in astonishment. "Here's our icily-regular-cool-as-a-cucumber Miss Helen blushing like a high school freshman! Now what in the name of Rossetti made you do that?"

As he bent over her, laughing delightedly and trying to get a better look into her averted face, a vision in clinging lavender appeared in the doorway behind him, raised her eyebrows in some annoyance at the tableau before her, and trailed from the room again, taking with her the handsome but not over-clever Frank Davis.

"Come now, why did you do it?" repeated Houghton teasingly.

"Oh, I have it? The very thing!" Helen exclaimed, jumping to her feet and clapping her hands impulsively.

"Have what? What thing?"

"Don't you see? Just go up to one person after another and ask them *"Why did you do it?"*

"Corking! You're a genius!" and they shook hands enthusiastically. "Where shall we begin?"

"Oh, *you're* to be the one to put the scheme in practice. And there's Yvonne now, in the den across the hall," Helen suggested as she caught sight of Mrs. Rundquist in languid flirtation with Frank Davis, "Go and try it on her."

Just then the call for luncheon came. Yvonne and Houghton, as though by accident, both loitered behind the others on their way to the dining-room. Just outside the door Yvonne dropped her hand-kerchief.

"Now's my chance," thought Houghton, as he stooped to pick it up. "I wonder how she'll react." Then as he rose to his feet he asked quizzically,

"*Why* did you do it, Yvonne?"

The reaction was prompt and startling. She straightened up angrily, her eyes flashed and the color of her cheeks changed from delicate rose to geranium.

"Oh, indeed," she cried sharply. "Why did I do it! You are becoming very gallant all of a sudden, Lester,—and very discreet!" And she turned her back on him.

"Oh come, Yvonne, I was only joking." Yvonne turned on him in a fury.

"What brutes you men are! And so stupid! Oh, I could——" and she brought her hands together so spitefully that Houghton stepped back in alarm.

Then in a whirlwind of lavender draperies Yvonne hurried upstairs.

"Whew!" ejaculated Houghton, running his hand through his hair. Then he whistled softly.

"Oh, you never can tell about a woman!"

And with a rueful shake of his head, he sought the comfort of food and conversa-

tion.

Mrs. Rundquist did not appear at luncheon. Two hours later to the astonishment of the whole party, she descended from her room dressed for traveling, and followed by Hulda, the maid, laden with bags and boxes. After airily saying goodbye all round, she entered a waiting car, and was whisked away to the station.

"I wonder why on earth she left so suddenly," said someone in the group around the fire. "And in all this rain, too."

"Perhaps that's the reason," said another. "Rainy weather always did get on Yvonne's nerves."

"Oh, I'm sure it must be something romantic," Nancy protested in her warm young voice. "Yvonne always has the loveliest things happen to her."

"Perhaps her husband is worse," motherly Mrs. Black suggested.

"Or better", laughed Helen. "Yvonne dislikes sick husbands as much as she does rainy weather."

"Perhaps she's afraid of fire", Mrs. Black said speculatively.

"Afraid of fire in all this rain?" scoffed Frank Davis.

"Really, Frank," Helen said, smiling up at him, "you're cleverer than you know. I think, myself, that the rain has put out the fire here, and she's gone to hunt a new one somewhere else."

"Eh?" said Frank.

"Never mind, Frankie," drawled another voice. "Where's Houghton, anyway?"

Houghton was out in the hall, where he had followed Yvonne in a vain attempt to offer or to receive an explanation. After she had disappeared down the driveway, he stood, still very much puzzled, at the window on one side of the doorway.

"I wonder if my question will always act that way?" he wondered.

Just then he turned and saw Hulda standing at the window on the opposite

side of the door, wearing an expression which in a less open and innocent countenance would be termed "malignant joy."

"Oh, Hulda," said Houghton, in a firm but kindly tone.

"Yes, sir?" Hulda turned toward him a pair of startled blue eyes.

"I just want to ask you a question, Hulda: Why did you do it."

Hulda gave one panic stricken glance about her, meditating flight, and then bravely faced Houghton.

"You won't tell Mrs. Black, will you?" she begged. "It wasn't because I had any spite against you; it was just Mrs. Rundquist."

"Oh, I see," said Houghton. But he didn't. "So you don't like Mrs. Rundquist?"

"I should say not," said Hulda, with a toss of her head. "I'm just as good as she is, any old day, if I do say it myself. Why can't she treat me decent, like the other young ladies? There's Miss Helen; nobody couldn't be sweeter to me than she is. I'd run my legs off for her. And Miss Nancy, too—she's more trouble than some, but always so nice, and you should see the clothes and things she gives me, and always pays me to slip the flowers into Miss Helen's room every morning—"

Here Hulda was overcome by emotion and lack of breath, and stopped to wipe her eyes on her apron.

"Yes, I see," said Houghton again, wishing that he could vary the question from "Why did you do it" to "What on earth did you do?"

"So that was the reason you did it?" he asked lamely.

"Yes," sniffed Hulda.

Houghton cleared his throat and tried a new tack.

"But Hulda, do you think that was the right thing to do?" he asked in a tone of gentle reproof.

"I don't care," flared Hulda. "It served her right, after the way she's treat-

ed me like I was the dirt under her feet. And anyway, if a married lady has anything to say to a man, why can't she say it right out, instead of going and writing it on her smelly old lavender paper and sending it secret, like she was ashamed of it, I'd like to know! I'd tear it up again, so I would, if I had a chance."

"Oh, I see," said Houghton thoughtfully. And turning to the window again, he began drumming absently on the window pane.

"Well," he finally murmured to himself, with a slight shrug of his shoulders, "I guess that chapter is ended. —Never mind, Hulda. I wouldn't recommend to you the practice of tearing up notes you are sent to deliver,—even married ladies' smelly old lavender ones. But in this case I think there's no harm done,—and maybe some good."

"And oh, Hulda!" he added, as she was turning away. "What was that you said a minute ago about sneaking flowers into Helen's room?"

Hulda clapped one hand over her mouth.

"Oh, I can't tell you, truly I can't. I promised solemn not to tell a single soul." And she fled precipitately to the kitchen.

Let alone, Houghton chuckled aloud, with all the delight of a boy who has been rummaging in forbidden corners.

"'S matter, Houghton?" asked a voice behind him.

"Oh, it's you Frank. Plot thickens. Strike two, one mystery cleared up, on the trail of another," Houghton said cryptically. "Er—a—why did you do it, Davis?"

"Aw, quit your kidding. I never did anything," answered Davis, opening his eyes in calm surprise.

"Bully for you, old man! Do you know, you have that fine simplicity of mind and character which is worth more than all the wisdom of Solomon? Well, I'm off to richer fields, Nancy comes next, I guess. Too bad Helen's already in on

the scheme: I'll have to leave her out."

It is noteworthy, however, that he went to Helen first. He monopolized her conversation for the rest of the afternoon, and fought for it with Frank Davis during dinner. It was only when the latter got Helen off in a corner and began to teach her a new dance step, which was not only the latest but apparently the longest thing out, that Houghton hunted up Nancy to propound to her his magic question.

He found her in the den clicking away on a typewriter. At his approach she smiled up at him gaily, while with studied carelessness she picked up a piece of blank paper and held it so that he could not see the work in the machine.

"How's genius burning, Nancy?"

"Oh, so-so. You didn't want to use your machine, did you? It's a shame the way I've monopolized it all week."

"That's all right. I haven't needed it. Houghton stood leaning against the table, idly fingering a typewriter eraser and staring down at Nancy.

"Oh, do go away, Lester," begged Nancy squirming uneasily in her chair. "You make me nervous, standing there with your face in the shadow."

Instead of going away, Houghton dropped the eraser and leaned slightly towards her.

"Come now, Nancy: why did you do it, anyway?"

"Do what?"

"Oh, the whole thing—the flowers and so on," said Houghton airily.

"Why, how on earth did *you* find out? Did Helen tell you?—but no, she hasn't guessed it yet. Oh, dear, I hope not. Has she, Lester?"

"I believe *I* asked *you* a question."

"Oh, it must have been Hulda, of course. Why didn't I think? —Well, if you want to know, I just thought it would be romantic. And it's been such fun watching Helen. Don't *you* think she's lots prettier and—everything—since she's

been getting anonymous love letters every day?"

"Love letters!" "Who from?"

"What? I thought you knew!" And Nancy burst out laughing.

"Well, I don't. And you needn't laugh so, Nancy," said Houghton, with a note of irritation in his voice. "I hope it's not that—that Frank Davis!"

"O-ho! Somebody's jealous, I see," taunted Nancy, laughing harder than ever.

"Jealous!" Houghton exclaimed savagely. "Why should I be jealous? Helen doesn't care anything for me. I thought she had too much sense to fall in love with any man, let alone a simpleton like—"

"Come, now; no fair calling your rivals names. And anyway, if you don't want a simpleton to run off with the prize, why don't some of you men with so much brains to spare do something to prevent it? You'll have to hustle some though; because whoever it is" (and here Nancy began to giggle again) "whoever it is, who has been giving me letters and things to give to Helen every day, has got half his courting done already. I can tell by the way she acts."

Houghton opened his mouth to say something, then turned and started aimlessly toward the door, while Nancy, still laughing softly prepared to go on with her typewriting.

"If you want to do something for me, Lester, in return for my professional advice, just hand me the volume of Rossetti on top of that corner book-case," asked Nancy. "Can't you find it? I was sure I left it there last night. —Then look down in the lowest shelf. It's awfully dark, I know, but you can tell by the feel, can't you?"

"Yes, I know the book", answered Houghton, getting down on his knees and fumbling along the shelf. "But it doesn't seem to be here now."

"Maybe I left it on the shelf of this table, then," said Nancy, beginning to

search there for it.

Just then Helen slipped into the room.

"What are you doing all this time, Nancy? They're calling for you out there." Before Nancy could jump and hide her work, Helen's eye fell upon the typewritten sheet and read the salutation of the letter: "My beautiful Helen:"

"Oh, Nancy, Nancy! How could you?" she cried. "You did it; it's all a joke and you let me make a fool of myself like that. I thought of course it was Lester Houghton who wrote them—he's the only man in the crowd clever enough to—Oh, why, *why* did you ever do it?"

Just then she caught sight of Houghton. He had risen to his feet and was standing between her and the door, staring first at her and then at Nancy, crumpled up speechless in her chair. Helen gave one desperate glance around the room, spied an open window, and quickly raising the screen, jumped out onto the rain-swept terrace. Houghton rushed after her.

"Oh, don't, don't," cried Helen wildly, and started running down the muddy path to the woods.

"Wait a minute, Helen—come on

back," begged Houghton, catching her elbow. But she jerked away, and ran on! It's mighty —hard on a fellow —do his love-making —in the rain —and on the run! But I want to tell you, Helen —that I —that I *wanted* to write those letters —but I didn't —suppose I could write 'em well enough —and so —so I —" here he tripped on a rock, and before he could catch his breath —and Helen —again, he had the inspiration of a lifetime.

"And so I—I got Nancy to *help* me—with 'em."

"Oh!" gasped Helen, slackening her pace a trifle, and for the first time turning her head to look up at him. "Then you really—"

But at that moment, clutching wildly for support at the air and at each other, they both splashed headlong into a miniature pond of mud and water.

"Now why," laughed Helen weakly, a moment later, wiping away a splash of mud which filled the dimple at the corner of her mouth, "why did you do *that*?"

"God knows!" was the devout answer. "May I do it again? That was the first time I ever liked the taste of mud."

MY DEATH

ALICE MARY DOANE

Oh, Death! My Death!—calling me; how shall I fear thee?
Thy voice is the song of spring birds whom the winter has silenced;
Thy breath is the odor set free from wild flowers long withered.
Thou art the dream blown into a bubble now broken—
Thine is the freedom of Night with all bondage forgotten;
Thy touch the soft falling leaves in the woods in the autumn.
Thou bringest the love of my Mother who walks in Thy Borders.
Thy way is the way of the sunset beyond the horizon.
Oh, Death! My Death, calling me, how shall I fear thee?

"PICK UP THY THEATER AND WALK"

MARTIN STRAUSS

"M. R. WALKER, I should say, is an engaging merchant, whose wares are better than their reputation. The sooner he emerges from the penumbra of little theaterism the worse it will be for the little theatres and the better it will be for the big ones, if there is such a thing", wrote Percy Hammond, dramatic critic, in "The Chicago Sunday Tribune" of March the fourth. Perhaps Stuart Walker is more than an engaging merchant and, perhaps, little theaterism is as important to the artistic advancement as its big brother, the commercial theater. The independent or little theater movement began with "Le Théâtre Libre" in Paris just thirty years

ago. It spread over the continent, the British Isles, and America; reaching its artistic height, perhaps, with "The Abbey Players" of Dublin. The movement has given to the theater an intimate tone, lifted it out of a commercial atmosphere into an artistic one, created a place for the one-act play, and revived the fast decaying art of acting by establishing high class repertory companies.

Stuart Walker's Portmanteau Theater marks the latest development of the independent theater movement. But it is distinguished from other such theaters, by its ability to present its plays even under the most adverse circumstances. It is inter-



From "The Trimplet"

esting to note just what the Portmanteau is and what contributions it is making to the artistic advancement of the drama.

Mr. Walker is a young American; polished and well educated. He began his stage career under David Belasco, master realist, and served Belasco in the capacity of stage director for six years. During this time, there were few Belasco productions which did not undergo revision, direction and supervision at his hands. And all the while Stuart Walker, the dreamer,—for he is a poet—and are not all poets dreamers?—was evolving ideas of his own. There came a day when he wished to execute these ideas—for Stuart Walker the producer is a practical executive—and therefore he resigned his position and began to mould his dream-evolved ideas into concrete form. The result is his Portmanteau Theater.

This theater is a wonderful little playhouse; moveable and portable. With the

Portmanteau, it is simply a case of "pick up thy theater and walk". It is supplied with many modern stage devices and is adapted to any style of plays from the ultra-realistic to the ultra-idealistic. It is equipped in most complete fashion with cyloram, wings, borders, and scenery.

The lighting system, invented by Mr. Walker, is of particular interest, and through it many novel dramatic effects are gained. Witness, for example, in "The Gods of the Mountain" when the beggars are so dramatically transformed into idols of jade. Startling? Yes. But all accomplished by the simple though ingenious lighting system and foot-lights.

The July "Theatre" aptly described the Portmanteau as "a twentieth-century cart of Thespis, created and built to travel complete from footlights to stage door exit, from city to city, supplying entertainment in the Market Square (or its modern equivalent), much on the order of the



From "Gammer Gurton's Needle"

strolling players of the Elizabethan era."

But Stuart Walker had other ideals than a portable theater, one of which was to give America a repertory theater company of a high type. "I desire to give America a repertory theater company with as high a standard of acting as any such European company has had," Mr. Walker has stated, "and I wished also to have a repertoire of plays which I could produce with financial success but which an ordinary commercial company can not project without suffering material loss."

And so with his Portmanteau Theater as a vehicle, he surrounded himself with a company of young enthusiastic players. Those of us who saw the Portmanteau during its recent visit to Champaign marvelled at the clever juvenile work of Mr. Gregory Kelly, who in his twenty-three years has seen thirteen years of service on the professional stage, and who scored such a memorable success as John Napoléan Darling when he supported Maude Adams in "Peter Pan". The charming playing of Miss Nancy Winston—who formerly has supported Walker Whiteside in "Mr. Wu" and William H. Crane in "The New Henrietta"—was in no degree less pleasing. The acting of the inimitable McKay Morris and Stuart Walker—yes, he is an actor too—was more than acceptable.

In plays Mr. Walker has chosen idealistic fantasies as opposed to the realistic and problem plays. In his repertoire also are several clever, light farces. He exploits Lord Dunsany's plays and his own. Yes, Mr. Walker is a playwright and a real one. Like Dunsany, his plays are based on imagination plus observation. Most of them are set "Anywhere" or "Nowhere" or "At the Edge of the World", imaginary places, indeed, and with imaginary characters, too; but there is always just enough of every day life depicted to allow the work-a-day audience a clear understand-

ing. It is too bad that we have so few plays like Mr. Walker's "Nevertheless" and Dunsany's "Gods of the Mountain."

"What I have tried to do with my theater and plays is to bring back to the theater the spirit of the play. The trouble with the theater today is that most people have come to depend upon the stage manager to do for them what they should do for themselves. They have not the chance to exercise their powers of imagination," Mr. Walker replied, when asked his object.

From this we glean that Stuart Walker has revolted from the realistic stage settings of his teacher, Mr. Belasco, and that he places emphasis upon the story of the play told through the medium of good acting rather than suggested by means of the producer's stagecraft. Mr. Walker, the producer, has set only as much scenery as is essential to the telling of the story. He leaves the details to the imagination of the audience. He uses few properties, too. Much of his theater's charm, however, arises from the ultra-artistic simplicity and intimacy of his sets and properties.

The Portmanteau Theater is destined to entertain hundreds of people, and while doing this it is further fated unconsciously to heighten the dramatic tastes of its audiences: therefore the American theater-goer owes a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Walker. Critics, of course, are justified in saying that he is doing nothing directly to develop the long sought after "true American drama". It is true that he is doing nothing directly, but by heightening American dramatic taste and by giving us a splendid repertory company he may, however, be indirectly preparing us for the accomplishment of this desirable end. It is to be hoped, therefore, that Stuart Walker, poet and producer, dreamer and theatrical architect, playwright and actor, will continue to "take up his theater and walk" with unqualified success.

MISCHA ELMAN IN URBANA

HAL PAGE



Mischa Elman

WHAT makes an artist of a musician? By what legerdemain is a man lifted from the ranks and placed in the glare of foot-lights? What alchemy makes a headliner of mere common clay—or, to be specific—why is Mischa Elman playing to delighted audiences at so many hundred an appearance instead of holding down second chair in the Minneapolis Symphony or teaching violin in the conservatory of some college?

Sometimes this phenomenon is understandable. We can appreciate, for example, the thrill of Galli Curci's first night which caused the entire schedule of Chicago's grand opera season to be re-arranged:

ranged; we can distinguish an ability which places her far above Mary Garden—she of the 119 avoirdupois and the divine figure,—or Tetzizini in the very same roles.

But with a violinist it is otherwise. There is but an imperfect analogy between playing a violin and singing; the differences in tone and quality in voices are more readily distinguished, more easily marked, than in a violin. Mischa Elman is a wonder, but though he is undoubtedly entitled to a chair in an all American symphony, he is by no means slated to play first fiddle, if the selection were ours—not while Kreisler and Speirling remain on the American concert platform.

There is a thrill to the name Mischa Elman, just as there is to the name of any other much touted celebrity. And here is a possible explanation of the thing.

Look at this magazine or the one you have on the table nearby. Ten to one on the back cover you'll see friend Mischa and his bald spot lined up 'long side a much-grooved, black, rimless pie tin with a spot of color and a hole in the center. And over the pictures is the startling information in the same vivid color: "Both are Mischa Elman!" And you; the shop girl to whom a hotel lobby is a paradise and a phonograph selection a symphony; the faculty wife to whom attendance on an organ recital is a ritual; or the pseudo musician to whom the word of the critic and the publicity man is law, will hold your or his or her individual breath and exclaim with awe, "Whew," "Gawd," "Beautiful," or "Exquisite."

"I don't imagine I shall enjoy this concert a lot" said one in the lobby the night of the Elman recital, "but I just wanted to go so I could say I had heard Mischa

Elman." There—doesn't this convince you of the truth of my little suggestion that in many,—very many—cases musical fame is psychological. Ability, happy chance and press agenting, these three, but the greatest of these is press agenting.

Elman has ability, he is a thorough musician—that is a part of the unbeatable trio I just mentioned. He is worthy of a place on the Star Course of the University of Illinois, but here's the point—you wouldn't have known it if somebody hadn't told you. But that's no *faux pas*, you're not essentially hoi polloi or denied hope of glory just because of that; hosts of real musicians who raved more than you did after that recital are holding down the same settee. And how about the rare tone of the violin which the woman behind me sputtered about intermittently as she clasped her hands and gazed up at the Auditorium dome or thereabouts; did that cost three hundred or three thousand? What makes you think so, they have them at both prices you know.

But in addition to being a dissertation on you and the woman in the purple turban and the man across the aisle from you, this column must make some pretensions to reviewing the recital.

Let it be said, then, that Elman did play a splendid program, and did it admirably. His choice of numbers was particularly happy. The program was frankly arranged that the layman might enjoy it, though this concession to the average listener's comfort was almost too patent in the selection of encores. But there was absent that oppressive flood of cadenzas and trills and impassioned runs and gyrations which seems to make up the repertoire of most concert violinists. The Paganini-Auer Caprice was the possible ex-

ception to this statement, that was added—we cannot but believe—because Elman knew the audience wanted some final thrill, some demonstration of unintelligible artistry, and because he could not resist giving it to them?

Elman's playing is powerful; his tone is full grown and vigorous, marked and distinct even in the daintiest passages. One wonders as the diminutive figure stands there, regarding his instrument with a queer little squint or like a somnambulist he bows and fingers, unconscious, it seems, of the melody.

In pointing out one defect which stands out markedly in Elman's playing, I realize that I commit high crime and treason. But I voluntarily take upon myself the form of the pastoral animal, join the ranks of the man who announced that Galsworthy didn't do so well when he wrote *The Mob*, and venture the announcement that Elman's low tones in many cases, noticeably in the rapid passages of the *Vieux Temps Concerto*, were distinctly blurred—blue, if you wish to be slangy. But it was Elman, and with such an artist blurred tones may be relatively as valuable as brush marks in Corot.

The Poeme, Opus 25 by Chausson was the finest thing of the evening; it was done better than any other. Psychologists say coffee may be most enjoyed by alternately drinking the clear coffee, sipping cream and nibbling sugar—law of contrast and all that. So it was with the Chausson selection. Set off from the accompaniment, Elman's playing of this number stood out cameo-like in its classic purity.

And next year, newly elected Star Course board, may we please hear Galli Curci?

IN RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT

TRACK

According to the showing made by the Illinois track team in the dual meets with Notre Dame and Wisconsin and in the Relay Carnival, it is evident that Captain Waldo Ames is leading one of the two or three best teams in the Big Nine.

The Notre Dame meet looked hopeless. Several Illinois men were not in shape to compete—notably Merle Husted—and a victory was scarcely expected. But Bergman of Notre Dame was out of the game also, and the Illini made up their apparent deficiencies by fight, so the meet turned out pleasantly after all.

Gill's men made a favorable, yet scarcely remarkable, showing in the relays. Lang did especially well in the all-around championship competition, by securing third honors. Ames, was as usual, the individual star.

History was made at Madison when the Illinois track team met the Badgers. Not because of the world's records that

were broken, nor because of the crowd that saw the meet, but simply because the score was a tie. How many dual track meets have ended in a tie? How many mile relays have been declared even? But that's what happened at Madison.

The outcome of the indoor conference meet, March 23, is not easily predicted. From present indications Chicago has the edge, with Illinois next. Wisconsin will be right up in the running, but Illinois should be able to squeeze in ahead of the Badgers.

Illinois came to the front again when she staged the Relay Carnival. No institution in the West ever attempted such a mammoth indoor athletic festival before, and the success of the undertaking is indeed a triumph.

The ideas was Harry Gill's. He saw in the Illinois Armory the finest place in the world for an indoor meet. Nowhere is there a larger floor space, unhampered by interior supports. Nowhere is there a longer indoor track. Gill could see no reason why, with this wonderful equipment,



The Scene of the Big Meet

Illinois shouldn't stage the best indoor track program in the country.

And Gill's idea proved successful. Within a few years the annual Illinois relay carnival will be as much a classic as the Penn relays. It will bring athletes from all over the United States, and the University of Illinois will be admittedly the foremost exponent of good athletics.

Such an affair means a financial outlay of no small consideration. The trophies for the relays, the watches and medals for the individual events, the advertising, the administration, and many other items, bring the expenditures up to such a total that it is almost impossible to make the meet pay out. But the management feels that the Illinois Armory provides an arena which should be utilized for the furtherance of sport and it is likely that succeeding years will see many a record date to the Illinois relay carnivals.

BASEBALL

In a few days now the baseball team will go south. As in previous years the itinerary will include most of the larger educational institutions of the South. In spite of the fact that these schools might begin their training season much earlier, they seldom manage to defeat Illinois.

This time honored spring training trip is not intended so much to match the team against strong opposition,—it would be a failure if such were the case—as it is intended to get the men into the game just that much earlier. In some cases the weather has been such that the team has spent only two days in outdoor work before going south. And then, too, the southern tour is supposed to be a reward for perseverance, for the men who have practised hard and faithfully indoors during the winter.

This year's schedule is much the same as in preceding seasons. The first game will be with the University of Mississippi, March 31. Two games with the Mississ-



"Ham" Alwood

sippi A. & M. College follow on April 2 and 3. Then there will be one game each with the University of Alabama and Millsaps College, then two games with the University of Louisiana and one with the University of Kentucky.

The home season will open April 13 with Notre Dame in a two game series. Wabash will be here April 18, and then the team will go to Iowa for April 21. The next home game will be against Ohio, April 27, and the return game will be played at Columbus, May 5. Purdue is to be here May 8 and Chicago May 12. May 14 will be spent at Indiana. Wisconsin is billed for Illinois Field May 18 and Iowa for the following day. The home season will close with Indiana on the 23d. Chicago and Wisconsin will entertain Illinois after that date.

Not many of last year's regulars are back this season. Most of them graduated. Mr. George Huff is still the baseball coach, however, and Illinois fandom "ain't bothered."

BASKETBALL

As one glances backward over the record of the Illinois basketball team he is likely to wonder if there has previously been a season more replete with thrills, more closely crowded with sensations. Of course this season is just over. Its impressions are not yet erased. Perhaps that is a reason why the current talk says that Jones and his men have just gone through the hardest-fought schedule in recent years.

The championship is halved between Illinois and Minnesota. The Gophers met their first defeat in the Gym Annex. Fighting from the start and leading at the middle time, they did their best to keep their slate clean. But Ralf Woods was a better free-thrower than Captain Douglas and the victory stayed in Urbana. Then Wisconsin closed the Conference season by dealing a defeat to Minnesota. That decided the championship. It wasn't all to be Minnesota's. Illinois came in for a half.

Illinois' season began with the customary Millikin practice games, both resulting in victories for Captain "Ham" Alwood's team. Wabash defeated an Illinois team made up of cripples and substitutes, and Northwestern College, of Naperville, spent a part of Christmas vacation in Urbana, drilling Jones' squad.

The first Conference game was staged at Lafayette, where the Boilermakers yielded a 28-24 count to the invaders. From there the team went to Columbus, where Ohio gave up in 38-14 tempo. Two home games were next on the schedule, and Northwestern and Chicago were in turn subdued, 47-17 and 20-10.

Wisconsin and Minnesota both beat Illinois on the northern trip, as they did last year. The score at Madison was 14-25 and at Minneapolis 11-20. But the team returned to the training camp full of determination, and no one took a victory from that time on.

Between semesters the Orange and Blue met the Maroon with the result that Orange and Blue was dominant in 21-12 ratio, and the Midway escutcheon received another dent.

Ohio played at Urbana next, and the result was satisfactory—35 to 21. And then came the memorable game with Minnesota. Here the Illinois fans saw their little gang of fighters win from a heavier team, well coached and with an amazing repertoire of brilliant and complex tactics. The two aggregations were so evenly matched that from the start the game was a fight for single points. If the whistle had been delayed a minute it might have caught the Gophers in the lead. But the Illinois team was on schedule time. The score was 18-17. The Minnesota game was unquestionably one of the brightest spots in an unusually brilliant season.

Purdue's rooters came over to help the Boilermaker quintet win from Illinois, but they didn't yell loudly enough. Illinois was too well prepared. The testimony is a 27-16 score.

Wisconsin put up a bully fight. "Doc" Meanwell sits among the peers of basketball coaches, and no team that meets the Badgers can be accused of over-confidence. But Illinois got the pleasant end of the 20-17 count.

The season closed at Evanston. The Methodists didn't have their 1915-16 team, and it was a comparatively easy matter for Illinois to win 21 to 12.

It was a hard schedule for the Illinois team. The men were mighty glad to hang up their jerseys to await another season. But some of them will be missing next year. "Ham" Alwood and the Woods twins won't be in the squad, and that trio has led the team through three seasons of success.

To Ray Woods must go the honors. If he were gifted with better basket-throwing ability it is unlikely that he would have a peer in the game. Always

a brilliant guard and usually the brains of the team, he never failed to give his best. Ray Woods is a figure in basketball history.

Alwood as captain and center, found few, if any, equals.

Among the new men Halas stands foremost. He had never played basketball much until Jones started in on him last fall. But it didn't take Halas long to learn what was expected of him. Then he did it. Next year he will have his place among the best guards of the Big Nine. Schneider and Haas also showed well at guard positions.

McKay's work at forward was rather

good, on the whole. At times he was erratic and at other times he was a star. Next year, perhaps, he will steady down and take his place in the basketball sun.

Felmley delivered whenever he was called upon, and it is likely that he will be one of the mainstays of the 1917-18 squad.

Graduation will take from the squad three of the best basketball players Illinois has ever had. The Woods brothers and Alwood are among the best in the business and Jones faces a problem when he tackles next season's schedule without them. The freshman varsity will contribute something of course. Just how much it is hard to say. You'll have to wait to see.

THE SIGNATURE

MARCELLE LAVAL

Perhaps just a minute he paused,
Holding his pen suspended,
As a flicker of thought passed his mind
And held him there, doubting!
There would be children—
Yes, of course, many children.
Why, there would be some of all ages—
Some thousand souls, unsuspecting!
But then—war is war.
What if the world *was* dazed,
Stupefied, wet-eyed, and dry-throated,
Yet awed at the Fatherland's daring?
And so the charitable flicker,
If such a brief second's space
Ever existed to warm him,
The war-born wind of his passion
extinguished.

With never a pause now
The admiral wrote with a flourish
That last irrevocable word,
A signature, cold and dispassionate,
Some thousand souls doomed.
A rush of steel through the water;
A dull and benumbing thud;
A crash and splintering of timbers;
The greedy sucking of waters. Then—
Another Teutonic triumph!

*The Fourth of
A Series of Photographs
of Faculty Homes*



*The Home of Professor Henry B. Ward
1101 Nevada Street
Urbana*





The home of Professor Henry B. Ward is a splendid example of independent thought in house design. It is the work of Professor Manne, formerly head of the department of Architecture of the University of Illinois. The front elevation presents a most handsome and dignified appearance, while the rear is certainly not surpassed for beauty in the Twin Cities.

The interior is spacious and so arranged that the many glass doors may be opened to connect the rooms for dancing, or closed to retain the privacy of each. The professor's study is on the main floor in a corner thus forming almost a unit itself. The large front window renders it practically ideal for its purpose.

SHOW ME YOUR SOUL

LOIS SEYSTER

The Man:

Show me your soul.
 I have felt its loveliness;
 I have heard its murmur, but
 I have never seen it.
 Has it a sheen like the lustre of
 pearls?
 Has it perfume of iris or the ripeness
 of corn,
 Or has it like mine, the tang of earth?
 Is it a flaming tongue
 That leaps,
 Blazing,
 To destroy the fuel that feeds it?
 Would it make ashes of roses,
 Or would its breath,
 Like dew on petals,
 Give beauty immortality?
 One starlit night,
 I heard a whisper; wings of gauze
 brushed my cheek.
 I looked—
 Nothing!
 Show me your soul.

The Woman:

Do you know
 The price?
 Blindness
 Afterwards, you will never see me
 anymore.
 Have you looked at the sun?
 It filled your eyes with golden light,
 Dazzled,

You could not see the clay you trod
 upon.

Souls are like that.

They sear your eyeballs when you
 look.

Forget?

Oh, if my hands are smooth, now,
 They will be rough and black with
 broken nails, with palms that
 have grown hard with labor,—

Afterwards.

If my eyes are bright now,

They will be dulled and heavy; purple-
 ringed and wistful with griev-
 ing,—

Afterwards.

If my lips smile now,

They will twist into mad, mocking
 laughter,—

Afterwards!

The whisper you heard will become a
 shrill, wild song.

The wings that brushed your cheek
 will whip against it in fanning
 flight.

Now you know the price—

Look—

The Man:

No! No! NO!

The Woman:

Too late! You have seen it.

MASK AND BAUBLE PRESENTS "PASSESS-BY"

ALLEN A. BROWN

Mask and Bauble made the best of a bad bargain, to all appearances, in its presentation of C. Haddon Chambers' "Passers-By" at the Illinois Theatre on the night of March 9. The performance was repeated the following night at the same theatre.

When we suggest that this was an ineffectual drama, and for the most part purposeless, we have said practically all for which there is need. If it were intended as a cross section of life, which Mr. Scott McNulta, who did some very fine work in the role of Samuel Burns, the tramp, has suggested as a possibility, we still believe it a failure. Unlike Hauptmann's "The Weavers", it had its high spots, and a pretense to a plot, even though the action did hinge on the time honored intercepted letter advice. "Passers-By" taught no lesson, unless some inspiration were received from the splendid character of Margaret Summers, the unmarried mother, who wins through love after six long years. Miss Nellie Rand Patterson, in this role, handled several delicate situations ably, and fulfilled the expectations aroused by her work in a considerable list of campus productions in the past.

The four acts of the play are set in the rooms of Peter Waverton, twenty-seven, of the "obviously a man of comfortable means and good taste" pattern. Returning home unexpectedly one winter evening, as good looking young heroes are in the habit of doing, he finds his man Pine in the stock situation of entertaining Nighty the cabman. Upon being pressed for an explanation of his heinous conduct, Pine explains, rather grandiosely:

"Your rooms look out on to Piccadilly—on to Life, sir. My rooms look out on to

a dead wall—on to nothing—I love life, sir—forgive the liberty."

Inspired by this to have a look for himself, Waverton bids Pine bring in yon dreg of humanity he sees from the window.

Burns, the tramp, is the result of this first casting of the net bountiful. A later throw brings in Margaret Summers, mother of his six year old son Peter, who, by a fortunate coincidence of which Mr. Chambers has availed himself, happened to be tarrying in the fog without. The rest of the play is occupied with the author's rather labored attempts to fill four acts with an account of how love for Margaret and Peter junior draw him from Beatrice Dainton, his fiancee, and how Samuel Burns, a defective, asserts kinship of the heart with little Peter.

There are some good situations in the play, notably the baiting of Waverton by his fiancee after she has discovered his past, wondered why young girls aren't told more about such things, and obligingly removed herself from consideration.

We were gratified at the Belasco-like touch given the production by the use of a copy of the London "Graphic" in one scene, but our sense of exhilaration was not heightened by the placing of wood on a fire that was obviously electric light. Fires should be electric light, of course, but not electric light of the brutally apparent variety, and the audience laughed at it. Possibly, if the structure had not been so loose jointed, so totally lacking in compactness, and not teeming with familiar situations such as the one where Mr. Dana Lee Todd, as Waverton, recites the epic of his unfortunate love affair to piano chords by Miss

Mask and Bauble

Co-stars



*Dana
Lee
Todd
as
"Peter
Waverton"*



*Nellie
Rand
Patterson
as
"Margaret
Summers"*



Waverton—"What is this? It appears to be a glove."

Left to right—"Beatrice," Miss McNair,; "Waverton," Mr. Todd; and "Lady Hurley," Miss Browne.

Players in "Passers-By"



Versatile,
talented
Scott
McNulta
starred
as
"Burns,"
the
tramp

A
good
scene,
n'est-
pas?



Beatrice—"Good morning, Peter."



Little Peter—"Hello, Man."

Left to right—"Pine," Mr. Slayton; "Burns," Mr. McNulta; "Waverton," Mr. Todd; "Little Peter," Master Hecker; "Margaret Summers," Miss Patterson.

Photographs by Photo Art Shop

Patterson, "Passers-By" might have warranted the loving care evidently lavished upon it by the members of the cast.

Not because the purely local nature of the circulation of these modest pages suggests remarks of an encomiastic nature, upon the members of the cast, but because we feel it to be their honest due, we will first say that Mr. McNulta interpreted his character role excellently, and carried it with only a few slips to its logical conclusion. We suspicion that several moons shall wax and wane 'ere Mask and Bauble again discovers a student with so much technique or of so much versatility. Mr. Todd evidenced the result of several weeks hard polishing, and appeared perfectly at home as the repentant Peter Waverton, anxious to make amends, and always using excellent English, as a perfect gentleman should. Miss Patterson's work has already been mentioned. She was splendid, but we wondered how she could look so nice on seven shillings a week, especially with a "ripping" young son to support.

Miss Berniece McNair, the fiancee, very properly did not smoke the cigarette which her lines called for, and was adorably acquiescent when Mr. Chamber's unreasonable hand made her forsake her sweetheart. Miss Kathryn Brown, slightly young for the role, we thought, was effective as Lady Hurley, Waverton's imperious half-sister. Mr. W. F. Slayton acted the role of Pine with just the proper mixture of servility for his master and intolerance for those under him. Mr. A. S. Graven, the rubicund visaged cabman, would have been more effective with hair and moustache of a less paradoxical nature and less of a tendency to recite his lines, but he improved after the opening scene and his unfailing good humor ultimately established him in every one's good graces. Miss Lucile Anderson as Mrs. Parker, Waverton's housekeeper, and Master John Wesley Hecker, Peter junior, completed the best rounded cast, we venture, that Mask and Bauble and its indefatigable coach, Mrs. C. A. Gille have yet developed.

PESSIMISTICIES

AARON ERNEST SINGER

Fame

Hubert wrote elegies, odes, and rags.
He had written 189 ballads.
But publishers would not allow him the kick-off; they would not scream his stuff to the public.
So he despaired and died.
His son-in-law, Irving Berlin, scooped the yellow heap of rhymes and metamorphosed them into yaaka hulas and blues.
They sold like tin horns on New Year's Day.
He played star centre for the publishers.
All over, critics are beholding Irving the most successful composer of the age.

Ooze

You know me.
I'm of a smooth, wabbly, celluloid disposition.
I bear neither malice nor despite toward anyone.
I step on nobody's toes.
I love the universe and God's pulsating earthenware.
Like the butterfly debutante, and some college professors,
I have neither antennae nor vertebrae.
I'm a jelly fish!

THE VENETIAN FETE

A Rhapsody Rather Than a Description

RARELY does one find the perfect combination of fantastic beauty and delicately hilarious foolery; but when the ideal fusion is secured the results are things to dream over. From the grotesquely solemn God Mache to the brilliantly executed caricatures of members of the architectural faculty set pannelwise along the walls, and the graceful multicolored Moorish arches of the main and transverse hallways, the setting of the first University of Illinois Venetian Fete showed the material realization of a comico-aesthetic ideal. Throughout the whole decorative scheme Bagdad and Samarcand met with Paris and Vienna and were reconciled. There was no conflict of the serious orientalism of the general effects and the light occidentalism of the humorous motif that pervaded it all. On the contrary, there was that almost perfect harmony that is far oftener wished for than realized. The essentially Eastern conception and detail of the general plan of arch and wall treatment blended harmoniously with the daring Gallicism of the pannel posters. There were no desperate *tours de force*; all was easy and natural. Humorous cartoons and bright Parisian sketches fitted without effort in to their Moorish or Persian environment. The caricatures did not make mouths at the arabesques of the arches, nor did the latter seem to frown on the lighter sort of work. For once there was a cordial truce between East and West.

The entertainment features of the evening were worked out in excellent taste. Mr. G. R. Postle's magic tricks were exceedingly clever, yet not so much so, as to provoke serious wonder rather than hilar-

ity. Mr. Ray Gauger as Solome gave the *coup de grace* to any seriousness of mind that may have lingered up to the time of his appearance. Casting off his sandals and two or three of the seven veils, Mr. Gauger disported himself with easy and almost reptilian abandon, while from an improvised dias Mr. James Carrol, as tetrarch, looked approval, and awarded the head of John as the reward for Salome's terpsicorean labors. The head very effectively modelled—trencher and all—was then, by an extempore addition to the legend offered before altar of the stern Mache. One thought of Gertrude Hoffman, and the other Salomes of the last decade, even perhaps of the colorful passages of Flaubert's *Herodias*, the while one laughed at Mr. Gauger. The effect was naturally happy, a real addition to the atmosphere produced by the decorations and costumes. Miss Ruth Wikopff attired in a bizarre, parrot-bedecked gown gave a very pleasing solo dance which she has adapted to *Allah's Holiday*. Parrot's are not exactly common in oriental decoration, but then humor and fantasy is often more to be desired than too rigid consistency.

The God Mache, whose bulk was more than three times that of a man, stared, half frowning, half leering, at the scene of mirth and the brightly clothed revelers, a veritable monument to the imaginative powers and artistic patience of Mr. J. E. Burgess, who at the expense of no small outlay of time, ingenuity, and pains had fashioned the dread deity in all his grim and diabolic entirety, slowly giving to paste-stiffened paper the form and semblance of bronze. The result could scarcely



Bohemians for a Night

have been improved upon. The god seemed decidedly oriental, yet he was not like any other god. He was in very fact an individuality, the God Mache. He neither grinned nor leered absolutely. He seemed to maintain a well balanced neutrality of countenance. A very little thing might have made him laugh or scowl, but the emotional stimulus did not come and he did neither but continued to eye his votaries in non-committal fashion; now he frightened them a little perhaps; again he moved even the most nervous to laughter. He remained master of his own tense calm.

The clever Parisian cartoons along the passage walls were the work of Professor N. A. Wells. They were executed with a sprightliness and verve which showed that the artist had brought to his task not only the technique but the very spirit of the French schools of his youth. Here a bright robe, there a clever exaggeration of a feature presented the gravest members of the department in such fashion that even those but slightly acquainted with the originals could not but catch and enjoy the jest. The vividness of the colors



*Oh my Beloved fill the Cup that Clears
Today of past Regrets and Future Fears;
To-morrow! — Why Tomorrow I maybe
Myself with yesterday's Sev'n thousand
years.—Rubaiyat.*

employed in these caricatures added very materially to the brilliant and bizarre effects of the lighting.

Mr. Burgess and Professor Wells both received assistance in detail work from faculty members and students of the department. Most of the detail work of the decorations of walls and arches was done by undergraduates.

Nor was the company unworthy of its environment. In the costumes displayed all the lands east of the Greek isles were represented and yet the spirit of the revellers was that of the *Quart Latine*. For the time at least the puritanism which stalks so habitually and so majestically through the Twin Cities of Illinois was forgotten. There were Persian turbans, fezes from the southern coasts of the Mediterranean, and cork helmets of Cathay bobbing brightly above flowing bournous, short janissary jackets and the maindarin coats mingled in ideal confusion. But better still, there were thin veils of Cashmire and silver anklets and brace-



*"Then Rustum Raised his head"—
Matthew Arnold.*



The God Mache

lets that might have been from the marts of Tiflis and Caleut; and gold-wraught head-dresses and silken trousers that might have graced the richest harems of forgotten caliphates. There was scarlet and azure and wealth of argent and gold. But there were no clashes; only the harmonies of the rainbow. One realized what possibilities lay concealed in the primal colors, possibilities by most of us but vaguely imagined.

It was good to see the parti-colored, gem-besprinkled crowd bow in a shimmering wave before the high shrine of the god, Mache. It was good to see the leonine locks of Professor N. A. Wells garlanded by strands of many colored serpentine. It was equally good to see and hear Mr. Burgess, clad in uncouth armor, carol the morning song of chanticleer from the undignified eminence of a bookcase top. The savor of joss sticks burning before the shrine of the divine Mache was sweet. It made one feel that the world was still young, that there was still joy and carefreeness, that happy folly was not utterly anathema, that beauty may still be worshipped without affectation. One took a

new grip on sheer joy of living and began to dream of the fair and unattainable country of LaBoheme where stand builded in airy completeness, in more than earthly beauty the castles of our dreams.

Walking home *a la belle etoile* the vision lingered. Lines from the Rubyiat, from Lallah Rookh, from Hafiz, and from Jahadeva sang in the brain. Out of shadow land came marching the glorious companies of Flaubert and of Gautier. Each belated pedestrian became Haroun Al Raschid, incognito, seeking to know what things were done by night in his royal city of Bagdad. Every corner held the possibility of a jeweled palaukin, of bright eyes peering through jalouses of sandalwood.



"She is like the image of a white rose in a mirror of silver."—Wilde

We Hand It To—



FRANK WILLIAM SCOTT

Because he is at once a profound scholar, an inspiring teacher, and an able departmental executive; because he has sacrificed a brilliant journalistic career to the cause of the development of journalistic teaching; because there is no harder worker in the University; because, in short, he is in the fullest sense of a fine old phrase "a scholar and a gentleman."



WILLIAM F. M. GOSS

Because he is as great a practical engineer as he is a theoretical one; because he has done more than any other man to make the College of Engineering of the University of Illinois the greatest in the Middle West; and because he leaves behind him at Illinois many to whom the memory of his teachings will be an inspiration.



CLYDE GOBEL ALWOOD

Because he is the greatest basketball center in the conference; because in spite of his athletic interests he had time to make Alpha Zeta; and best of all, because no one has ever seen him with a grouch on.



ARTHUR ALOYSIUS DAILEY

Because he is interested in all the arts and can compose a good song, draw a good cartoon and write a good story; because he can lay aside his aesthetic interests for the time and lead a rousing Oskeewow; and because he is a genuine "good fellow."

The Illinois Magazine

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BY WAY OF EXPLANATION

The task of undertaking to begin to edit a college publication on March first is not an inspiring one. It is scarcely better than finishing a Petrarchan sonnet of which the first eight lines were written by someone else. The finisher hasn't the initiator's inspiration, and it is too late to find one of his own. Our limits of time and space are decidedly narrow. The year is too far advanced for innovations of a radical sort. Our task, therefore, is to continue the work along the lines laid down in the previous issues, profiting as much as we may by what has gone before, and seeking to round out the whole.

Although the problem before us has its difficulties, it is by no means an unpleasant one. Mr. Page is gifted with rare editorial ability and his artistic interests are too well known to require praise at our hands. In the work which he has done we find little or nothing to quarrel with and much to admire. It is accordingly no hardship for us to take over the execution of his plans with but an occasional minor change. It was his good fortune to make each succeeding one of his three issues a little better than its predecessor. We wish no better luck for ourselves than that we may inherit this happy faculty of consistent improvement.

If it be proper at this time to deal in editorial generalities, we would say that we conceive the function of the Illinois Magazine to be of two fold nature. It is half that of a magazine of the fine arts, and half that of a journal of opinion. In its first capacity the Illinois Magazine will strive to create and encourage a sincere interest in the arts among the students of the University, at large, and among the citizens of Urbana and Champaign. In its second capacity it will seek to deal with such local and general problems as may seem to require discussion. It will endeavor to be constructively rather than destructively critical. It will be conservative rather than radical. It will be intolerant only of intolerance.

THE ULTIMATE PHILOSOPHY

Even such high products of our modern civilization as new systems of philosophy and the altruistic conception of a genuine, working, brotherhood of man, are not at all times, unadulterated good. Philosophical and social speculation, even of a daring sort, are, generally speaking, more apt to be harmless and mentally stimulating than otherwise in times of world calm, but during national crises, such as that which now confronts us, the too independent philosopher, is apt to become a great nuisance. Internationalism and pacifism, as systems of social and political philosophy contain elements which can not but provoke the highest admiration when viewed as mere abstractions. In time of war, however, there is left only one tenable political philosophy, a philosophy of pure and obedient patriotism. Last year it was well enough to extoll the brotherhood of man from the political viewpoint, as well as the purely philosophical, and to weave in the imagination the fabric of a United States of the World. Today the only social and political unit which concerns us is the United States of America. There is need of the old Roman *virtus*, of a willingness to fight, even to die, for our country. Standing on the brink of war with our affected garments of internationalism in tatters about us we remember that confession of Tournegoeff, who tried so hard to be an internationalist, and found it vain, "Cosmopolitanism is nonsense, the cosmopolite is a cipher; outside of nationality, there is neither art, nor truth, nor life, there is nothing?"

In our freshman year we stood one moonlight night in winter on the public square of the little Ohio city of Mt. Vernon. Before us there rose a Corinthian column surmounted by the bronze figure of a Federal soldier of the Civil War. On its base was a tablet making known that this monument was erected to the soldiers and sailors of Knox County who had given their lives as a sacrifice for the preservation of their country's sovereignty. On this tablet was also the Latin motto "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*" That legend made a deep impression upon us even then, for when has a nobler sentiment found simpler and nobler expression; but it was years before we learned its true significance. That dawned upon us when we learned that on that same little square in Mt. Vernon, Clement Laird Vallandigham had stood one day in the year 1863, when he made the great-

est of his speeches against the Civil War and received from the world the odious name of "copperhead." Valandigham was a scholar,—in his own way even a philosopher,—yet he followed the frail creations of his fancy and so lost more than life itself. Let those who would be internationalists, —who love the world at large too much to love their country utterly—read the grotesque history of that same Vallandigham. It would be one of the most laughable stories of all time were it not so great a tragedy. Today you may ask in vain among the citizens of Mt. Vernon concerning Clement Laird Vallandigham. It is as if he had never lived. Yet there in the public square stands a stately monument to those who before the great time of trial were but simple folk, plough boys, and clerks and mill-hands,—who knew nothing of the thin theories of the scholar statesman,—who knew only the simple truth "*Dulee et decorum est pro patria mori*".

The time of trial may come before these pages are run from the press. Will it find us playing with vague altruistic theories or will it find us strong in the homely wisdom of elder-times? For our own part, we would wish that it would find in the heart of each American nothing at all of doubt but only that old Roman motto which loses nothing by translation. For verily "It is sweet and fitting to die for one's fatherland."

THE SHORT STORY AND POETRY CONTESTS

The short story contest recently conducted by the Illinois Magazine for the Illini Board of Trustees' prize of twenty-five dollars was quite as successful as the first contest of such a sort could be expected to be. Twenty-two stories were submitted of which several possessed very genuine merit. The prize winning story, Miss Catherine Needham's *When Windy Was The Weather* is possessed of real merit and is without doubt the best piece of fiction published in the magazine this year. The story awarded second place, Mr. L. P. Simpson's "*The Thirteenth Diamond*" and "*Tolman's Tomb*" by Mr. Charles B. Davis are also worthy of commendation.

The poetry contest was very frankly a failure. Only five poems were submitted. It is our embarrassing duty to make it known that the prize was awarded to the editor. The award was made before his election to the vacancy left by the resignation of Mr. Page, so there was no opportunity for the withdrawal of the entry.

The Illinois Magazine wishes to express its keen appreciation of the interest of the Illini Board of Trustees which made the contest possible. Also it wishes to thank the judges of the contest, Miss Clarissa Rinaker, Mr. H. F. Baker, Mr. R. C. Whitford and Mr. E. S. Jones for their kindness in giving so much of their time and critical judgment to the task of reading and comparing the manuscripts.

THE POETRY SOCIETY

It seems necessary that some one assume divinity, if a poetry society is to be started at the University of Illinois this year. So with no little

trepidation we take upon ourselves the part of *deus ex machina* and announce that such a society is to be formed at once, and that we propose, since the call for a leader of more prestige than we can boast failed to bring forth any volunteers, to act in some part of that capacity ourselves. The Poetry society will be organized at once and will hold biweekly meetings. The hour and place of these gatherings will be announced in an early issue of the *Daily Illini*.

Membership will be of two kinds, active and associate, and will be open to such members of the student body and faculty of the University of Illinois as are seriously interested in contemporary poetry. Active members will be expected to hand to the secretary a given number of original, unpublished poems to be read in meetings, at some time during the year. Associate members will not need to meet with this requirement, it being the purpose of the associate membership to extend the privileges of the society to those who have an appreciative interest in poetry, but do not themselves write.

All who are desirous of becoming charter members of the society may secure further information by communicating with Mr. R. C. Whitford, Dr. Allene Gregory, Miss Alice Mary Doane or the Editor of the *Illinois Magazine*.

THE DRAMA PRIZES

Interest in dramatic writing at the University of Illinois should receive healthy stimulation from the prize contests inaugurated this year.

The first of these contests is to be held under the direction of the department of English, which has established a twenty-five dollar prize as a memorial to the late Thatcher Howland Guild, whose interest in the drama and dramatic writing is thus appropriately commemorated. The prize will be awarded to the contestant submitting the best play or dramatic poem and consideration will be made of the merits of the entries from the standpoint of literary excellent as well as that dramatic force.

The second contest is managed by Mask and Bauble, the local chapter of the Associated University Players. In this the prize will be given to the contestant submitting the best one act play. Emphasis will be placed upon the suitability of the play for production by the organization. The winning play will become the property of Mask and Bauble and will be acted by that society.

These two contests offer the undergraduates writers—the contest is limited to undergraduates—opportunity to try their hands at two different though closely related sorts of dramatic writing, since in one the emphasis will be laid upon finesse of workmanship and in the other upon strength and simplicity of plot. No one need hold back because of a feeling that he or she has dramatic force but lacks a fine literary touch, or vice versa. The ideal way to approach the matter, of course, is to write two plays and enter them in the contests according to their relative adaptability to the requirements of one or the other.

It is devoutly to be hoped that the efforts of the English department and of Mask and Bauble will be properly appreciated, and that both contests will have many entries. The undergraduate who bewails the absence of literary interest from the campus, yet fails to compete in one or both of these contests deserves little sympathy.

LORADO TAFT, ARTIST

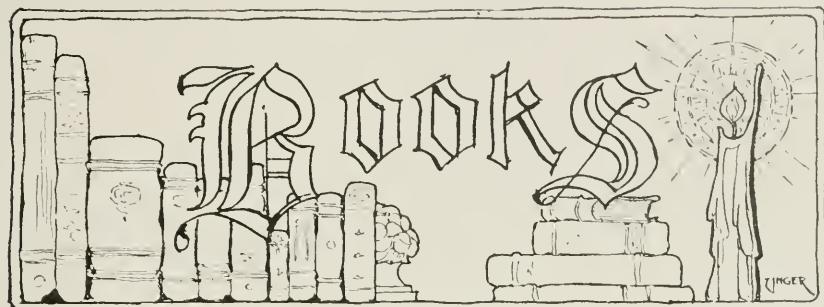
To hear Lorado Taft at his best is to be reconsecrated in the service of universal beauty. There is a fine classicism about him that is good to feel in this day of fads, when the new is almost sure to be hailed as the great. An hour with Lorado Taft after one has spent several in looking over reviews and pictures of grotesques in the art journals, is like one of Shakespeare's sonnets at the end of an afternoon with an anthology of free verse. It is reassuring. It makes one certain that art is eternal rather than ephemeral. We have more confidence in our favorable opinion of a man's own statues—or verses if he seems reluctant to believe them superior to the Hermes of Praxiteles or the Odes of Horace.

Lorado Taft is a true artist in that his art is not narrow. He is in his way, a poet and an orator, as well as a sculptor. To him the "glory that was Greece" and the splendor of the renaissance are forever young. Humor is his and a rare gift of kindly satire that is almost Addisonian. The faddists amuse him; he is quick to smile but slow to point the finger of contempt.

The man radiates strength and a sort of easy confidence which is the mark of great but unflaunted power. Had he lived in the days of the magnificent Medici, he would have been like de Vinci, rather than like Angelo. He is the courtier artist, not the recluse.

All this classicism, renaissance of the renaissance spirit, is graven large and deep upon his work. Yet it is the spirit which is reproduced rather than the form. Lorado Taft is no servile copier of the work of earlier masters. His inspiration is from the source of that which dwelt in Polyclitus and Angelo, but it is a different part and altogether his own.

Critics have long been looking for the great American sculpture, just as they have been watching for the great American novel and for a great American school of painting. May it not well be that we shall find it here and now, in the work of Taft and in the memorials of St. Gaudens, in the American classicism which they represent. Is it necessary that art be grotesque, unthought of before, to be native and truly great? For our own part we should rather believe that the great American art will be different from the other great art of the world, yet not alien to it; even as the art of the Italian masters differed from that of their classic teachers yet was of the selfsame piece. We like to think of beauty as a unity.



In Arms and the Boy by Colonel L. R. Gignilliat, superintendent of Culver Military Academy, the advantages of military training in the secondary schools and colleges of the United States are set forth by the greatest authority on the subject and the ablest secondary school administrator, that America—perhaps the world—has yet produced.

Of Colonel Gignilliat Secretary of War Newton D. Baker has written in the introduction "To those who want to know what the ideals are of a proper military training for boys, I am free to say that I know no one to whom they could turn with greater confidence than the author of this book, no one whose experience is larger, whose ideals for peace are higher, or whose success in applying military education would entitle him to speak with more authority." This estimate seems justified by the concluding paragraph of Colonel Gignilliat's own preface; "This material is presented with the hope that it may make some small contribution toward the preparation of our young men for a more complete discharge of the duties of citizenship, whether in the few years in which the country may need their services in its defense or in the much longer periods in which more effective and patriotic discharge of the normal civic duties of peace will also mean much to the nation."

Arguments against military training

are carefully considered by Colonel Gignilliat: then they are as carefully, and in most convincing manner, disposed of. Although, an admitted authority on his subject, the author never speaks *ex cathedra*: in fact his handling of the materials is remarkably free from over aggressive didacticism. He is remarkably tolerant of the most extreme opposing opinions. He urges the acceptance of none of his ideas on faith. Each important statement is backed up by interesting and convincing evidence. It is as free from any tone of offensive militancy, as it is free from any acceptance of the theories of a blind pacifism. The author loves and desires peace; very sensibly, however, he regards war as a social phenomenon which as yet has shown no convincing signs of becoming obsolete.

The history of military training in the preparatory schools and colleges of the United States is traced with accuracy and sympathetic understanding. The strength and weakness of the various systems of complete and partial military training are presented in the fairest possible manner. The public high school receives attention as well as the private academy. While Colonel Gignilliat draws freely upon his own experience as superintendent of Culver Military Academy, there is no tendency to unduly extoll that institution.

Continued on page 183

RING OUT THE OLD: RING IN THE NEW!

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You will be Convinced

BOOKS

Continued from page 181

There is an abundance of photographic illustration which includes pictures of the Armory and the regiments of the University of Illinois. In the seventeenth chapter the views of President Edmund J. James on military training are set forth at some length and in interesting fashion.

Colonel Gignilliat's book should prove of great interest to university graduates who contemplate entering the teaching profession, for the tendency of the day is toward the general adoption of some form of military training in all secondary schools and colleges, and no one is better able to instruct the young teacher-drillmaster than the soldierly and scholarly

superintendent of Culver Military Academy.

Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, 1916 (\$1.75).

A book dealing with somewhat similar subject matter treated from a very different angle is *Military and Naval America* by Captain Harrison S. Kerwick of the Coast Artillery Corps of the United States Army. Between the covers of this not dangerously large volume the author has succeeded in placing more definite information concerning the American national defence establishments than has, in all probability, ever before been easily accessible to the lay reader.

The book is frankly without pretensions to literary style and makes no attempt to sugar-coat the information it contains. It is simply a handy and not unreadable dictionary, or, if one prefers, encyclopaedia of military and naval knowl-

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edge, so arranged that one can turn to any desired section in a moment and set one's self at rest concerning any military subject of dinner table discussion without the slightest unnecessary thumbing of pages.

A great number of photographs, charts, and tables add to the general understandability of the book, while the ingeniously contrived pocket in the back cover holds a most satisfactory map showing the disposition of the naval and military forces of the United States and very useful chart containing a varied store of information regarding the different arms of the national service. There is nothing of the esoteric quality so common to most documents of the sort, but, on the contrary, both map and chart are remarkably simple and invite rather than rebuke the amateur.

A feature of unusual interest to students and faculty of the University of Illinois is the introduction written by President Edmund Janes James in which the superiority of conscription over the volunteer system, as a means of raising an army for national defence, is set forth, simply, but with irrefutable logic. It is exceedingly doubtful whether the truer democracy of the conscript system has ever been more forcibly presented in English.

Military and Naval America will prove a valuable addition to the handy volumes of reference in any public or private library. Its revelation of our national weakness in military and naval matters is all the more convincing, and the more provocative of patriotic thinking, because it is absolutely dispassionate. The disease is diagnosed without attempt to either frighten or excite.

Doubleday, Page and Company, New York, 1916 (\$2.00).

In *American Prose*, a companion volume to *American Poems*, Walter C. Bronson Litt D. of Brown University has fulfilled a real want in a most satisfactory manner.

The book is intended chiefly for use in schools and colleges and the selections from American prose of the seventeenth and eighteenth century have been chosen therefore for their historical significance as well as their literary interest.

The editor in following the plan of including fewer authors and giving more space to each has complied with the modern demand in books of selected readings. The selections themselves are decidedly well chosen; all the truly important writers whose writings either directly influenced, or which were influenced by historical events are represented. Of especial note is the fact that the speeches by Calhoun, Webster, and Lincoln afford a basis for the study of American oratory in its prime, and at a critical time in the history of the nation.

The book seems admirably adopted for its purpose—that of a text book—and in addition it is of such a nature as to be a valuable addition to any man's collection.

University of Chicago Press, July, 1916, (\$1.50). C. A. O.

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The Illinois Magazine

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DRAMATICS OF THE MONTH

AT THE ILLINOIS

Friday, March 23—"Princess Pat", with Annette Ford, Victoria Gauran, Louis Powers, and others of the original cast which played last season at the Cort Theatre in New York.

Billie (Single) Clifford appeared at the Illinois Theatre with a small company on the night of St. Patrick's Day. So small a house greeted his appearance that he turned the evening's offering, "Linger Longer Lucy" into a farce on a farce. The three Weston sisters were not at all bad, but the whole affair belonged in vaudeville, we believe, if for no other than financial reasons.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt, in another last visit to America, and under the direction of William F. Connor, will give cer-

tain portions of her roles in "Camille" and "L'Aiglon" at the Illinois Theatre either April 3 or 4, depending on Mr. Connor. Madame Bernhardt has been playing in Canada and the United States since October 9, 1916, and is making her ninth visit to America.

"Indian Summer" (L'Ete de la Saint-Martin) by Meilhac and Halevy, and "The Tragedy of Nan" by John Masefield will be presented at the Illinois Theatre, Saturday evening, March 24 by members of the Illiola, Alethenai, Philomathean, and Adelphic literary societies under the direction of Mr. J. Manley Phelps of the department of public speaking. Miss Merle Turner who has attained such deserved popularity

Continued on page 187

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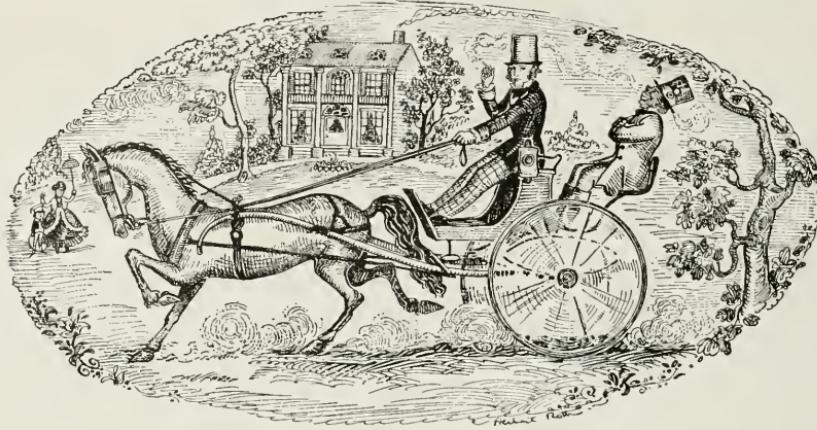
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DRAMATICS OF THE MONTH

Continued from page 185

in other campus productions will have a lead part.

The Players Club, faculty dramatic organization, will present "The Witching Hour" "sometime after Easter" "at a place to be decided later", according to the statements of officers of the organizations.

AT THE BELVOIR

Taylor Holmes is coming to the Belvoir Theatre in "His Majesty, Bunker Bean". The date is April 13.

On Wednesday evening, March the fourth, the reviewer had the good fortune to witness a most enjoyable motion picture production, "A Daughter of the Gods", presented at the Theatre Belvoir. This picture appeals to the aesthetic. The story

is a fairly tale with kings and queens, princes and princesses, witches and good fairies, elves, and gnomes, mermaids and water sprites, such as one once heard told at mother's knee.

To Mr. William Fox, the producer, nothing save praise can be given. The perfect execution of the mob scenes, the detailed production throughout, and the highly artistic photography, all are laudable. The picture was taken in Jamaica by the beautiful Caribbean sea. Never has the reviewer marvelled at scenic effects so beautiful!

The acting of Annette Kellerman, too, was more than creditable; especially enjoyable were her aquatic scenes.

This picture has brought to the movies the fantasy with its accompanying stimulation of the imagination and awakening of the poetry in man.

After witnessing Mr. William Hodge

Continued on page 189



Springtime

is "dress up" time
and "date" time

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FRED MARSHALL

"Always Something New"

DRAMATICS OF THE MONTH

Continued from page 185

and the original New York company in Mr. Lee Shubert's production of "Fixing Sister," at the Belvoir, March 12, no further proof is needed to establish the fact that we in the outlying provinces are almost pitiful in our gratitude for the scraps of manna that are cast our way from the Eastern heaven. It wasn't a great deal, just an ordinary farce written about Mr. Hodge in which the denouement was at no time after the second act in doubt, but our worthy public writhed its appreciation, and summoned Mr. Hodge before the curtain at the end of the blank pistol-slap stick work closing the third act. Mr. Hodge responded to the third call and recited his thanks. It is wonderful how powerfully our visiting stars are stricken by our Twin-Hamlets on such short acquaintance.

It is rare indeed, however, that we do witness the original "New York company" on the stage as well as the billboard. Supporting Mr. Hodge were Hamilton Deane, the conventional false English peer who is utterly routed by Mr. Hodge, the man from Kansas City; Charles Canfield, the man Friday in the contra-plot; Miriam Collins, who watchfully waited before following either the English or the Kansas City

string; Jane Wheatley, the credulous gull of the false English peer, and Ida Vernon, acting a character role as Lady Watton, accomplice to the f. E. p. In addition to these there were a score and more well dressed persons in evening clothes, also from New York, we presume, who assisted in the big bridge whist scene just preceding Mr. Hodge's speech.

Mr. Hodge, needless to say, was the show, and except for relapse into burlesque in the second act, and a subsequent passage in which he melodramatically intonated his love for Miss Collins, his amiably sarcastic fooling was, by all accounts, almost as good as his "Man From Home".

While Strickland Gillilan's entertainment on the evening of March 19 can not be properly classed among the dramatic attractions of the month, it deserves some comment as a portion of the Star Course.

From Mr. Gillilan's own point of view he must have scored a great success. He received thunderous applause, or something of the sort. Also any preconceived notions he may have had regarding the provincialism of the Illinois corn belt, must have seemed amply justified. Certainly he "put across"—no other phrase properly suggests just what he did—a program which should have enraged an audience in Brethitt County, Kentucky.

Everyone laughed at Mr. Gillilan. The ability to wear evening clothes as if

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they had been donned in mid-air while descending from an wrecked aeroplane never stood a humorist in better stead. But although we are inclined to regard costume effects of that sort as quite unnecessary in the better sort of vaudeville it was not this which made us wish to kick ourselves for laughing, after the show was over. It was —to be brutally frank—because we had chortled and guffawed over a species of ante-diluvian monologue that should have bored even the most reverent chautauqua-goer.

Mr. Gillilan can do better. He must do better sometimes or he would starve, but the sad thing was that in Urbana it wasn't necessary. Some of the puns and semi-spontaneous flashes showed that there was something better within reach, but he wasn't encouraged to be even slightly clever. The older the jokes and the more stupid the filler, the better it was re-

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ceived. Even the atrocious "sob stuff" brought down the house like Friday night amateur stunts in a third rate burlesque palace.

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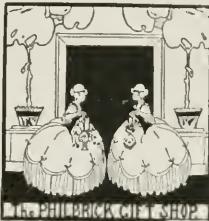


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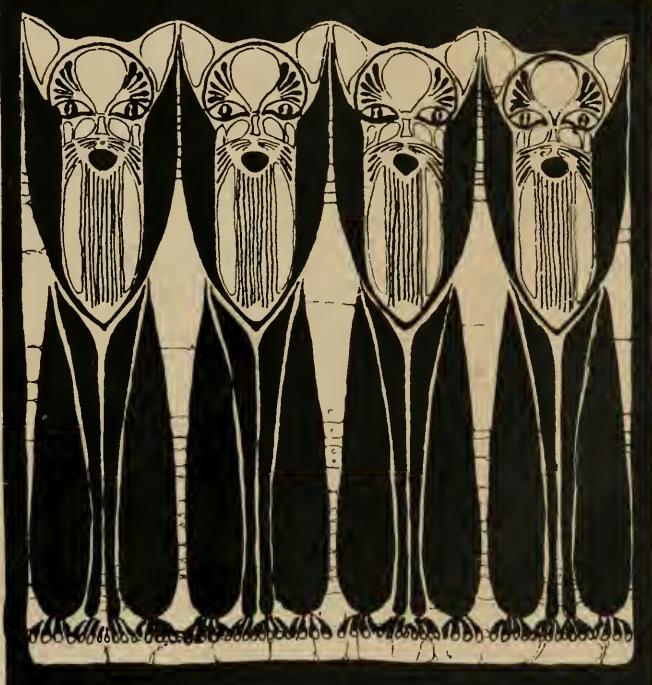
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THE ILLINOIS MAGAZINE



• GEORGE • UNGER •

APRIL, 1917

With The Contributors

L. P. SIMPSON is a junior in the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences who is doing excellent work as a short story writer. *The Thirteenth Diamond* which appears in this issue was awarded second place in the Illini Board of Trustees' Contest.

CARL HERMANN HAESSLER received the degree of Bachelor of Arts from the University of Wisconsin in 1911, and from the University of Oxford, England, three years later. He is at present an assistant in the department of Philosophy of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences and has been closely connected with the study of socialism and most socialistic activities about the University.

ELIZABETH LEITZBACH is a junior in the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences and a member of Alpha Chi Omega. She is a member of the staff of the Modern Language Seminary Library. She entered the University of Illinois last year from Ward-Belmont Seminary.

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JOHN O. MORRISSEY is a sophomore in the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences, a member of Sigma Chi and Skull and Crescent. He has decided interests in the fields of philosophy and contemporary literature and has recently attained some reputation as a humorist by certain anonymous contributions to the *Daily Illini*.

HELEN BUCHEN is a junior in the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences and a member of Delta Gamma. She has contributed several pieces of verse to the *Siren* which have received favorable comment.

WALTER B. REMLEY is a sophomore in the College of Agriculture and a member of Delta Upsilon, Skull and Crescent, Scribbles, and Graphomen. He is a member of the reportorial staff of the *Daily Illini*, has been a frequent contributor to the *Illinois Magazine*, and is now its circulation manager.

BEN HARRISON is a junior in the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences. He enjoys no mean reputation as a satirist of University persons and customs.



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George Unger

EDMUND JAMES JAMES, PH.D., L.L.D.,

President of the University of Illinois

From an etching by Professor N. A. Wells

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L. P. Simpson

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and

THE PLAYERS CLUB PRESENTS "THE WITCHING HOUR"

Allen B. Brown

WE HAND IT TO—Illustrated



Newton A. Wells

EDMUND JAMES JAMES, Ph.D., L.L.D.
President of the University of Illinois

From an etching by
PROF. NEWTON A. WELLS

The Illinois Magazine

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Number 5

THE THIRTEENTH DIAMOND

L. P. SIMPSON

IF there was one attribute above all others to which Malcolm Bryce laid his success, it was promptness of decision. He made snap judgments, and once his course of action was decided upon, he followed that course to the end. If it were possible to make a detailed inquiry before he acted, all well and good. If time or force of circumstance forbade, he did not delay or vacillate; he decided, and acted immediately upon that decision. Of course he made mistakes; but they were remarkably few as compared to his successes.

And yet, there is a danger point where promptness of decision verges into judgment based on hasty conclusions. At the supreme moment of his life, this attribute of Malcolm Bryce's character destroyed him. For he decided without being *sure*—and his decision was wrong.

By sheer force of will, by his iron-like tenacity of purpose, by his absolute unscrupulousness, Malcolm Bryce had hauled himself out of the lowest depths of society to become one of the foremost of financial giants. President of the Associated Trust Company, promoter, manipulator, mine and railroad king, he wielded a degree of power almost limitless in its extent. And now, as a fitting climax to his success, he was to wed the foremost of New York's society queens. Thus would he take the position in the social world that he had so hardly won in the realm of finance.

A waif at six; leader of a gang at sixteen, hated for his superiority and feared for his abnormal strength, he fought his

way to manhood. His life history was one of struggle. Battling always for his place among the mighty, taking long odds, gambling with and for life and fortune, he made use of the start he got in politics to fight his way up the ladder. Absolutely unscrupulous, merciless, fearing nothing, a terrible antagonist,—at last he had emerged from the spray and smother of a brutal struggle, the owner of a fortune that twenty times had hung on the events of a day.

About three o'clock of a certain afternoon, three weeks before the day set for the wedding, Malcolm Bryce came abruptly from the great library, down the sounding marble descent of the stairway, into the tapestry-hung vestibule of his palace on Fifth Avenue.

He stood a moment in blank meditation, while the third man held his overcoat ready; then he jerked the coat on, rudely snatched his dark felt hat, and tore through the great bronze doors down to the waiting automobile.

"Jernee's" he said briefly, and sank back in his seat. Lounging in the soft cushions, his active mind was forecasting the details of his errand. He was to lunch with Devlin, Tiffany's foreign jewel expert, to inspect and approve the famous Ashtar diamonds, secured by the great jewelry firm for Bryce's wedding gift to his bride.

The papers had been full of the Ashtar necklace ever since negotiations had been instituted in Europe for its purchase.

The story of the diamonds since the 15th Century, the time of their earliest authentically recorded appearance in history, down to the present time was narrated at length. The gruesome facts connected with the famous necklace, the series of fatalities that had come with its ownership, the legendary curse which descended upon the temporary possessor—for never had the Ashtar diamonds remained for long in the same hands—all of these facts made capital reading in the Sunday supplements.

Coupled with the facts of the necklace's gruesome record, and attributing all the more to its evil reputation, was the significant detail of the number of stones of which it was composed,—the unlucky number, thirteen.

Theft, arson, murder,—every crime on the calendar—had been attributed directly or indirectly to the Ashtar necklace. Almost without exception had dire misfortune overtaken the unhappy possessors. So consistently had the necklace lived up to its evil reputation that its actual selling value had been impaired. At one time it had even been proposed to break the circlet, to separate the stones and scatter them for sale throughout the world; but so perfectly matched were the diamonds that the proposal was not seriously considered.

It was not only ignorantly superstitious people who were suspicious of this particular collection of diamonds; cultured, educated individuals, in the market for just such a set of jewels, studiously refrained from any attempt at possession. Not that they admitted belief in any legendary curse; they simply *did not buy*.

Bryce, in the speeding limousine, smiled grimly as he thought of the exaggerated stories he had read in the papers about the gift which he had selected for his bride. He had known the full history of the necklace before he had made arrangements for its purchase. The knowledge affected his decision only as it affected the price. The Ashtar necklace was by far the

most magnificent for sale in the markets of the world; it was a bargain. There was nothing further to consider; he made the purchase.

When Bryce arrived at Jernee's he entered by a private entrance and was ceremoniously escorted to the private dining room engaged by Tiffany's for the occasion. Two plain clothes men were at the door carefully scrutinizing all passers-by. The door was opened to admit Bryce and closed again behind him.

Devlin was seated at the carefully prepared table, waiting for his guest.

"How do you do, Mr. Bryce?" The unctuous politeness of his tone was that reserved only for the very great.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting," Bryce said, as he seated himself at the other side of the table.

Devlin touched a bell and the waiter entered.

"Serve the luncheon," directed the host.

During the course of the meal Bryce talked little. His sentences were short and crisp; his queries sharp and to the point. Devlin carried the major part of the conversation. He explained the final details of the purchase.

"The duty alone on the diamonds amounted to a small fortune," said the jeweler at the end of the meal.

"Your firm has doubtless commissioned you to close this deal," said Bryce, as he leaned back in his chair and lit a cigar. There was silence for a moment while the jeweler waited for him to go on. How much?" he finished bluntly.

"One hundred thousand dollars," replied the other with equal directness.

Bryce drew out his check book and scribbled for a moment.

"Here," he said. "And now let's have a look at the necklace."

The diamond salesman took from his pocket a flat black leather case. He drew up a small table, placed the leather case on

the table, and opened the lid. Nestling softly in a bed of blue velvet, dazzling the eye with its scintillating brilliance was a magnificent necklace of perfect stones. Every facet caught the light and reflected it in a thousand shades of color. The stones were huge, perfectly matched and flawless, and of surpassing brilliancy.

For the contents of that case men would have bartered their souls; but the sight left Bryce totally unmoved. Jewels held for him none of the fascination that entrails most people. To him they were mere baubles, playthings, useless and worthless except for their intrinsic value. With a low, cynical chuckle, he lifted the circlet from its velvet bed and held it up to the light, in contemptuous contemplation of the thing which could hold such fascination over a woman's soul.

"And these are the famous Ashtar diamonds?"

The jeweller did not answer immediately. He drew from his pocket another case exactly like the first, and laid it on the table beside the other.

"No," he said at last, "those are not the Ashtar diamonds. What you hold in your hands is an imitation necklace, an exact copy of the Ashtar necklace in every particular except one."

"And that?"

For answer, the jeweler opened the lid of the second case. Within, on the same downy bed of blue velvet, lay the counterpart of the first necklace.

"At large social affairs," began the diamond expert, "most women do not care to risk their valuable jewels. They wear instead, paste imitations of their genuine sets—sets many of which never leave the safe-deposit vaults. When you honored our firm with your order for the Ashtar necklace we took the liberty of having an exact copy made, and I now take pleasure in presenting it to you, with the firm's compliments.

"As I said before, the imitation neck-

lace is the precise counterpart of the world-famous Ashtar necklace in every particular except one. We purposely differentiated the false from the real in this one particular for purposes of identification. If we had not, so perfect is the workmanship on the copy, you would have had to call in a diamond expert each time you wished to distinguish one from the other. By the method we have provided, however, the matter is very simple. As the world knows, the Ashtar necklace has *thirteen* diamonds in the string. The imitation necklace has only *twelve*."

II.

Bryce's marriage was a failure. At the end of eighteen months of married life husband and wife agreed on separation. Mrs. Bryce maintained the establishment on Fifth Avenue, while her husband moved to downtown apartments. No one knew the exact cause of the separation. There was no third party in the case, and no other reason beyond that of general incompatibility. Perhaps the Ashtar diamonds played as important a part in the case as anything else. For Bryce hated the necklace, despite the fact that it was he who had given it, with a hate that was as unreasonable as it was strong. And the fact that his wife treasured the necklace above everything else, and insisted on wearing it everywhere, caused many a quarrel between the two.

In December—the December before the beginning of the Great War—a stupendous panic stared the country in the face. Following a period of swollen prosperity in which inflated values lent the air of justification to watered stocks and in which millions were made by the great manipulators, there came a period of reaction.

For months the stock market had steadily lowered. Small investors, fleeing to cover in ever-increasing swarms, were knocking the very foundations out from under the great structure of finance. Lack

of confidence was manifested everywhere. Business was at a standstill; banks refused to lend money; and the armies of the unemployed were increasing from day to day. The entire nation was aware of the approach of a tremendous storm.

The center of the threatened catastrophe was the great Associated Trust, of which Bryce was president. If, in the proposed investigation, the company was found insolvent—and few great corporations could stand investigation at this time—the failure of the Associated Trust would be the spark to set off the powder magazine.

All his life Bryce had been accustomed to continuous striving, battling against odds to keep what he had and to grab more. Many times had he pulled through by virtue of his very recklessness—times when all the cards lay against him, and he had won out by the very audacity of his bluffing.

Now, for the first time, he was confronted with a situation of absolute and impending ruin. On the afternoon of Wednesday, December 30, there was to be a meeting of a group of men who, either in themselves or in the influences they represented, controlled the capital of the nation. The purpose of the meeting was to plan a means of averting the threatened panic, and incidentally to decide the fate of the Associated Trust Company. If they endorsed the Associated Trust the run on the bank would cease, the Clearing House would come to its support, and Bryce would be saved. If not, bankruptcy was certain.

And yet, the facts of his perilous situation brought Bryce not the slightest depression; on the contrary, he had that exhilaration of spirit and sudden clearness of mind that is characteristic of a gambler face to face with the supreme moment which means bankruptcy or fortune.

Late in the afternoon of the day before that set for the meeting Bryce picked

up the telephone and called a number.

"Mrs. Wayne? Something important to see you about . . . Thanks. I'll be over."

In the car he outlined his course of action. Bryce knew that he was dealing with a clever woman, and he never underestimated an opponent.

"Today is Tuesday," he said. "Tomorrow will be the crisis. I must find out what they intend to do. Shulter is the one. If he favors backing me the rest will follow like lambs. The thing is probably decided now, and if anyone on the outside knows the decision that one is the delectable Mrs. Wayne."

The car stopped, and Bryce entered the elevator. At the apartment a maid took his hat and overcoat and ushered him into a small reception room.

Mrs. Wayne was indolently reclining in a great armchair. She nodded to him without animation.

"How do you do?"

Bryce read in the slow drawl a note that put him on his guard. In a flash he knew that it would be unwise for him to make the first move. Therefore he fenced for time, waiting for his hostess to introduce the topic of what was to happen on the morrow.

For a quarter of an hour they indulged in pink tea conversation. Then suddenly she shot the question at him.

"Well, what do you want to say to me?"

"Nothing in particular," Bryce answered guardedly, "—except that you are one of the most interesting women I have ever met."

"And why interesting to Malcolm Bryce at this particular time?" she asked. "Why don't you come to the point?"

"What do you mean?"

"Shall I tell you why you are here idling away time when you are with your back to the wall, attacked on every side?"

"Why?"

"To find out what I know about Shulter." She shot the statement at him like a flash, narrowly watching his face for change of expression.

"Correct." There was the decisiveness of action in his tone. The past thirty minutes had been a great deal more irksome to him than to the woman. He was no adept at the waiting game. "What do you know?" he barked.

"I can only give you a hint as to what will happen tomorrow afternoon." All the indolence was gone from the woman's tone. Her speech was rapid and sharp, now. "But first you must promise to communicate the results of tomorrow's meeting to me as soon after it is over as possible. Do you promise?"

"So you are playing the market?" There was amused toleration in his voice.

"Do you promise?"

"Yes," said Bryce. "You shall have your advance information. Now, what did you hear Shulter say?"

"Just this: 'The deal turns on Consolidated Copper. Scare him out. We will beat him at his own game.'"

"Was that all?"

"That was all." The woman's curiosity got the better of her for a moment. "Are you going to pull through?" she said, almost angrily.

Bryce remained silent for a moment. His face was as mask-like as ever, but his brain was racing madly. Already he counted the victory won. Yet when he spoke his voice was the same as before, measured, emotionless.

"Yes. I will pull through."

He took his hat and coat, and shook hands gravely with his hostess.

"Thank you," he said. "Expect word from me at eight o'clock tomorrow evening. You will be here?"

"Yes. Good-bye."

"Remember what I said," he repeated. "I'm going to pull through," and he went out.

III.

On this, the last day of the old year, the eyes of the nation were turned to the meeting of Capital, personified in the small group of men, gathered to discuss and dispose of the sudden financial crisis. For the moment at least, the seat of government of the country was in New York. Washington stood back and looked on. Congress might legislate; the president might propose; but it was these twelve men who would dispose. In their own right, and in the moneyed interests they controlled, this group represented billions of capital.

Bryce arrived at exactly three o'clock, on time to the minute. He was ushered into an anteroom to await his turn for audience. From an inner room where the conference was taking place Bryce could hear sounds of heated argument, and he smiled grimly.

"Squabbling among themselves," he thought with satisfaction. "That only makes it easier for me."

At last a secretary appeared in the doorway and beckoned to Bryce. In the private office a group of men were assembled about the long table. Bryce recognized all of them. Kincaid, the railroad king; Manheim, who had carved a fortune from the forests of the west; Adler, the great steel manufacturer; Wentworth, who had amassed a fortune of three hundred millions in oil. The wealth of the nation was here assembled; and Bryce knew immediately that his case was merely incidental. What these men were here for was, first of all, to avert the panic.

"Mr. Bryce," a low, even-toned voice silenced the conversation, "we need not remind you of the gravity of the present situation."

Bryce shot a quick look at the speaker. It was Shulter, seated at the head of the table, obviously the chairman of the meeting. Shulter was by far the most important man present. He was the leader, the

greatest single force in American finance, and where he led the rest would follow. Therefore, Bryce directed his remarks to him.

"I want five millions!" Bryce snapped. All the aggressiveness of his fighting spirit was in his voice. He knew that he was expected to be pleading for mercy, instead of demanding support. He also knew the folly of doing the expected thing. It is the unexpected that takes an oponent off his feet.

A gasp of astonishment went around the long table. In the mind of every man sprang up a doubt as to the security of his position. Here was no suppliant pleading for help. Surely there must be something behind such a stupendous bluff.

Shulter's voice broke the silence.

"Do you realize what we are here for?" his tone was dry with sarcasm. "This is no time for folly. The object of this meeting is to preserve the prosperity of this country; not to listen to impertinence.

"Bryce, we have decided to come to your aid thus far: Turn over to us your interests in Consolidated Copper, resign from the Associated Trust, and we will back you."

Bryce was silent for a moment. The words that Mrs. Wayne had repeated to him were ringing in his rears. —*Beat him at his own game.*— So this was all a tremendous bluff! Like a flash the knowledge came to him. They did not dare let him fail!

"Gentlemen," he said, "let's get down to business. I know, and you know, that for you to refuse to come to the aid of the Associated Trust now would precipitate the greatest panic in history. And you don't want that. Why? Not from any altruistic motives, certainly, but simply because a panic would mean the loss of millions to you."

"You overestimate the importance of

your failure," broke in the voice of Shulter.

"No," Bryce growled. "I don't. The Associated Trust is the key to the situation. Fifty banks throughout the United States are closely allied with it. Failure to me means failure to them. A week ago what you say was true. *But the things has gone too far.* You have waited too long. Allow the Associated to go to the wall, and the panic will be on!"

Bryce's words had made a profound impression on the assembled group. It was a bluff, they knew; but behind the bluff were the facts in the case.

For an hour they argued. Bryce remained silent for the most part. He had made his play, and stolidly he awaited the outcome. Yielding not an inch from his position, turning a deaf ear to threats and expostulations, at last he arose victorious.

Shulter voiced the ultimatum of the group.

"We will let you have you have what money you need. The details of the transaction will be completed tomorrow. The day after is New Years; so the second of January you may expect payment. Good afternoon." He nodded dismissal, and Bryce went out.

On the way to his office, Bryce was prey to varied emotions. Alternately he was exhilarated at his victory and worried at the struggle he still must face. For the Clearing House had refused to clear for the Associated Trust the previous evening, and all day the run on the banks had been terrific. So much so, indeed, that he could not meet the next day's obligations without assistance.

A hundred thousand, judiciously distributed, would see the banks through for a day. After that, the danger was over. The sum that he needed was comparatively insignificant; but he had not dared to let that group of capitalists dream how near he was to the wall. He must raise the money necessary to tide him over the

morrow. The day after was New Years, a holiday; and by Friday the danger would be past.

In his office, Bryce sat down with the telephone. At seven o'clock he leaned back in his chair, his fingers interlocked over his forehead, and stared at the ceiling. He must raise a hundred thousand dollars before morning. Impossible, but it must be done. Also, it must be done with absolute secrecy. Once let the rumor get out, and he was gone.

He noted, in a hazy, half-detached way, a fly on the ceiling, entangled in the gossamer meshes of a cobweb. It struggled desperately for a time, all the while becoming more hopelessly lost in the maze. At last the fly, by lucky chance, was free of all the tangling sheins, all save one, a thin invisible thread that held despite all its struggles. Arrived now at the point of exhaustion, all efforts ceased; the fly relaxed, and resigned itself to its fate; the little tragedy was over. Vaguely, Bryce felt sorry for the fly. It had made a gallant struggle.

Bryce roused himself, put on his hat and overcoat, and strode out of the office. His car was drawn up before the curb.

"Ridge, Mrs. Wayne's," he growled, and sank back on the luxurious seat.

IV.

Twelve guests were present at the charming little dinner party which Mrs. Wayne was giving that evening. Among those present was Mrs. Malcolm Bryce, beautifully gowned, and wearing about her neck the Ashtar diamonds. In view of her presence and the trouble with her husband, by tacit consent the conversation was delicately directed from the all-absorbing topic of the day—the outcome of Bryce's interview at the meeting. The only time his name was mentioned was between Mrs. Bryce and her hostess.

"I understand," Mrs. Bryce had said, "that my estimable husband has at last

benn caught in a place from which he can't escape."

The remarks was made apropos of the falling market, and Mrs. Wayne passed it off lightly. She remembered, however, the bitter note of exultation in the woman's voice, and wondered what Bryce had done to make his wife hate him so.

At eight o'clock the party was in gay progress when suddenly a buzz sounded from the hall. The hostess opened the door, and Bryce entered. His coming was a surprise to everyone except to Mrs. Wayne. She met him at the door with a low-voiced word.

"Well?"

"It's all right. I've won out," Bryce answered in an undertone. Then, aloud he said: "Won't you invite me to your party? I think I know everyone."

"Helen is here."

Bryce looked up quickly and met the eyes of his wife staring at him with a cold gaze. He nodded casually to her and went on into the room with Mrs. Wayne at his side to meet the other guests.

The hostess put Bryce at an empty place almost directly across from his wife. During a lull in the conversation with his dinner partner, his gaze rested on the necklace of diamonds which his wife wore. The glitter of the stones caught his eye, and suddenly a wild thought came to him. If he could but get possession of the necklace for a day his difficulty would be solved! With this for collateral he could raise the sum needed. But how to obtain it? He knew that it would be of no use to ask Helen.

This obstacle only spurred him on to action. "By Jove, I'll get 'em if I have to steal 'em!" he vowed to himself; and, having made the resolve, his mind concentrating on the details of his project. Rapidly he made his plans. The party, he knew, would last until after midnight. It would be impossible to accomplish anything before three or four o'clock in the morning.

Having decided this, he put the project aside for the time and devoted himself to his neighbor.

The party broke up shortly after midnight. Bryce was among the first to leave, whereas Mrs. Bryce was the last to go. She had a short talk with Mrs. Wayne before she left.

"I have always admired your necklace, my dear," said Mrs. Wayne in the midst of a dressmaking conversation. "Let me try it on."

"Why certainly," said Helen. And she carelessly tossed it to her hostess.

The string of diamonds fell short. As Mrs. Wayne snatched it, a loop fell over the corner of the chair and the chain broke. One scintillating stone fell to the floor and glittered against the dark red of the Persian rug. The rest of the necklace Mrs. Wayne held tightly in her hands. She fastened the two ends of the broken necklace together and handed it to Helen.

"I'm sorry, my dear. "But you can take it to your jeweller's tomorrow and get it fixed." She picked the loose diamond from the floor and put it in a white cardboard ring box. "Don't lose this," she added.

"All my fault," said Helen, carelessly, as she rose to go. "Don't mind. It doesn't amount to anything."

Half an hour later, as she started to retire for the night, Mrs. Bryce slipped the necklace from about her neck and gave it to the maid.

"Here, Adrienne," she said, "put this in the case in my jewel safe. And this also," she added, handing her a small, white object.

The maid opened the door of the small wall safe and placed the diamond necklace in the flat, black leather case that she found within. The case she slid back into a far corner, and beside it she placed the little white cardboard ring box that her mistress had given her. Then, after she had closed the safe door and twirled the

combination, she noticed, lying on the table before her, another flat black leather case,—the exact counterpart of the one which she had so carefully locked up.

"Does Madame wish this one also to be put in the safe?" she asked, indicating the second jewel case that lay on the table.

Mrs. Bryce was tired—too tired to be bothered with a safe combination.

"No," she said, carelessly. "Leave it where it is."

After her mistress had retired, Adrienne curled up on a cushioned window seat to watch the crackling flames in the fireplace. The lights were out; the flickering firelight from the burning logs was the only illumination in the room. Adrienne dreamed a while—and then slept.

It was almost morning when she awoke. The fire had burned down to a bed of coals, and the weird red glow lit up only a narrow circle before the fireplace. There was something in the atmosphere of the room that made Adrienne shudder—a tenseness, a feeling of impending evil.

Of a sudden, her attention was attracted to the door. It had been left slightly ajar. Surely the line of darkness was widening! Yes; she was not mistaken; slowly, with dreadful caution, the door swung back until stood wide open. Out of the darkness there came a black robed phantom which seemed to see nothing, which moved rapidly, and which made no sound.

It proceeded to the table and stopped. A sudden click sounded in the stillness, and the light from a small dark lantern swept the table top. A pair of gloved hands picked up the jewel case that lay on the table and opened the lid.

For a full minute the narrow shaft of light played on the sparkling circlet of stones that the case contained. Then to her surprise Adrienne saw the figure close the case and put it back on the table. She saw the ghostly intruder proceed to the jewel safe in the wall and, with practiced

fingers, work the combination. The safe door swung open, and the light from the dark lantern was directed into the interior. An arm reached within and grasped the leather case. Immediately the light went out; and a moment later the cowering maid heard the safe door click shut.

Adrienne moved, started to scream—and then fainted.

V.

After he left Mrs. Wayne's, Bryce drove to his club and picked up the phone.

"Mr. Devlin?" he said eagerly, a moment later.

"What is it, please?"

"This is Bryce. Listen. I need a hundred thousand until tomorrow night, and I want you to get it for me. . . . What's that? You can't do it? Nonsense! I'll pledge the Ashtar diamonds with you personally for the amount. . . . Yes, I must have the money before the bank opens. . . . You'll do it? . . . Fine! I'll expect you here then at eight o'clock in the morning? . . . I'll depend on it."

He hung up the receiver and left the 'phone booth.

"I expect a man to call for me in the morning, a Mr. Devlin," he said to an attendant. "To anyone else, I am not here. But let me let me know the moment this man comes. Do you understand? The very moment! This is important."

At two o'clock on this same night, Malcolm Bryce left his car in a darkened side street only a few doors from his wife's house. An hour later he returned to it. In the right hand pocket of his coat he carried a small flat case made of black leather.

He was jubilant, exhilarated with his success. Riotously, he threw himself into the machine, and drove at a reckless pace to the club.

"I've won, Mason," Bryce cried to his valet, with a gleeful laugh. "I've won out at last!"

With rapid, restless strides he paced up and down the room.

"And to think that it was the famous, ill-omened Ashtar necklace that saved me after all! He opened the black leather case and held up the glittering circlet of diamonds. "Pretty, eh?"

He was talking to himself now rather than to Mason.

"I guess I've beaten the jinx," he said, putting the necklace back into the case. "The Ashtar diamonds have brought me luck in place of misfortune." He turned to the waiting valet.

"I am going to sleep for a while," he said. "A man will call for me here at eight o'clock. Wake me then."

He stretched out on the couch and fell almost immediately into a quiet sleep. At seven-thirty Bryce was awakened by his valet.

"Mr. Devlin is below in the breakfast room, sir," said Mason.

Bryce arose immediately, refreshed by his sleep. He was in fine spirits; worry was gone; he had won out at last.

In a few moments he was ready to descend. The last thing before he left he picked up the leather case that contained the necklace and started to put it in his pocket. Suddenly, a thought struck him. He stopped, opened the lid of the case, and stared for a long time at its beautiful contents. Strangely, his haste had departed now. When he had done he placed the case open on the table before him and remained standing before it for a long while very thoughtfully. Then he picked up the necklace, and with extreme care began to count the stones aloud.

"One — two — three — four — five — six — seven — eight — nine — ten — eleven — twelve —"

He stood for a moment stunned. Then, slowly and carefully he repeated the count three times. The result was the same. At last a realization of the fatal mistake he had made came over him. He must have counted wrong before, in the dark room with the fireplace. Too late to go back now, he had staked his last counter and lost.

Gradually, the color left his face and was replaced by a dead, pasty whiteness. He seemed to droop, to sink into himself. All the exultation, all the pride of victory, was gone from him now. He was deathly tired.

"Mason," he said, in a dull, emotionless tone, "I've change my mind. Tell Devlin I can't see him."

The valet started to go out, but Bryce stopped him with an absent-minded gesture.

"I'm going away——indefinitely," he said, and I probably shan't see you any more, Mason. So——I'd like to shake hands with you—once. There—good by."

Bryce turned and walked toward his bedroom. Once inside, he closed the door and locked it. Then his hand dropped into the pockets of his coat and closed on the handle of a small automatic. He took off his coat and laid it carefully over a chair. Then he relaxed comfortably upon the bed, his head resting in the crook of his left arm. He brought the right arm around, pressed the circle of cold steel to his forehead, and pulled the trigger.

CAMPUS MANNERS

AARON SINGER

The trembling, jaundiced bookworm.—
The well-boiled, conscience-free lounger.—
The hustling, teamster-coated undergraduate.—
The jolly, boisterous fool.—
The talcum peacock.—
Each must declaim upon meeting the others, the traditional campus salute,
"Hello, boys!"

AN ADVANCE AGENT OF THE MILLENIUM

An Appraisal of Paul Rader

CARL HAESSLER

THE college undergraduate must indeed be dead, for after nearly six weeks of a strenuous revival campaign in our community, it is exceedingly hard to discover any impression that has been made upon him by the undertaking. In some respects this is very unfortunate. It may mean that the interest in spiritual matters is very low and that the critic's bogey of the collegian's callous consciousness to weighty interests is truer than the professional trainers of youth like to allow. On the other hand, it may be that the methods employed in this particular effort were not suited to the situation and that the central figure himself was ill adapted to arousing in college students the enthusiasm that might have been expected from the comprehensive and carefully executed campaign which he directed. To resolve this difficulty it will be necessary to consider Paul Rader in several lights.

It is impossible to talk with him seriously for more than a few minutes without realizing the earnestness and sincerity of his nature. A few minutes more will reveal also his anxious effort to understand the point of view of his critics, and his friendly sympathy with men whom he may consider as started on futile and even dangerous roads but nevertheless bound for the same destination as himself. He is patient and humble in private conversa-

tion, seeking never to becloud an issue, zealous for points of agreement, and tolerant of genuine differences. He is able, furthermore, to receive pungent fundamental criticism without intolerance or ruffled dignity. Perhaps his early sporting days have prevented the formation of the arrogant and insolent manner toward those who differ from him that often characterizes the professional evangelistic revivalist.

In the friendly privacy of a fraternity gathering, he is able to tell a good story well, and at least half of the time can control his desire to labor an obvious moral. That is really a remarkable batting average. He has a heartiness which does not ring hollow and a pleasant manner be tokening respect for the beliefs and intelligence of those he meets.

But on the platform there is a change. This is not remarkable. He must do his appointed work, which happens to be the encouragement and persuasion of converts to evangelical Christianity. It has to be done in accordance with certain recognized principles of such work, and one of the more important principles is that of appealing to the emotional nature of his hearers. With large audiences of changing composition this is most effectively done by various avenues of suggestion. There is the sermon itself, full of stories

and not devoid of threats and promises, the intimation of some degree of infallibility, the depreciation of the individual, the glorification of the religious tradition and institution, the insinuating appeal of an immense choir stressing suggestive words like 'Come', the direct personal attack by workers throughout the tabernacle, the pressure of the saved on those in doubt, and in general the organized concentrated mass feeling of the directed majority on the isolated unorganized members of the minority.

Just this method, however, is bound to fall short of complete success when it is employed against a minority which is above the average, however little, in independence of thought and habits of criticism. The undergraduate may be, in comparison with the ideal student, a docile, thoughtless, lazy individual, but he is nevertheless above the mass in his ability to resist mass-suggestion when he is not predisposed to it, as he is in athletic demonstrations or in other fields tolerated by the caste. Revivalism is not in the privileged zone. This makes the task almost impossible.

Still, a revivalist like Mr. Eddy, who was here last year, accomplishes a great deal, partly because he adapts his methods to college requirements, and even more because he has discarded in great measure a theology that no longer evokes a habitual or a sympathetic response from the college bred. Mr. Rader's theology is of the old uncompromising type resting on assumptions that have frequently been challenged and are now more frequently ignored.

He is willing to let his whole case stand or fall with the authentic inspiration of the Bible. He believes man is at heart sinful. He has little faith in the influence that changed economic conditions may have for human betterment. He thinks Christ alone, coming again in the flesh, can usher in the millennium. Man must be reached through man's heart, other meth-

ods are futile when not positively detrimental.

Now, to very few of these propositions is the modern college student willing to give assent. The literal inspiration of the Bible has given way in the minds of many to less strained interpretations. Man is believed to be at heart neither selfish nor on the other hand unselfish, but simply active. His activity may find outlets either in selfish or in unselfish channels, according to the opportunity furnished by the community to which he belongs. The corollary is plain; economic conditions are of first rate importance and overwhelming in their influence on the heart of man. The millenium is just as warmly desired by Rader's critics, but they are willing to work for it even without divine aid, if that should for any reason be withheld.

The undergraduate, then, is not dead to spiritual issues, but wishes to have them presented in a living tongue, not in a voice calling from the tomb. He is interested in the social significance of religion. He is anxious to know how associated effort can be directed toward saving souls and bodies for more valuable and useful living in this world. He welcomes an opportunity to hasten the progress of the community, the country, and the world, toward a genuine heaven on earth. As an advance agent of the millenium, Rader has, possibly, useful functions to perform, but hardly in a college community where plans are seriously proposed and discussed that must seem to him wholly preposterous and absurd. There is little common ground in his premises and those of men familiar with the enormous strides made in recent years by the social sciences. He speaks in an antiquated dialect whose theological rusticity is quaint but not convincing. Perhaps this is not as it should be. At any rate, we are definitely committed for a long time to come to a program in which he and his can have little place.

SCHOPENHAUER ON THE SORROWS OF THE WORLD

JOHN MORRISSEY

THE pessimism of Schopenhauer should appeal strongly to Americans who are the greatest of optimists. It is presented in a pleasing literary style remarkable for simplicity, a careful use of language and clearness, a style not to be found in the writings of any other philosopher except Nietzsche, one to which the student wearied from recent perusals of the abstruse disquisitions of Kant, turns with pleasure. But the reader's admiration for Schopenhauer the litterateur must far surpass his respect for Schopenhauer the philosopher and pessimist. A close inspection of a characteristic essay reveals that his plea for pessimism if intelligently analyzed almost results in a conversion to optimism.

That evil is the positive and predominant element of our existence is the firm conviction of the learned philosopher; it is the basic assumption of all his subsequent arguments, the one which should be secure against attack, but unfortunately occupies no such stronghold. He denies that the pleasures of the world balance the evil in it, asking those who hold this doctrine to, "compare the respective feelings of two animals, one of which is engaged in eating the other." But what would be the result of this comparison? Who can say that the pain of the animal being consumed exceeds the pleasure of the one consuming? Pleasure and pain cannot be gauged by a common standard. Is not the highest degree of one the lowest degree of the other? Furthermore, the illustration is a poor one, indeed, for, if it were granted that the

pain in this case is greater than the pleasure, is this single instance indicative of relations throughout the whole of nature? In his zeal to prove his point Schopenhauer falls into the fallacy of neglected aspect, or as Pope calls it, "a partial point of view." The manifestations of his individual partisan viewpoint are as many as the instances he chooses to establish that viewpoint as the true one.

His contention that pain and misery abound, leads him to conclude that man is no better off in this world than the brute. For, he says, "however varied the forms human happiness and misery may take, leading a man to seek the one and shun the other, the material basis of it all is bodily pleasure or bodily pain." This basis he restricts to, "health, food, protection from wet and cold, the satisfaction of the sexual instinct, or else the absence of these things." This basis being common to man and beast, the ability of man to derive more pleasure from life than the beast, due to the higher possibilities of his nervous system, is offset by his acutely developed sensitiveness to pain, a quality lacking in the beast. There are not many who would grant these assertions and anticipating the likely protest Schopenhauer attempts to decrie man's intellectual possibilities by setting up boredom as the accompanying and overwhelming evil. For instance, he points out the ease of the man who has struggled and sacrificed in order to accumulate wealth. Does this man indulge in intellectual pursuits which tend to pro-

duce satisfaction now that he has gained leisure? "No!", says Schopenhauer, this man is thrust into the arms of ennui. But no substantiations of this statement are offered, not a single notable instance, of which no doubt there are many which would serve the purpose, is called to the reader's attention. On the other hand there are countless numbers of people who, having acquired wealth, set about to enjoy life intelligently, and at the same time try to help others reap some benefits from the world of their existence. In our own times occur many striking illustrations of this fact, as the turning over to public use the magnificent art collections of the late Pierpont Morgan.

By thus reducing man to a level with the beast a difficulty is confronted by the philosopher when he seeks the cause of evil. He says, "by taking a high standpoint it is possible to justify the sufferings of mankind. But this justification cannot apply to animals whose sufferings, while in a great measure brought about by men, are often considerable even apart from their agency." He contents himself by saying that in beasts, "the will to live must satisfy its cravings by feeding upon itself", and, "that any further explanation will be in the nature of hypothesis, if not actually mythical in character," which is equivalent to saying that a hungry man must extract his digestive apparatus and consume it to avoid starvation.

An inexplicable discrepancy occurs here, for man, who heretofore has been assigned a position of equality, bordering upon inferiority, in relation to the brute suddenly takes the ascendent and occupies the centerpoint of the remaining discussion. After examining the many theories advanced to explain our existence, Schop-

enhauer selects one which is admirably adapted to his peculiar purpose and combines an explanation of our origin and that of evil as a simultaneous creation. That is, our existence is the result of some false step, some sin of which we are paying the penalty, that, being conceived in error the evil of the world multiplied as a consequence, forcing us to atone for the Creator's slip by leading the miserable existence that ends in death. This explanation neglects to give us the slightest inkling as to what constituted that fatal error of which the world was the result and incidentally makes the Creator ridiculous by imputing to him a human frailty—error.

The trend of Schopenhauer's pessimism is absurd and in this respect it differs from no other pessimism. It is clearly evident that his view is limited; that the illustrations he chooses absolutely fail to establish his arguments. He freely distributes abuse among those who disagree with him, a common failing, flinging the term "sophist" in all directions. Those who are familiar with the history of his life know that his hypochondriacal nature revelled in morbid ideas, that he was only happy when in misery and his works bear witness that he wished the world to weep with him. Like all pessimists he is inconsistent. He justifies suicide in his essays, but the thought that he should avail himself of this opportunity to end his sufferings did not occur to him. However, these essays should not be received jocularly, for they are the profound and serious convictions of one of the foremost minds that philosophy has known. In spite of this, anyone who is troubled with melancholia may devote an afternoon or an evening to a careful study of "Studies in Pessimism", with an assurance of finding a panacea for his ills.



THE ANACHRONISTIC COED

A Fable out of Slang

ELIZABETH LEITZBACH

SEVERAL times upon a time there was a Dark Coed who suddenly awoke to the fact that she was degenerating into an Anachronism. The stern realization of this Sad Truth was forced upon her the first Saturday night she was without a Date.

The Sisters were horrified. The Awful Truth must never leak out or they would be dropped from Pan Hell. So, the Dark Coed was tactfully induced to go to bed at eight o'clock so the house would be dark except for the cook's and chaperon's windows.

Now in all the years of her Illinois Survival the Dark Coed had never gone to bed until one o'clock, so she lay awake and took an inventory of her Resources and Liabilities. She realized that she was developing a Brain that could think—that would never do. She realized that her line of Small Talk constantly drifted to Big Subjects. At open house a Senior had stepped on her toe for mentioning Ibsen.

She then drifted to her Physical Impossibilities. She didn't rouge enough to give the hectic flush of perpetual blushes. She dressed in entirely too good taste. She must get Something Screaming. While deciding to buy Kiss Me perfume and O Dear Kiss powder she fell asleep.

In a few days the Anachronistic Coed, determined to be a Futuristic Individual, appeared on Peter street. She was created, not in rose or mustard, but (she realized that to be radical in dress one

must be conservative) in checker-boards four inches square. The crowning feature of her toilette was a huge bull-dog which she called Attention. Attention dragged the ex-Anachronistic Maid along on the end of his chain at such a rate that she must needs keep calling out "Attention, Attention."

And she got it.

The Pie Jams leaned far out from their windows. The Apple Jaws sniffed the Kiss Me fragrance. Only the Big I's refused to be aroused, and the ex-Anachronistic Maid was down-hearted.

Just then Attention spied a Measly Looking Beast on the Big I porch. In an instant the Dark Coed was pulled up the steps and through the house after Attention. She was soon the center of an excited mob of fraters.

Ever after the ex-Anachronistic Maid kept her eyes glued upon the lapels of the masculine species who inhabited the campus, and she helloed musically to every button she met.

Things were coming on. She received thirteen telephone calls every lunch hour and all the Parlor Snakes wanted to bask in the sun-shine of her smile. She Harried and Orphed till she suffered indigestion and the blues.

But never could she get one Date to help her take Attention for his daily exercise.

The ex-Anachronistic Coed forgot all about the problems of life and became

quite an eloquent conversationalist on her favorite brand of cigarettes or the boredom of knowledge. She still wore her heavy, stifling, perfume and when the men sniffed and asked, "What is it?" she answered, "Kiss Me," with a please do in her eyes.

Then the folks at home had to inconsiderately wonder why she flunked Appreciation 13, Greek 16, and Celtic Lit. Why did the poor misguided creatures think their daughter came to college? Surely not to study. She invented wild tales of ogre professors.

Then even more inconsiderately the Supplier of Funds had to demise. There was nothing for the ex-Anachronistic Coed to do but to go home and live on her father's life insurance and look for a position befitting a college student. College at least had taught her how to paint conspicuously so she thought she might be able to hold down a job in a Five and Ten Cent Store. She told all her "Dates" about her future life as a business woman in a mahogany suite managing her father's extensive estates.

She dyed the checker-board suit black and purchased eight and one-third yards

of crepe. She farewelled Champaign.

She tried to take Attention along on the Wabash coach but at Sidney the conductor discovered him. His sniffing under the seat was beginning to get on even the Dark Coed's nerves.

"You must put your dog in the baggage car," growled the cruel-hearted conductor.

With tears in her eyes the Dark Coed answered, "I have not the money."

The conductor was obdurate and insisted on putting the dog off. The Dark Coed assented weakly. There was nothing else for her to do. Besides she would feel queer going up the Main street at home with Attention. He went so much faster than any one there went. The ex-Anachronistic Maid pressed her crepe handkerchief to her nose and decided it was all for the best. Attention had been a good friend in Champaign, at least he had seemed so at the time.

The ex-Anachronistic ex-Coed wondered if any of the ex-Dates would waste a postage stamp on her. Then she remembered: she had told them that she lived in Chicago.

EMPTY

HELEN BUCHEN

My lady wore a locket,
'Twas wrought of precious gold;
I wondered when I saw it
What picture it might hold: —
A chosen sweetheart's portrait,
A mother's loving face,
Or could it be a baby's smile
Locked in that close embrace?

My lady's golden locket
Fell open once by chance,
And there its inner cloister lay
Revealed to passing glance.
'Twas empty; not a dear one's face
Shone from the gilded frame:
Empty and cold! —I wondered
Was my lady's heart the same?

CONCERNING DAMROSCH AND US

RAY GAUGER

POOR WALTER! May he never be the victim of such slanderous, personal cut-throat criticism at our hands as he has had to suffer so recently from the supporters of the New York Philharmonic through the medium of the *New York Sun*. We admit that Mr. Damrosch is physically awkward and meticulously exigent about many external matters. But we also maintain that his primary function is that of a disciple and interpreter of the best orchestral music. He fulfills this function and whatever else he may do is not of essential importance to us.

There are far too many persons who allow the appearance of a conductor, the tilt of a woman's hat, a draught of cold air, or a bit of baby chatter to spoil a concert for them, and wholly too because they have not a vital enough interest in music for music's sake to be absorbed regardless of a few minor distractions. Do not misunderstand us. We do not dislike grace in conducting; nor do we advocate the presence of yearlings at symphony concerts.

The symphony for the afternoon programme was the Beethoven "Pastoral", which proved a fitting selection for the lovely spring day on which it was performed. The Berliot "Carneval" overture opened the matinee concert and Saint Saens' "Scotch Idyl" and "Gique" brought it to a close. Bach's "G String Air" gave us the usual satisfaction which we always have on hearing that broadest and most masculine of melodies.

Those patrons of the New York orchestra who regretted very much to see George Barrere leave that organization for *petit ensemble* have cause to rejoice

greatly that Mr. Kincaid more than fills the gap he left. Such flute tone as Mr. Kincaid blew in the Leroux number has never been heard in the Auditorium since twenty-five cent symphony came into vogue. Not the flute solo alone, but the beauty and richness of the whole orchestration of the numbers from "Les Perses" gave us more satisfaction than any of the lesser numbers of either the afternoon or evening programmes. If the "Les Perses" is typical of Leroux, let us have more of Leroux.

The evening programme was appropriately opened by a rousing "Star Spangled Banner" in which Mr. Damrosch not only led the orchestra, but led, or rather encouraged, the more timid patriots of his audience to join him in singing the national air. He convinced many of his erudite and dispassionate countrymen that the "Star Spangled Banner" was not written to function as an instrumental number.

The symphony which followed was Raff's "Lenore". The audience found it a pleasing and intelligible work. Peculiarly the last two movements (one a war march, the other a descriptive narrative work), put this symphony in the class of programme music. It is neither so pretentious nor so majestic a work as we might choose from the list of great symphonies, but a single hearing of it convinces us that Joachim Raff does not deserve his place "on the shelf".

Saint Saens' "Le Rouet Omphale" followed the "Roumanian Rhapsodie" of Enesco, and Rimsky Korsakoff's march from "Le Coq d'Or" closed the last symphony

concert of the nineteen sixteen-seventeen season with the customary flourish and dash.

Now that we have given an unbiased opinion of the concerts; may we be permitted the rude error of airing a few personal views on closely related matters.

Will someone please tell us why a symphony concert should always end with a slash and a bang. It is easily understood why a band concert ends thus; but the quality of the ailment which we might take from a symphony orchestra could well be other than martial. However, since all the best orchestras follow this practice, we realize that the question is an impertinent one, although we propound it in a spirit rather of humble inquiry than of self-sufficient criticism.

If we may be allowed another personal view we will say that our comrade, the music critic of the *Daily Illini* furnished us some amusement when he said in his review of the symphony concerts, "It is a rare pleasure to hear in a single day two programmes of pleasing conception unalloyed by the not yet assayed mod-

ern things". We say our comrade furnished some amusement, because he takes the stand which the majority of our Urbana audiences take against the moderns.

Our apotheosis of a symphony programme is not unalloyed by the "not yet assayed modern things." We are hearty supporters of the dissonance school of Debussy, D'Indy, Strauss, Stravinsky and others because we believe music has other noble functions than being alone "sweet and definitely rhythmical". We espouse the cause of the "not yet assayed modern things" knowing that many who read our criticism will titter behind their fans and say "Who are these eccentric, sensuous, exotic-minded persons who would rob us of our conventional ideas of what music ought to be?"

But, for fear lest we be misunderstood, let us say *en passant*, "We appreciate fully the significance of the beauty, majesty, and intellectual content of the music of the Classic and Romantic schools. But we also feel that the modern music, sensuous, emotional, exotic, and more,—if you will—has also its definite place in the social and aesthetic scheme of things.

REMINISCENCES OF THE EARLY UNIVERSITY

WALTER B. REMLEY

Mr. Benjamin F. Peadro '81, of Urbana, only lacks fifteen years of being an octogenarian, but he still has just as much spirit as he had the day he walked up the aisle of the old chapel of University Hall in a cap and gown to receive his diploma from the hands of Dr. J. M. Gregory, Regent of the University, thirty-six years ago this June. After graduating from the University, he was county superintendent of schools of Moultrie County for twenty years. He felt the University calling him again last year, so returned and enrolled in the College of Agriculture. He is still

enrolled in that College and eventually intends to take up agricultural extension work.

The writer dropped in at Mr. Peadro's home a few evenings ago to see another student.

"Take a chair while you're waiting," said the old gentleman. "How would you like to hear some reminiscences of the early University?" he asked casually.

"Wait a minute," ejaculated the scribe, "this ought to make a good article for the *Illinois Magazine*." So he grabbed a pencil and pad and the race was on.

"The original college building, which stood on the site of the baseball diamond, was used from the opening of the University in '68 until the completion of University Hall in '73," began Mr. Peadro. "Thereafter it was used as a dormitory until it collapsed in the year '79.

"There were seventy-six fellows in the old building when I entered in the fall of '77. The dormitory was quiet during the day until about 5 o'clock in the evening, at which time the janitor, who was a very indulgent old man, made no further objections, so pandemonium would break loose each evening and usually last until the boys got to bed.

"There was a winding staircase extending the full height of the building, i. e. five stories, in the center of the structure. The boys had to carry their water, coal, etc. up this staircase. The fellows in the upper story were in the habit of playing pranks on those on the way up by throwing water, buckets of slop, etc. on them. The guilty ones always hid and usually 'got away with it' as we are wont to say now.

"The boys had many novel experiences in getting kindling wood. At one instance someone spotted an old and dilapidated three room building belonging to a bachelor about a mile out in the country. After some deliberation, it was decided that he didn't need the house, so they went out early in the evening and took out all the partitions and carried the lumber to their rooms, hiding it under the beds, which were well curtained. The bachelor got a tip the next day that the students were carrying away his shack, so he sent carpenters out to take it down and remove the lumber. When the boys found out what was being done, they went out the next night and carried it all into their rooms except the sills.

"The custom of hazing each new student prevailed in those days. The most

common method was to put a fellow under the pump spout. A very amusing incident occurred when Ira O. Baker, now professor in the department of civil engineering, was hazed. The boys put him under the pump; he begged them to let him up until he changed his clothes. Among those engaged in the hazing was Congressman James Mann. When Baker was released, he went up into the dormitory and donned a suit of Mann's clothes; came down and announced that he was ready to be hazed. After he had been thoroughly drenched under the pump, the boys began to dry his clothes with their handkerchiefs. Among the number was James Mann—noticing his clothes for the first time, he cried, 'Where did you get these clothes?' Mr. Baker replied, 'I didn't have any old ones handy, so I went into your room and took yours.'

"Many of the colleges and cities in the state were unfriendly to the University. They called it the 'fore and aft' institution. This name arose because a freshman once suggested at a meeting of the State Dairymen's Association here, that the proper way to milk a cow was 'fore and aft'. Students were often asked if they had to wear striped clothes, intimating that the University was a penal institution. This was due to the fact that it was called the Illinois Industrial University.

"Dr. J. M. Gregory, Regent of the University, provided many good lectures for our benefit. Among the best men to lecture here, were Henry Ward Beecher and Wendell Phillips. However, the boys were very critical. One said to the 'Great Divine', as Beecher was familiarly known, 'I must inform you, sir, that we enjoyed your lecture, but I was sorry that you made three grammatical mistakes.' 'Was that all?' replied Mr. Beecher, 'I'd bet my old hat, I made fifty.' Wendell Phillips' address was so purely conversational, that one of the boys remarked to him, 'We en-

joyed your talk, please return sometime and make us a real speech.'

"It so happened that the boys did not have very much love for the Jews. There was a young Jew living in the dormitory who had the habit of sitting on a large stone on the campus and meditating frequently. Finally some of the boys decided to scare him by putting some dynamite under the big rock. The Jew ran, losing his hat in the scramble to get away and he has never been heard of to this day. The boys always claimed that he was the original 'wandering Jew.'

"The people around the University used the campus for a cow pasture in those days. Among several other animals, there was a beautiful Jersey, which the boys drove up into the fifth story of the dormitory; fed her nicely; and she furnished the milk for some length of time, until the old lady finally found out where her cow was. Many a farmer around too, would spy his wagon on top of the dormitory, when he got up in the morning.

"When the ladies were admitted in the year '71, a change came into the dormitory. The boys became very much interested in their dress. They left off their gumboots and overalls and dressed a little better than usual, and some even went so far as to black their boots when they went to chapel. Some even parted their hair in the middle. The girls had a wide range of choice. There were 27 girls and 300 boys, and many of the associations made resulted in matrimony.

"The students had a great deal of trouble with Champaign boys. Many fights occurred but I do not think there was any very great damage done. This scrapping continued until a man named Mr. Tackleberry came to the University. He was a German, large-proportioned and well-developed. He was attacked on his way between Champaign and the University by a number of Champaign boys (both negroes and whites), and after a spirited

contest, knocked them all down. They asked: 'Who are you?' He replied, 'My name is Tackleberry.' One of the fellows said, 'Well, boys, we tackled the wrong berry this time.' After that episode, the fights between the University boys and the town boys ceased.

"Dr. Gregory was married in the late '70's and he and his bride took a trip to Europe. After their return a month after the opening of the fall term of school, the boys decided to give them a good old-fashioned country charivari. They slipped out to the Armory, which stood where the Woodshop is located, got their guns, a supply of large goods boxes and some joists to produce the noise. It was understood that the Regent and his wife were to spend the night with Dr. T. J. Burrill, head of the College of Agriculture at that time, so they marched down to Dr. Burrill's home and got on the inside of the yard very quietly. At a signal by F. M. McKay, now of Chicago, the music began. Every window in that part of town was immediately lit up and people were wondering what the commotion was. Dr. Burrill came out in his robe and threw up his hands; the noise stopped. McKay said, 'Dr. Burrill, where is Regent Gregory?' Dr. Burrill replied, 'I am not Dr. Gregory's keeper.'

"So the music was resumed, and it grew louder than ever. Dr. Burrill threw up his hands again and said to the boys, 'The Doctor is not with me tonight.' The boys hurried out of the Doctor's yard, and in so doing, all got on the fence at once. The fence went down on the sidewalk and the Doctor was left without his usual protection. Marching down to Dr. Gregory's residence, the boys found the Doctor at home. He threw open the portals and invited them in, giving them a good old-fashioned treat of apples and cider. The boys were satisfied, but in going home they turned over all the sidewalks in that part of town. All the huckster wagons were also found stored in the street car

depot the next morning. The Doctor complimented the boys on their music in chapel the next day, but said that it was not so melodious as he would have liked.

"Now——!" "Wait a minute!" interposed the writer, "how about a drink of water? Ah! thank you. Alright, I'm ready."

"A good percent of the student body then, as it is now, was composed of students from Chicago and vicinity," he continued. "A big bunch of them were at the I. C. station waiting for the Chicago train at the end of the year, when the Champaign police arrested a couple for being unduly hilarious and started off to the calaboose with them. The crowd followed, and when the Champaign guardians of the law unlocked the door, the boys put all the city police, six in number, into the calaboose and left for Chicago with the key. Champaign was out of police for twenty-four hours.

"The Adelphic and Philomathean Literary Societies were organized while I was in school by Dr. Gregory, who took quite an interest in society work in which every student in the University was expected to engage. Their rooms were on the fifth floor of the dormitory. Congressman James Mann applied for admission to the Philomathean Society, but the boys, fearing they couldn't get along with him, blackballed him. He had better success with the Adelphic, and he is one of the honorary members of the Adelphic Society today.

"The first oratorical contest was held

in '79, ten colleges being represented. The University of Illinois was represented by Judge Neely of Chicago. It is an interesting fact that William Jennings Bryan came down from Illinois College with young Richard Yates, who was afterwards governor. The speeches were very interesting, but the judges got into a wrangle over the decision. We remained until 12 o'clock. Finally Mr. Carmen, leader of the famous Carmen quartette, arose in the audience and we sang the old song, 'We Won't Go Home Until Morning'. The judges had the decision ready at the end of the song, and Yates of Illinois College was awarded the medal. This contest gave the University an impetus in the way of necessary oratorical work. A teacher was soon provided and public speaking was then introduced into the University.

"After the great Chicago fire of 1871, the University Battalion, commanded by Colonel Edward D. Snyder, was requested by the governor to go to Chicago to assist in policing the city. So the boys were placed on guard in the stricken metropolis and did their work very well. General Phillip Sheridan was in command of the military forces in the city, and he said in a public address before the boys, that they were the 'best-looking, best-drilled battalion in the city.'

"Notwithstanding the students' pranks and at times, rudeness, they were an earnest body of fellows, ready to make any sacrifice for higher education. They had faith in the new University and are loyal to it today. There, is that enough?"

A FABLE

One quiet evening, while I was hard at study, George entered. The book yawned before me. George did not wait for me to yawn but wished me a good night and left. I continued my study.

SOUTH CAMPUS ANTHOLOGY

BEN HARRISON

PART I.

First Soul:

'Here lies the Apostle of the Gospel of the CLEAR IDEA',
So reads my head stone.
In my life-time on this campus, men marked me
by the black midget tie
Which I affected;
But to those who really knew me—my students—
I was the Apostle of the CLEAR IDEA.

The Gospel which I taught was very simple;
It was only this:
"Live among IDEAS."
I tried to show my students
That the greatest force in all the world is
IDEAS;
It was my mission to open their eyes to the
myriads of IDEAS
Which lay all about them.

Now, for instance,—What is this I see
Lying by the gravel path?—
A bit of string!
Here are a hundred IDEAS right at hand.
First, a bit of string is used for tying things
together:
That suggests unity,
Unity of the cosmos to the unity of a well-written
composition.
Second, this piece of string was dropped by the
robin building her nest
In the ever-green yonder;
That represents the home-making instinct
In animals and men.

Third, this little string once useful in tying up a
package
Has been discarded—so with men and women;
The world carelessly tosses them aside
As soon as they have served their purpose.
And so on, *ad infinitum*.
All these IDEAS from a little piece of twine.
I should like to writ an essay on every one of
them.

I preached this gospel of IDEAS to my students,
And they came to me with their IDEAS.
I was always glad to talk with them,
To help them straighten out their IDEAS.
Well, I find Heaven an interesting place,
I enjoy most the intellectual atmosphere,
And the companionship of Marcus Aurelius and
Socrates,
—Both so full of IDEAS—
But after all,
There's no place like Harvard.

Second Soul:

I was the campus critic.
I looked about me and my keen intelligence per-
ceived
That something was rotten in Denmark.
But more than merely seeing,
I told the whole state what I saw,
Regardless of any consequence.
I had the courage of my convictions
For I am an aggressive spirit.
Under my gaze, men and institutions were as
open books;
Nothing escaped my little black beads.

Third Soul:

Ah, that little bird singing in my arbor vitae bush
Reminds me of a beautiful bit of verse
Written by William Cullen Bryant, in 1855—
published in 1857,

Page 23 of the Riverside Edition:

"Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Chee, chee, chee."

Now isn't that a beautiful bit of verse!

I know all of that poem and all that Bryant ever
wrote
By heart.
No man on the campus knew half as much Amer-
ican poetry as I did.
I ought to have known it,
For it was my life task to make young Illinoisans
love poetry.

What an undertaking!
I often read during my lectures
Some of the most beautiful lines of American
verse
To make my students feel the wealth of the poet's
emotion.
I could never read that wonderful little couplet
from "Lenore"
Without feeling the pathos of the poet when he
wrote it:
"Wretches, ye loved her for her wealth
and hated her for her pride,
And when she fell in feeble health ye blessed
her—that she died."
My voice quavered, my lips puckered,
The tears stood out on my eye-lids.
Then those rascally Engineers sitting on the
front row
Would wink at each other;
But there were always a few noble young ladies
Who had poetic souls
And they wept with me.

I believe I was best as an interpreter of Emerson
and Whitman
Because they were mystics,
And I often merged my soul into the Infinite
As they did.
It was very simple:
Just to stare steadily at one's palm or finger nail
for a long time.

I remember I was teaching a class
To merge their souls into the Infinite
That they might understand Emerson and his
poem "Brahma".
I had pulled down the window shades
So that the room was all nice and mystic;
We were all staring through half-closed eye-lids
Looking at our thumbs intently.
My soul was slipping, slipping, down, down
Into the bosom of the Infinite,
My personality was almost lost
Soon my consciousness would be lost in the consciousness of the Infinite

Then
One of those rascally young Engineers sitting on
the front row
Snickered
And we were all back again into the flesh and the
bondage of matter.
Engineers have no soul for poetry.

Fourth Soul:

"Have you got a soul, Mr. Johnson?
You have? Then, where is it?"
I'll bet I've sprung that trick question
On some five or ten thousand illogical undergrads
in my day
And every time it has tripped 'em.

You see if Johnson said that his soul was in his
body,
I immediately asked him,
"Where, Mr. Johnson?
In your head behind your left ear?
Or perhaps in your big toe?"
Of course that was so ridiculous
That he at once replied that his soul
Was outside and surrounding his body.
Then I had him!
Leaning over on the lecture desk
With one hand twirling my moustache
And ready to chuckle
I said dryly,
"Then, Mr. Johnson, since your soul
Is outside and surrounding your body
I suppose that when you crawl through a small
hole
You must squeeze it."
Then every one "hollered"
And even Johnson.

Well, after all, there's consolation for croaking;
I've found a flaw in that argument;
The soul is neither in nor outside of the body.
The fallacy—an overlooked alternative.

Fifth Soul:

O happy fate, O happy day,
When Lethe-ward I went my way.
For now my soul with brightness gleams;
I've found at last in the Vale of Dreams,
Romance, Romance, my long lost bride
She whom I thought had gone and died.

When first I clasped her to my breast
I kissed her with mouth open wide;
She's safe now in my good green bag
And dangles by my side.

ILLINOIS AND THE GREAT NATIONAL SPORT

Illinois will not suspend athletics until the situation has become more critical. Such is the announcement of the athletic magnates. This decision was reached after considerable deliberation, and it means that Mr. Huff and the military department feel that physical prowess has a distinct place in equipping the nation for warfare.

Consequently the spring sport schedule rolls merrily on.

BASEBALL

"G" took his baseball squad south March 30. On this trip the team met the pick of the southern colleges—some of them were in mid-season form—and the schedule netted but two victories out of six games. Two contests were called off because of rain.

The first game was against the University of Mississippi and resulted in a defeat for the Northerners by a score of 2-0. Davis pitched. The team rested over Easter Sunday, and on the following day won from the Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical college 5-1. The Southerners staged a come-back Tuesday and dealt a defeat to Illinois. The games billed for Wednesday and Thursday with the University of Alabama and Millsaps College were called because of showers and the team spent these days practising at Hammond, La. Friday's and Saturday's games went to the University of Louisiana by the close scores of 1-0 and 3-1.

The second Sunday of the trip was spent en route northward and on Monday

Klein pitched a 2-0 victory over the University of Kentucky.

Halas and O'Meara were both suffering from bad shoulders and they left the team at Cincinnati for Youngstown, Ohio, to commune with "Bonesetter" Reese.

Illinois opened the Big Nine program with an 8-0 blow to Iowa at Iowa City, April 21. Klein starred at the rubber, and Davis gleaned 3 runs out of 5 hits. This game started Illinois off in flag-winning style, and in spite of the fact that the team is comprised largely of recruits from last year's freshman varsity there is a good chance for the Conference pennant to fly again from the Illinois gymnasium.

WITH THE TRACKSTERS

But one number in the spring program has been staged at this writing. That was the Drake relay meet, in which the Illinois mile quartet set a new record for the Des Moines classic. Pendarvis, Somers, Kreidler and Spink made up the winning team. Captain Ames was second to Simpson, of Missouri, in a special 120 yard high hurdle event. The time in this heat was within a fifth of a second of the world's record.

With balmy weather the track gang should get in some more hard work and be in excellent shape for the coming conference events. There are also the Penn games and the Notre Dame dual meet. Chicago still looks a little the best, but Illinois may be depended upon to be in the first division.

*The Fifth of
A Series of Photographs
of Faculty Homes*



The Home of Professor Newton A. Wells

803 West Oregon Street

Urbana



The home of Professor Newton A. Wells of the Department of Architecture is one of the most beautiful and interesting in the Twin Cities. Built along Elizabethan Gothic lines it shows rare originality and elegance of taste in detail. The plans were the collaborative work of Professor Wells and Mr. Joseph W. Royer, the prominent Urbana architect.



THE LITERARY SOCIETIES MAKE AN INNOVATION and THE PLAYERS CLUB PRESENTS “THE WITCHING HOUR”

ALLEN BROWN

The Tragedy of Nan

THE four literary societies, Philomathean, Alethenai, Illiola and Adelphic, in their presentation of John Masefield's "Tragedy of Nan" at the Illinois Theatre, March 24, more than realized the hopes of their director, Mr. J. Manley Phelps, and although there may be those who still believe that they had done better to stick to Shakespeare, we feel that their entry into the field of the more recent drama has been justified. As has been suggested, most college students have been such frequent witnesses of the Shakespearean comedies during their high school or preparatory school days that it takes a cast of professionals to draw their interest when they come to college.

Whether or not the societies feel that their opening wedge was well chosen, we believe that all members of the cast and their director as well will agree that the "Tragedy of Nan" is not for amateurs. To make the play possible for his cast, Mr. Phelps was forced to lift certain lines, re-cast scenes, supply business—in short, to build an acting play from a dramatic poem. During long weeks of rehearsals he fought to make a talky play appear dramatic, and its psychology vital. There is so much of the play which progresses through subterranean channels that at

least three characters in the drama are desperately put to it at times for something to do while they recite their lines. This awkwardness Mr. Masefield might have spared them, we believe, if he had extirpated certain unnecessary scenes and written the play in one act. Such a play would have borne a striking resemblance in form and tragic atmosphere to John Millington Synge's "Riders To The Sea". Nan's love scene is, of course, vital as a basis for the catastrophe. It also provides one of the rarely beautiful moments in the play, and cloaked in the glowing words of the poet as it is, it seems to us the climax of the piece. If this be true, the decline must be rapid. Mrs. Pargetter's villainy, no matter how apparent to the audience, must turn Dick from Nan at once. Then must follow in rapid succession his renunciation of her, Gaffer's suggestion of suicide, and the end.

Gaffer, by the way, would have to suggest "strange fish in the nets" to Nan and then keep quiet, if he were to be retained in the cast of a one-act version of the "Tragedy of Nan". There would be little space for his gibberish there. Some way or other, we were very sympathetic with the Pargetters in their endeavor to keep him quiet, and when he insisted on breaking into the final scene between Nan and Dick, we felt angry enough to snatch away

from him the gold coins which Nan gave him for his flower's headstone and tell him to be off. The mutton pie incident in the third act would not appear at all in the revised version, we feel sure. There is no demand made for a punishment of poor Jenny, and as her voice rises in staccato screams off stage a few minutes later, one feels very sorry for her, if one doesn't laugh at her. After all, it was her mother who was to blame, and she is one of those who get off scot free.

Miss Merle Turner, who played Nan Hardwick, has as good a voice as we could wish to hear in the part. Browbeaten, abused, scorned and unjustly accused, she has her one great moment, and then is swept irresistably to destruction. There, at least, the play is great. When Dick says "'Ere! Go say your piece to Gaffer, I've done with yer!" you feel that there is only one thing for her to do. In her scene

with Miss Severina Nelson, who played Jenny, she reveals another longing—a longing for companionship. This scene was well played, much better played than one might have expected after witnessing the dress rehearsal.

Mr. J. R. Johnson (not Mr. J. R. Jordan, as the inspired compositor would have had it on another occasion), was nice enough looking for any girl to fall in love with, as we heard a co-ed just behind us remark. Between the night of the dress rehearsal and the night of the performance Mr. Johnson and Miss Turner improved the handling of their love scene and managed to eliminate most of the stiffness from it.

Mr. W. C. Troutman was a lucky find in the role of Gaffer. There are not many actors about the campus, we suspect, who could have handled the role. Assigned to the difficult job of carrying the symbolic



Miss Samuels, Miss Scott, Mr. Hayes and Mr. Bryant
in "Indian Summer".

Literary Society Players Present



Miss Turner starred as "Nan"
Portrait by Duncan



*Jennie (Miss Nelson)
and Nan*



*Mr. Pargetter (Mr. Armstrong) and Mrs.
Pargetter (Miss Marks)*



*Co-stars
"Dick" (Mr. Johnson) and "Nan"*

Upper left—Merle Turner '19, of Mask and Bauble fame, had never been on the stage until in her Freshman year in college. Now, she has mysterious dreams for the future. Her presentation of "Nan" would justify their realization.

Masefield's "Tragedy of Nan"



The cast in Masefield's tragedy, so ably produced by J. Manley Phelps



William Troutman as the old man "Gaffer Pearce", played with rare technique.

thread of the play, he thrust himself completely into the part, and with the assistance of an excellent makeup and a querulous high pitched voice, proved as satisfactory, if one may call it that, as Gaffer possibly could be made.

Miss Maud Marks as Mrs. Pargetter was an excellent shrew; mean, greedy, hyporitical and capable of handling Mr. Pargetter when occasion necessitated. Mr. T. H. Armstrong, as Pargetter, bewailed the loss of his toby and succeeded in impressing himself as a small man, selfish and resentful at small offenses.

Others in the cast were Mr. Clarence W. Smith, Mr. J. J. Lacey, Mr. A. N. Smith, Mr. O. D. Arnold, Mr. H. B. Garman, Miss Theresa Samuels and Miss Catharine Needham.

Indian Summer

"Indian Summer", a translation from the French of Meilhac and Halevy, was offered by the societies as a curtain raiser to "Tragedy of Nan". The plot is obvious after the first four minutes. A crotchety old uncle has a nephew who has defied French custom by marrying a girl whom his uncle and guardian doesn't approve. The uncle hasn't seen the bride but is sure that he won't like her.

So the crafty Noel, played by Mr. Edward B. Hayes, sends his wife Adrienne, played by Miss Lois Scott, to his uncle's home, to be niece to the housekeeper for a few weeks till the old man can be won. There is quite a little bluster when she discovers herself to him, but he yields, as all of us felt sure he would, and receives his nephew in his home once more.

Mr. R. A. Bryant played Monsieur Briqueville, the old man, and Miss Theresa Samuels played Madame Libriton, the housekeeper.

The Witching Hour

Writing what may be our swan song so far as the *Illinois Magazine* is con-

cerned, for we face the prospect of the Ambulance Service calling our bluff and sending us to France any minute, we would still like to express a few convictions about the presentation of Augustus Thomas' "The Witching Hour" at the Illinois Theater, April 13, by the Players' Club. Another performance was given on the following night at the Theatre Belvoir, which we would have liked to have seen had not the press of other duties interfered.

"The Witching Hour" is worth study as a sample of contemporary American drama. It is a strong play, with some excellent acting situations, and in capable hands, totally free from mawkishness. Mr. Gerald D. Stopp, who acted in the role of Justice Prentice, a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, was, in our opinion, excellent. Mr. Stopp is possessed of an excellent voice, and although, old men of the Prentice type are even more rare than old women of the type of the good old lady in Winchell Smith's "Turn To The Right", we felt that perhaps he *might* have kept the love torch burning through thirty years or more, anyway. Such a thing is always possible.

Mr. F. K. W. Drury of somewhere in the Library, played Jack Brookfield, who doesn't have anything to do in the piece but indicate by the slight lifting of an eyelash or a sharp frown that he is dominating the action of every one else on the stage at the moment. That is one difficulty of the role, and that is perhaps the reason that we fancied Mr. Drury accepted his responsibilities and executed his movements a bit mechanically. We appreciate, however, that his was as difficult a role as any which an amateur on the campus has had this year, with the possible exception of that of Nan Hardwick in the "Tragedy of Nan". Mr. Drury's acting was evidently carefully planned, and we

(Continued on page 238)

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THE WAR

There is war between the United States of America and the German Empire. It must be brought to a conclusion satisfactory to the government and people of the United States. Until this has been accomplished the lives and property of all the people of the United States are by the law of extreme necessity absolutely at the disposal of the government. No man may say what he will do with any degree of finality for in the last analysis the right of disposal rests with the civil and military powers.

It is of little moment now whether as individuals we approve of this war. It is not even of importance whether we approve of our government. Until the time of the declaration these things were of the first importance. Once that declaration was made they ceased to be matters for debate. A war, good or bad, is a war to be won for the sake of national existence. Abstract moral standards are no longer the criteria by which we measure our actions. The loyalty to the idea of nationalism, the willingness to sacrifice for one's country becomes the supreme virtue. National success becomes the great good to be striven for without ceasing and without thought of the cost. There is nothing so ignoble as individual slacking. There is nothing to be so dreaded as national failure.

So it matters not what we may think of the extraordinary diplomacy which preceded this war. It is of no consequence now whether we were

neutral or unneutral prior to April, 1917. It is of no importance whether we believe our government good or bad since peoples must share the fate in time of war of those whom they have chosen in time of peace. In short nothing is of importance save loyalty to our country and a willingness to dare and suffer all things that as a nation we may emerge from this contest victorious not vanquished, preserving for posterity the strength, the power, the glory, the wealth, and the broad dominions which we received from our fathers and in our own generation hold in brief stewardship, answerable to all who may come after.

DRAMA AND DRAMATIC CRITICISM AT ILLINOIS

Amid that darkness which is the eternal burden of our wail in the desert there shines one steady and comforting ray of artistic light. Interest in the drama is not dead here at Illinois; it is not even experiencing a protracted condition of somnolence. On the contrary it is astonishingly active and the results have been substantial and in great measure satisfactory. The two Mask and Bauble plays, the literary societies' production of Masefield's *Tragedy of Nan*, and the Players Club's more recent presentation of *The Witching Hour* were uniformly well acted and well staged. In each of them there were touches which rose above even the best standards of amateurism. Individual actors as Mr. McNulta in *Passers-By*, Miss Turner in *Tragedy of Nan* and Mr. Stopp in *The Witching Hour* have shown themselves capable of the most delicate and effective interpretation of difficult roles. To be brief, those behind Illinois dramatics have set a high standard, have outrun those others of us whose keenest interests lie in other parts of the general field of art.

Significant too in this connection are the two prizes for dramatic writing and the rise of a serious interest in the drama courses in the University curriculum. Parallel to this dramatic criticism in the various student publications has made definite progress. It is true that some who are seriously interested in the drama may regret this same advance, believing that the non-critical praise so lavishly and nonchalantly bestowed upon every member of a cast by the reviewers of an earlier period was more helpful to the cause of the drama in general than the somewhat pedantic and hypercritical reviews which have occasionally appeared this year. This attitude is a wrong one and neglects the most important aspect of the whole matter. It is better to have a critic who expects too much than one who expects too little. The former may be an irritant but the other is an opiate. To smother with plaudits most always indicates that interest is dead; to put emphasis on trifles or even to damn with faint praise shows that the critic is at least possessed of ideals. Usually these last two manners of critical handling are the ear-marks of a certain aspiring naivete. The critic is honest but afraid of himself. He fears that he will yield to the temptation to be agreeable, to say nice things and in avoiding this Scylla he runs squarely into the Charybdis of hypercriticism, of meticulousness. So the state of criticism at Illinois is another healthy sign. The criticism of today is a forerunner of a better and a more nicely balanced criticism and as such has its true place in our dramatic evolution.

WE ARE AGAIN DEBTORS

Again we find ourselves indebted to Professor Newton A. Wells of the Department of Architecture. Through his kindness the *Illinois Magazine* is able to present, in the etched portrait of President James, art work not likely to be surpassed in any of the more ambitious periodicals of our country. It would be a sheer impossibility, for the *Illinois Magazine* to pay for work of this sort at even a fraction of the current market price. Professor Wells, however, because of his keen interest in all that works for the stimulation of artistic interests at Illinois has not only given his time and materials for this one etching, but has promised others of a similar nature for our later issues.

The value of a man like Professor Wells to an educational institution can not easily be computed. Human interest is the greatest inspirational force in education. Not only is the *Illinois Magazine* made better directly by his contributions, but we are all encouraged to write or draw the best we may by the strength of his example. By knowing Professor Wells we come to know how completely one may be devoted to the love of beautiful things, the love not of one art alone, but of all.

PERHAPS OUR "ULTIMUM VALE"

We owe the readers of the *Illinois Magazine* an apology for the lateness of this April issue. Sections of it were printed almost a month ago but the uncertainty of things incidental to the entry of the United States into the World War and the resultant readjustment of student life to meet new and unique conditions has made necessary the postponement of the magazine's appearance from week to week. Now that it is at last placed on sale the marks of its somewhat piecemeal construction are most painfully evident. For this we have no excuse beyond the simple plea that, it is the best we could do under the circumstances.

This may or may not be the last issue of the *Illinois Magazine* this year. The Illini Board of Trustees have not yet decided upon its continuance or discontinuance. We hope to get out another issue to round out the year in better fashion. It is possible, however, that another issue will be financially impossible, in view of the wholesale withdrawals from the University. If such proves to be the case an announcement will be made in the *Daily Illini* and money will be refunded to subscribers to cover the price of the two last issues.

If this is to be, indeed, our farewell to our readers, we would thank them for their interest and support which has made a brief editorship a very pleasant one. Perhaps in a happier time our successors may do those things for Illinois which we had hoped to do.

We Hand It To—

LEW R. SARETT

Because he is at once an orator, a teacher and a lawyer; because he can throw chalk with precision; because he not only knows public speaking and debating but can teach as well; and not because he has developed four debating teams this year that have put Illinois on the forensic map, but just because he is an all-around good fellow.



LLOYD MOREY

Because he is both a scholar and a business man; because he has earned a reputation as an expert accountant, a thorough business manager and a finished musician; because he not only teaches accounting classes but writes music as well and directs one of the foremost choirs in the Twin Cities.



WILLIAM OSCAR NELSON

Because he has made Military his hobby and his vocation at the University and because he has worked on that hobby until he now commands the largest cadet corps at any university in the United States, the brigade of the University of Illinois.



EUGENE C. HOPKINS

Because he has made the Student Council a recognized institution at the University; because he has fulfilled the promises of the Council and because he has directed elections that were not farces; and because with all this, he has time to be a friend to everyone.

DRAMATICS OF THE MONTH

The Dramatic Hour

Mask and Bauble exploited a young American dramatist, Percival Wilde, a graduate of Columbia University, at its recent Dramatic Hour. Two one-act plays "The Noble Lord" and "The Finger of God" were presented and enthusiastically received by the audience dilettante.

"The Noble Lord," a comedy, is a concise and amusing play built upon the now trite theme of the American summer resort belle's attempt to ensnare the Englishman of noble birth. But Mr. Wilde succeeded in the difficult feat of "teaching an old dog new tricks" by accrediting the Englishman with a sense of humor and an imagination. His lordship uses his butler as bait for the fair one's trap. Hence, an amusing situation.

In the role of "She", Miss Ainsworth did "more than her share." She "played up" so successfully at all times that one nearly suspected that she had previously experienced the joys and discomforts of the resourceful summer resort maiden, "She". Her playing and technique in an amateurish way approached that of Fay Bainter now starring in "The Willow Tree" at Cohen and Harris' Theater, New York.

"He" was played by Mr. Grossberg, who was just a little too stiff and not quite at home in the art of portraying a man who knows how to handle women. Mr. Grossberg had his arms full, by the way, when he carried the dripping Miss Ainsworth onto the stage. Wet garments, you know, make one very heavy. Also Mr. Grossberg merits praise for the exemplary self-control which he exercised when Miss Ainsworth cooed so coaxingly "Kiss me, mother, kiss me." A stage kiss! How could he resist the genuine article, what

though it spoiled the play. So much for Miss Ainsworth's art and Mr. Grossberg's slight stiffness. Mr. Young brought life and humor to the part of "Peters", the cockney butler.

"The Finger of God" tells the story of the man with an inherent dishonest streak. It is an effective play during its presentation; but when one reflects upon it later, it begins to lose its force and vitality. The psychology that a man could be deterred at the last moment from committing a well planned, cleverly executed larceny by a totally unknown young woman is unsound. And why the young woman unless as a feeder for the man. Then why the play, if only a monologue?

Mr. Slayton cast in the leading role, "Strickland", slight over-did his part. Such a part, however, had better be over-played than under-played. His facial expression, as usual, was very fine and, as always, his voice was powerfully effective when the intonations were low. Miss Doty, as "A girl" clothed her part with a simplicity and mystery which alone justified its existence. And Mr. Bryant, too, performed creditably as Benson, the butler.—M. L. S.

May Robson

Very few offerings this season have given us more pleasure than that of Miss May Robson, who appeared at the Illinois with "her own company" in "The Making Over of Mrs. Matt", a comedy by James Forbes of fairly recent vintage. Mr. Forbes will be remembered as the technician in the case of "The Chorus Lady", "The Snow Shop" and "The Traveling Salesman".

In this play, which had a six weeks run at the Blackstone Theatre in Chicago, and is not at all bad, Miss Robson as the

fat wife of wealth, sits in her apartment at the St. Bevis Hotel in New York, sighs for a neighbor woman with whom she might discuss the best method of putting up plum jam, and extol the good old corsetless days in Omahah. (Not Omahaw, she insists).

The plot concerns itself mainly with Junior Lamson, Miss Robson's son, for whom the headstrong father has planned a marriage into society in spite of his love for the private stenographer. Tiring of the governor's unreasonableness, Junior abducts his sweetheart and takes her in the car to New Haven. On the way the young couple has the misfortune to get pinched and to protect the young woman the eloper feels compelled to enlist himself and the elopee on the hotel register as man and wife.

From this horrible situation they are eventually rescued by the mother and the father. Father is, of course, sore, but mother prevails, as usual, and everything is fixed. Miss Robson, who insisted that "any married woman can get anything from her husband if she keeps digging at him long enough", evidenced her years of experience as a comedienne and provided excellent entertainment throughout. Miss Elizabeth Warren, the sweet stenographer, was perhaps a bit attenuated for some tastes, but we liked her. Mr. James I. Mitchell, who played Junior Lamson, was pleasant enough, and Mr. Burr Caruth as Mathew Lamson, the usually irate father, recited his lines as best he could.

A Shakespearean Revival

John E. Kellerd, heralded as a master of Shakespearean drama, appeared with his company at the Belvoir on April 10 in "Hamlet" and "Macbeth". Mr. Kellerd has done well to stay with Shakespeare so long—he has more patience than the average actor-producer. His interpretation of "Hamlet" is perhaps a bit superficial, but nevertheless rather effective. Miss Georgi-

anna Wilson, who played "Ophelia", hardly came up to expectations.

We have never pictured Macbeth just like Mr. Kellerd's make-up, but he made a very villainous seeming character, except that his leather girdle was almost too noisy. His work in this role was not so convincing as in that of Hamlet, while Miss Wilson rose to more than ordinary dramatic heights in her interpretation of Lady Macbeth. The sleep-walking scene gave her a chance to display a very sincere bit of difficult acting.

Charles B. Hanford did a creditable accompaniment to Mr. Kellerd in the role of Polonius in "Hamlet". As Macduff in the evening, he lacked the air of Scottish hardness that would have put more vigor into the character. The remainder of the company carried two difficult plays well, considering the handicaps of small audiences and poor stage direction.

The really lamentable thing about Kellerd's productions was a complete lack of direction behind the scenes. The slowness with which the plays moved was wearisome to the audience and must have been nerve-straining to the players. Shakespeare never meant to bore an audience and the effect of his philosophy would be greatly strengthened if the drowsy atmosphere which pervades the Kellerd productions could be alleviated.—K. D. P.

"A World of Pleasure", little the worse for wear, and with many of the principals of the original company, afforded opportunity for regalement at two per Thursday night, April 12, at the Theatre Belvoir.

Scanty in plot, the play was put across by its "specialties", introduced now and anon with even more than the usual reckless disregard for maintaining the semblance of a plot. The Courtney Sisters were perhaps the best received. One of

the Courtneys was nice enough for anyone to take out riding, and the other had a certain gift for comedy and black mammy songs.

Considerable time was placed at the disposition of Conroy and LeMaire, black face artists, who performed certain conventional feats of minstrelsy with a broken-down Ford and the liberal misinterpretation of the President's English. Students in the College of Commerce and Business Administration led the applause when one of the colored gentlemen said to the other, "You've got too much sense for one man, you-all ought to be incorporated!"

Mr. William Norris, another specialty artist masked as the leading man, was pleasing in a monologue wherein he played the role of a drunken man of means returning home at 5:30 a. m. to an indignant wife. The situation has been utilized be-

fore for purposes of musical comedy. Mr. Norris was not so well received in his efforts to depict a man at a moving picture show, but his recitation of a Riley poem was the kind of a thing that doesn't happen often in shows of the "World of Pleasure" type.

Olga Zicerva and Maurice Diamond danced, and Texas Guinan became quite intimate with male co-eds in the front row. We might once more bring into question the ethics of draping chorus girls in the National colors and forcing the audience to arise for a few scant strains of the "Star Spangled Banner", but it may be best to leave such comment as is necessary to better and more vitriolic pens.

The Princess Pat

John Cort presented "The Princess Pat", a musical play in three acts at the Illinois Theatre, on the evening of Friday,

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March 23. While one felt some slight scepticism regarding the metropolitan experience of at least a portion of the chorus, the principals succeeded in holding the interest of the audience throughout the greater portion of the two hours and a quarter. Annette Ford in the title roll looked sufficiently wholesome and athletic to make one wonder why her consort was so unappreciative. The part of this same life-partner, Prince "Toto" was taken by Edward Hayes who swaggered through it in a fashion which the average American is eager to believe typically Latin. Ethel Boyd as Grace Holbrook the almost-sacrifice on the altar of financially judicious matrimony wore some attractive frocks in

right graceful fashion and was possessed of most engaging eyes and manners. Louis Powers as Anthony Schmalz Sr. made an ass of himself with a happy abandon worthy of cleverer lines. Victoria Gauran's dancing shone by contrast with that of her partner Stanley Ridges who wandered rather impotently through a colorless part of Tony Schmalz Jr.

Of plot there was a bit more than in the average musical show, yet not enough to require comment. One can not help thinking that many of the big girl and music shows would be better for as much. The music was clever and the individual pieces were linked with one another by a sort of central harmonic motif.—M. S. G.



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THE LITERARY SOCIETIES

(Continued from Page 228)

believe that he did a better piece of work than might have been expected. Others' ideas may differ, but we have always conceived a professional gambler as looking more like Mr. Kay, long and thin. Mr. Drury, as you know, is not long and thin.

Mrs. T. A. Clark, playing in the role of the some time sweetheart of Jack Brookfield, maintained an orderly self-restraint throughout, in spite of the fact that the part might well have been over-emphasized. Mrs. Clark, also, has a good voice, especially for the role of Helen.

We should also like to say something of Mrs. F. H. Kay, who was able to stand comfortably and say nothing for at least ten minutes in the second act, while awaiting the outcome of a conference in the apartment of Justice Prentice. It is a

great thing to be able to stand and say nothing, to do nothing and still attract attention.

Mr. Moore, of the department of engineering materials, was in our judgment a highly satisfactory servant. Mr. Moore had other duties of an administrative character in the production of the play, or he must have been valuable in a more important part.

Mr. J. Manley Phelps, late of the local stage hands union, but more officially of the department of public speaking, fulfilled the requirements of the villian, Frank Hardmuth, in a smooth manner that indicated Mr. Phelps' previous experience in affairs of the theatre.

Mr. C. E. Keck, Mr. A. W. Jamison, Mr. F. H. Kay, Mr. C. M. Thurber, Miss Isabel Jones, Mr. G. P. Tuttle Jr., Mr. F. N. Evans and Mr. O. F. W. Fernsemer completed the cast.

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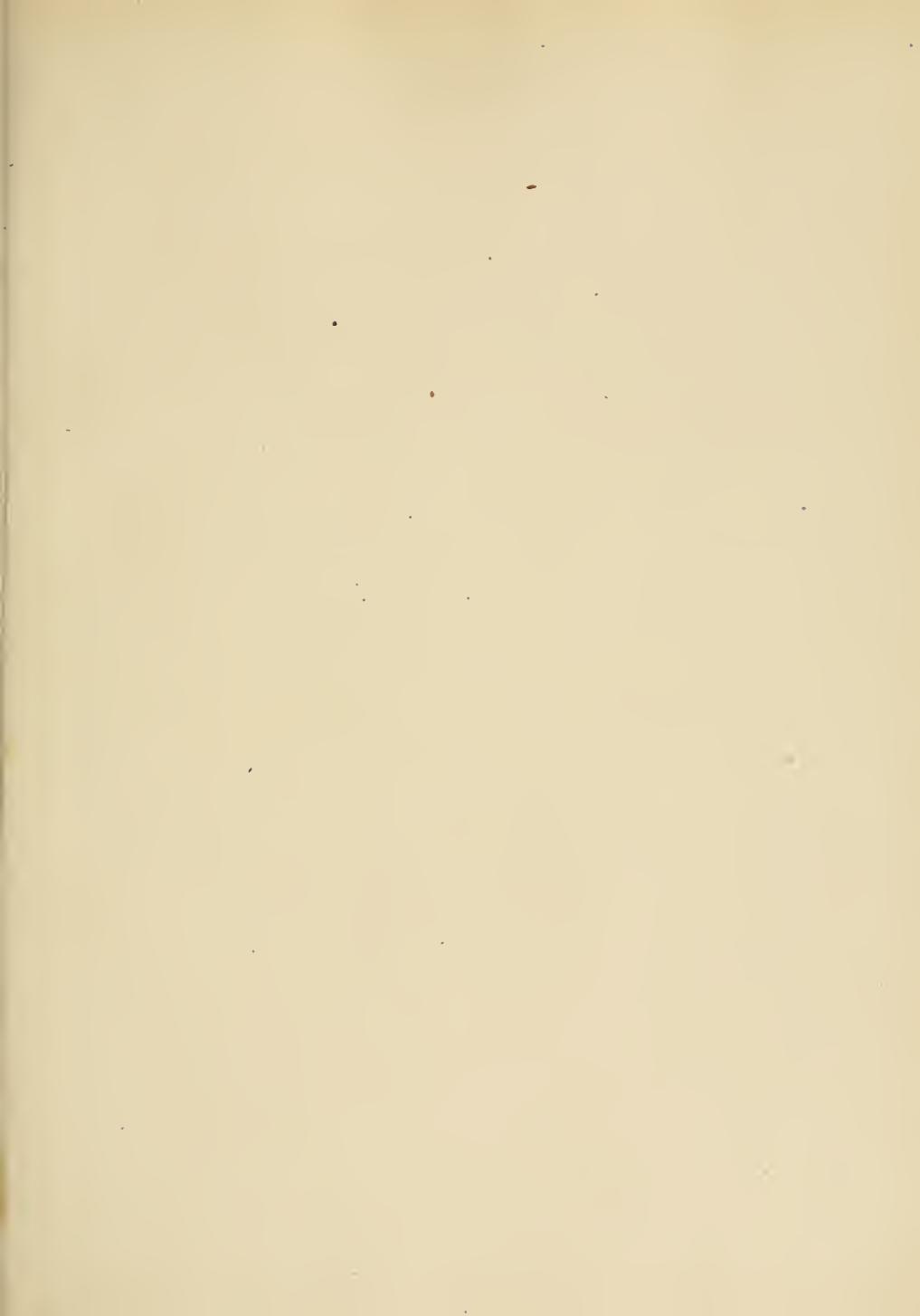
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